

MARVEL

The Sensational SPIDER-MAN®



FERAL

Aquirre-Sacasa • Medina • Crain

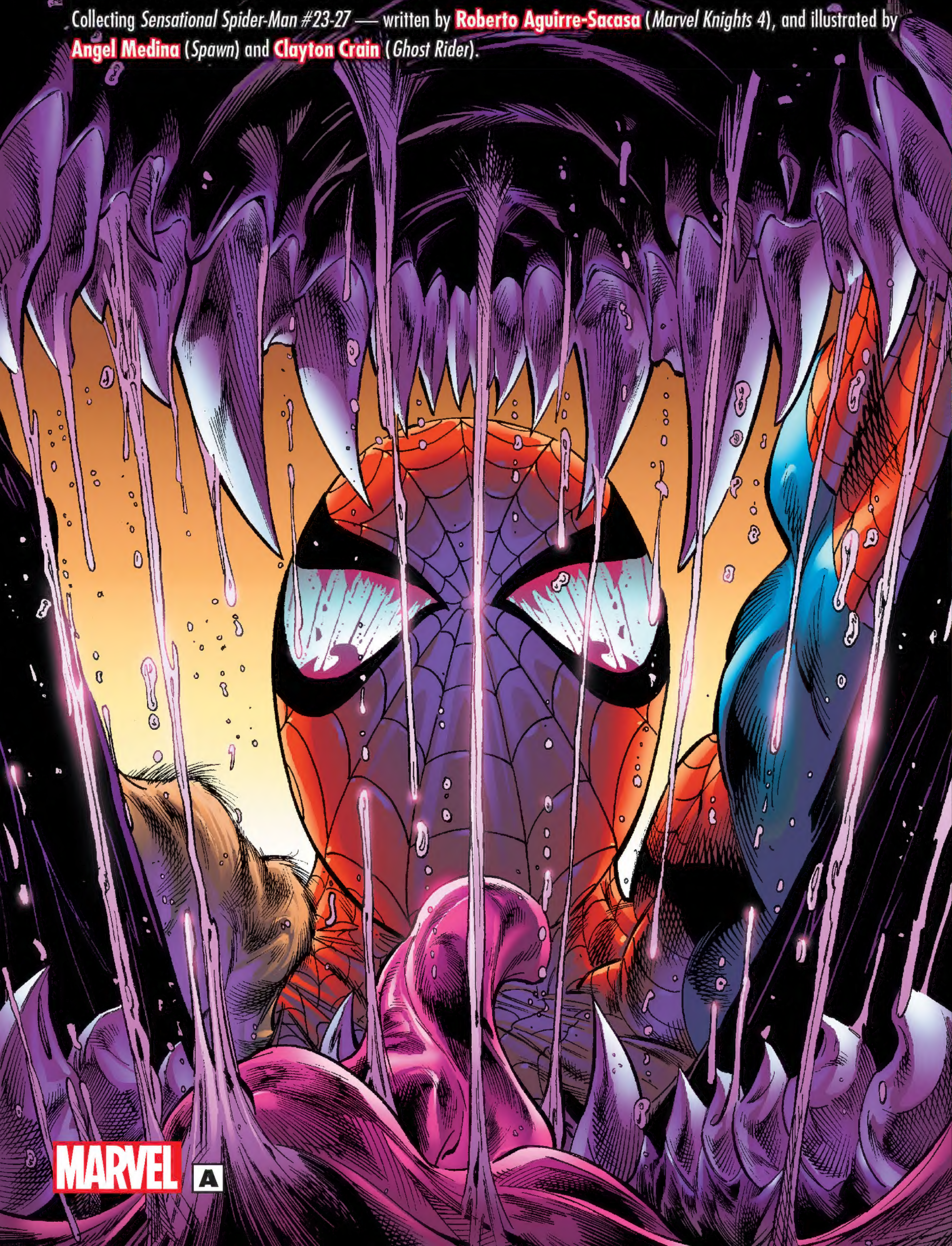
Everyone's Favorite Wall-Crawler Embarks on a Bloodcurdling Journey into the Heart of Darkness!

Strange changes are coming over Spidey's animalistic foes — including Dr. Curt Connors, John Jameson and Felicia Hardy — awakening the beast that dwells within them all. Sure, Spidey's beaten the Lizard, Man-Wolf and the Black Cat before, but they've never been more vicious than they are now!

Collecting *Sensational Spider-Man* #23-27 — written by **Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa** (*Marvel Knights 4*), and illustrated by **Angel Medina** (*Spawn*) and **Clayton Crain** (*Ghost Rider*).

MARVEL

The Sensational SPIDER-MAN



MARVEL A



FERAL

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The Sensational **SPIDER-MAN**

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**ALL-NEW
CREATIVE TEAM!
ALL-NEW TITLE!**

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ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA • ANGEL MEDINA

The Sensational **SPIDER-MAN**

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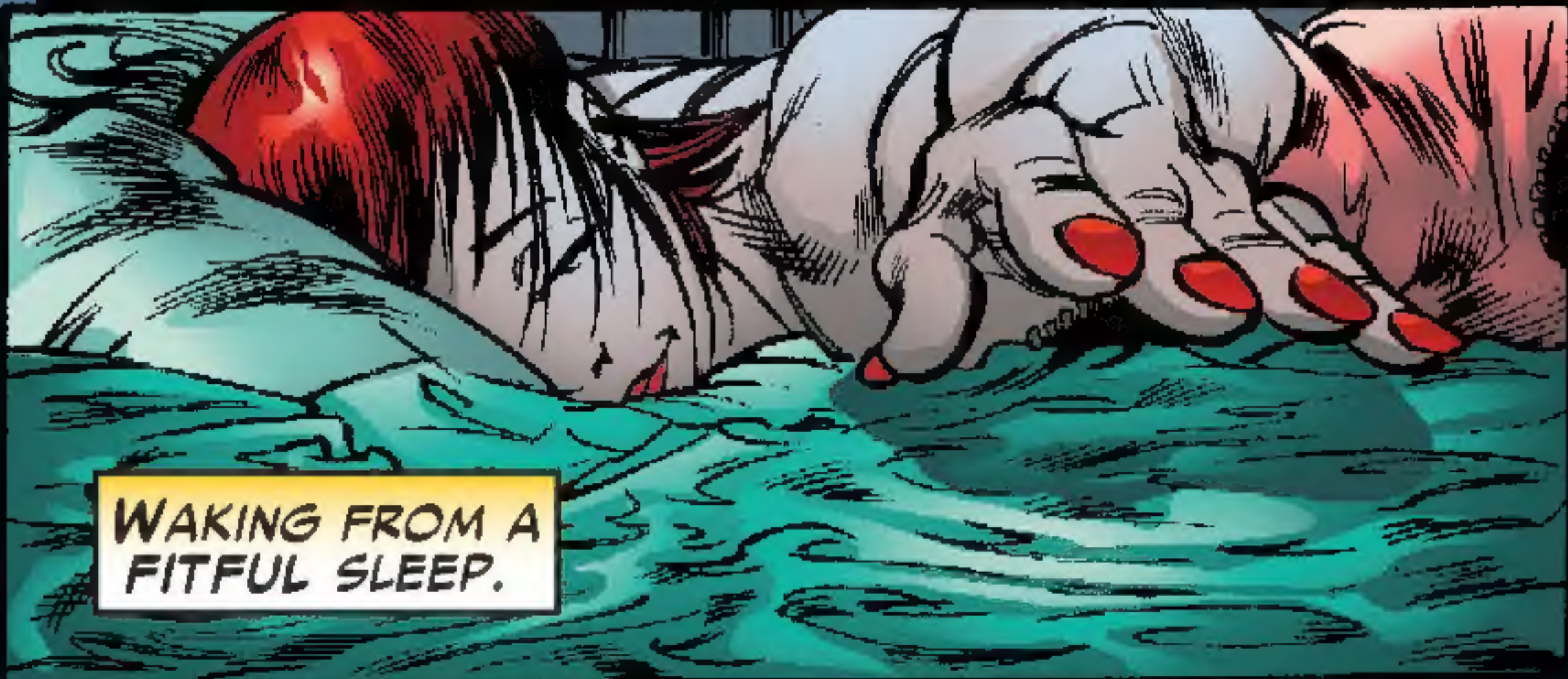
**ALL-NEW
CREATIVE TEAM!
ALL-NEW TITLE!**

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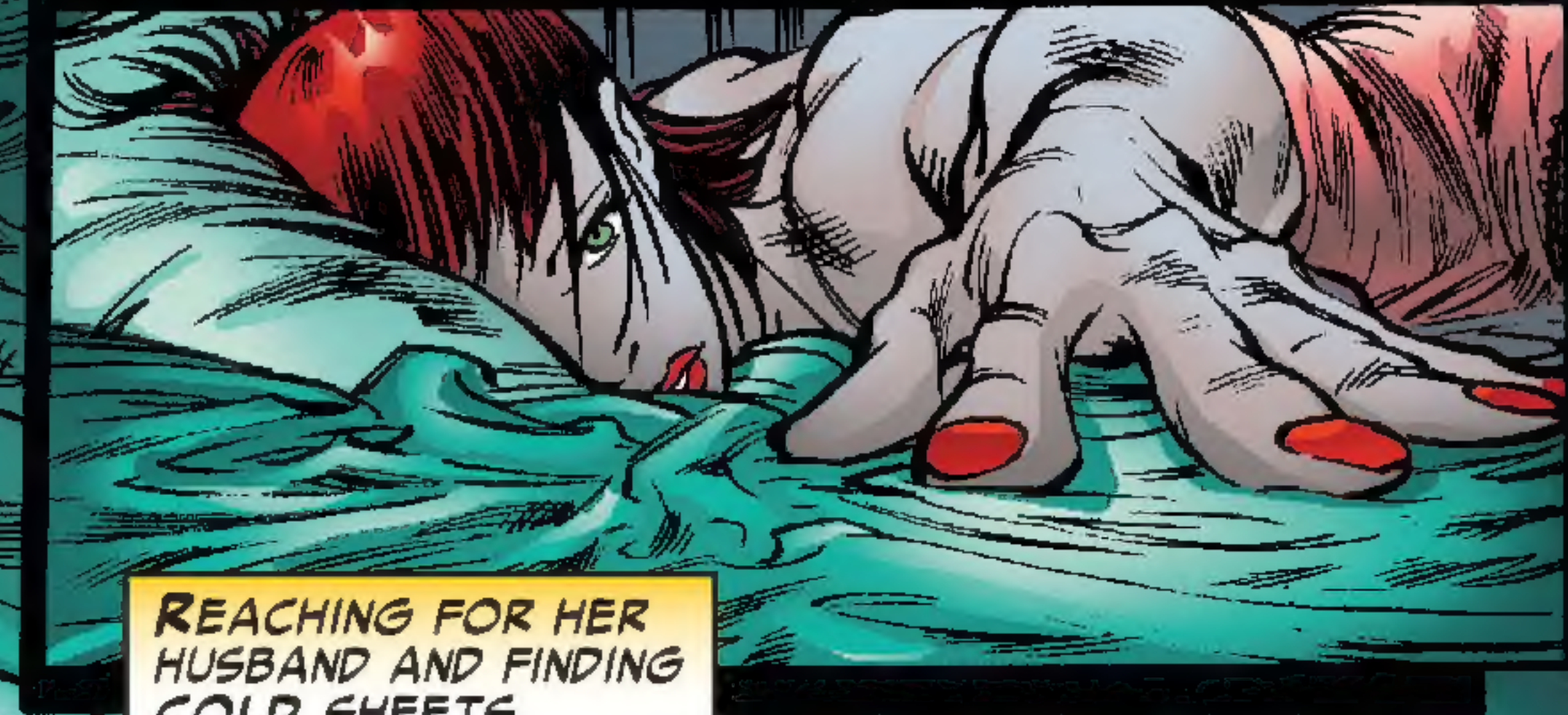
SIBAL
Laura

MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER.

**THE WOMAN OF
YOUR DREAMS.**



**WAKING FROM A
FITFUL SLEEP.**



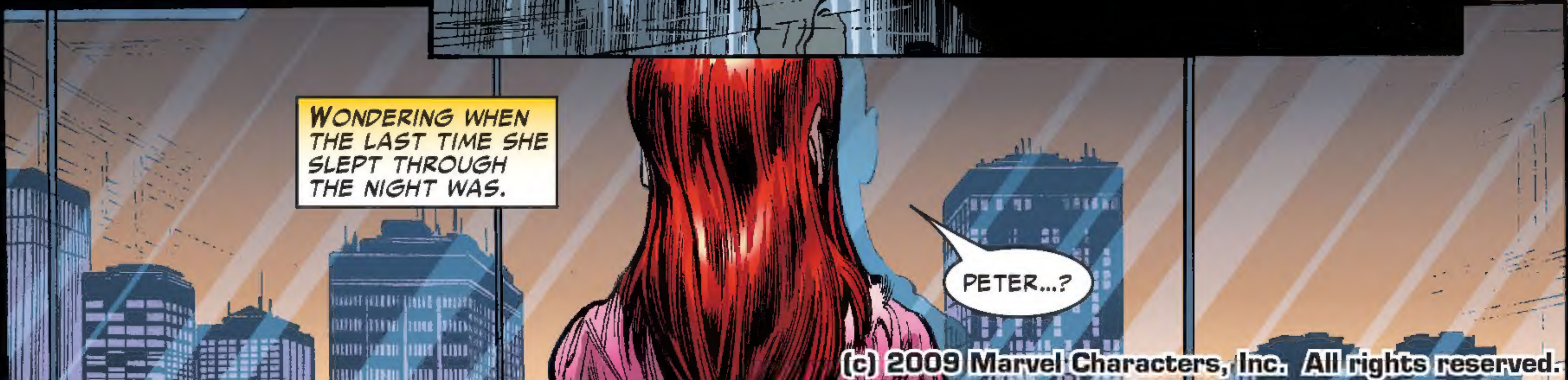
**REACHING FOR HER
HUSBAND AND FINDING
COLD SHEETS.**



Uh...



**PADDING ACROSS
A FLOOR THAT IS
HARD STEEL.**



**WONDERING WHEN
THE LAST TIME SHE
SLEPT THROUGH
THE NIGHT WAS.**

PETER...?

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HELLO...?

PETER, ARE YOU--?

I'M HERE.

JEEZUS, PETER, YOU SCARED ME.
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP?

COULDN'T SLEEP.
FELT... SOMETHING WRONG.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

...
GO BACK TO BED, MARY JANE...



...I'M WORKING TONIGHT.

PETER PARKER.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

HASN'T SLEPT THROUGH THE NIGHT SINCE HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL.

LATER. JUST
BEFORE DAWN.

IT'S POURING
IN NEW YORK
CITY TODAY.

MARY JANE HAS
TO BE IN MAKEUP
BY 6:30.

EVEN SOMEONE AS
BEAUTIFUL AS HER.

PETER AND HIS AUNT MAY
ARE ALREADY AWAKE, SIPPING
COFFEE LIKE MEMBERS OF
THE LIVING DEAD.

IT'S NOT
EVEN FIVE-THIRTY,
YOU TWO...

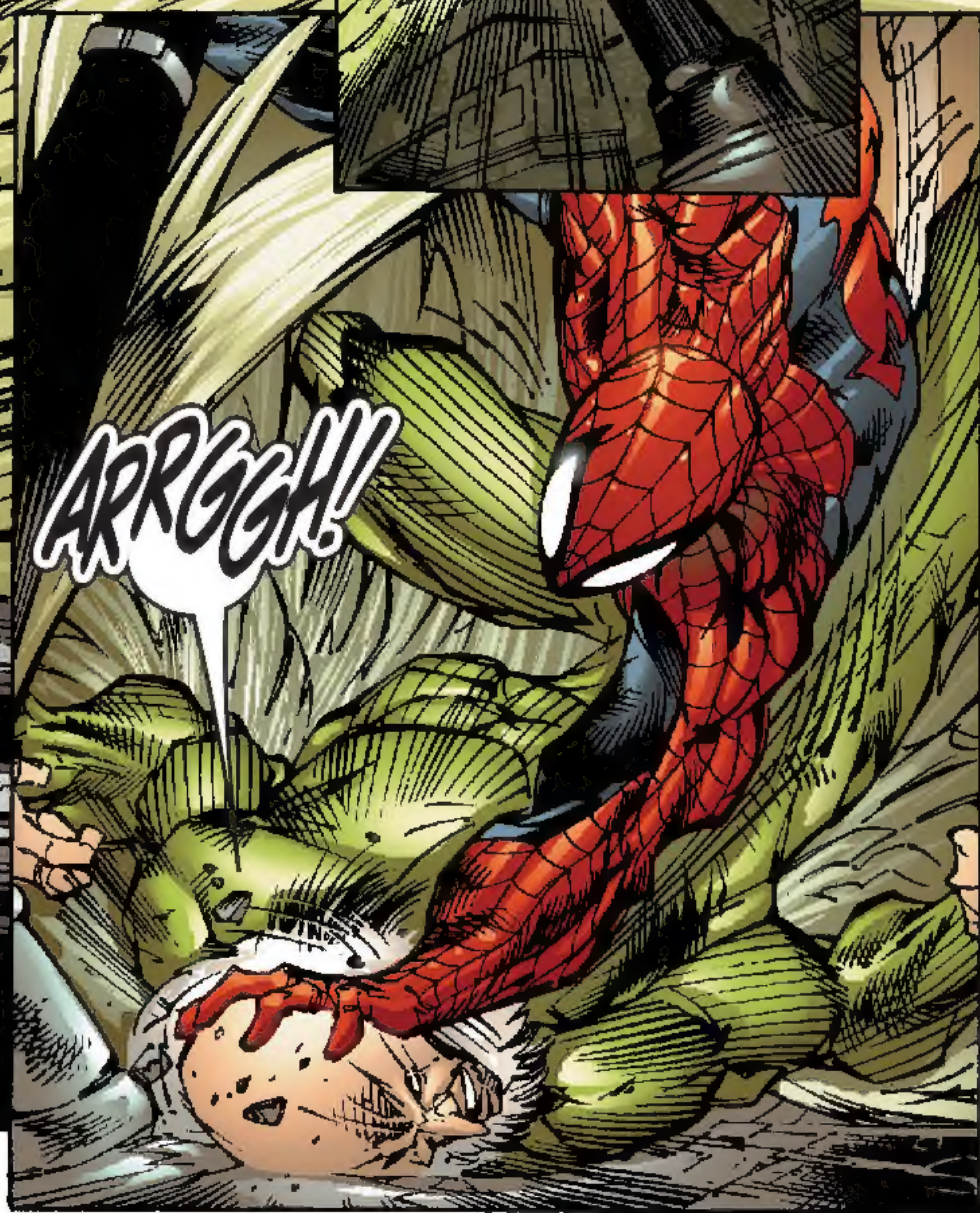
THE OLDER
YOU GET, THE
LESS REST YOU
NEED.

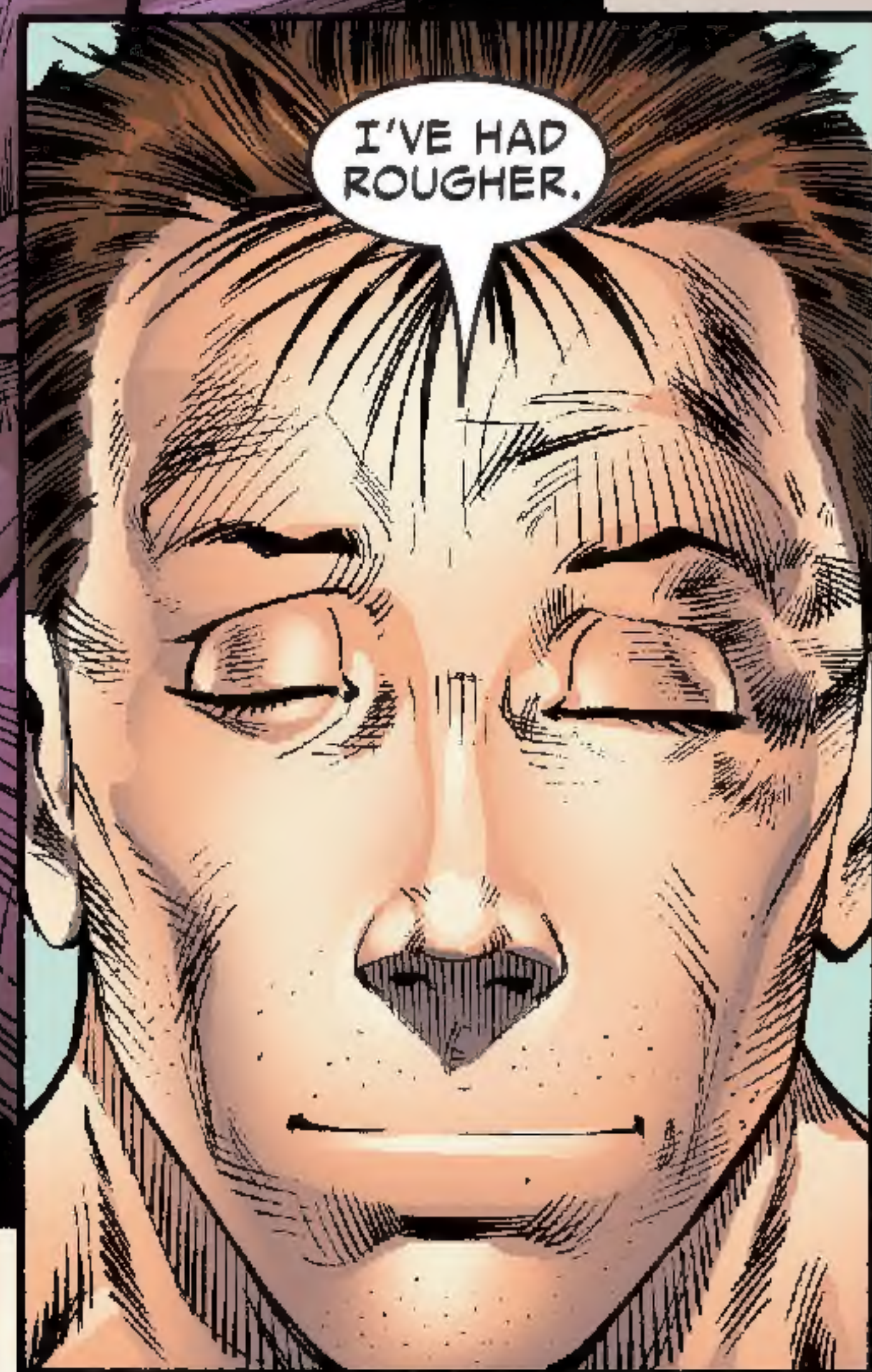
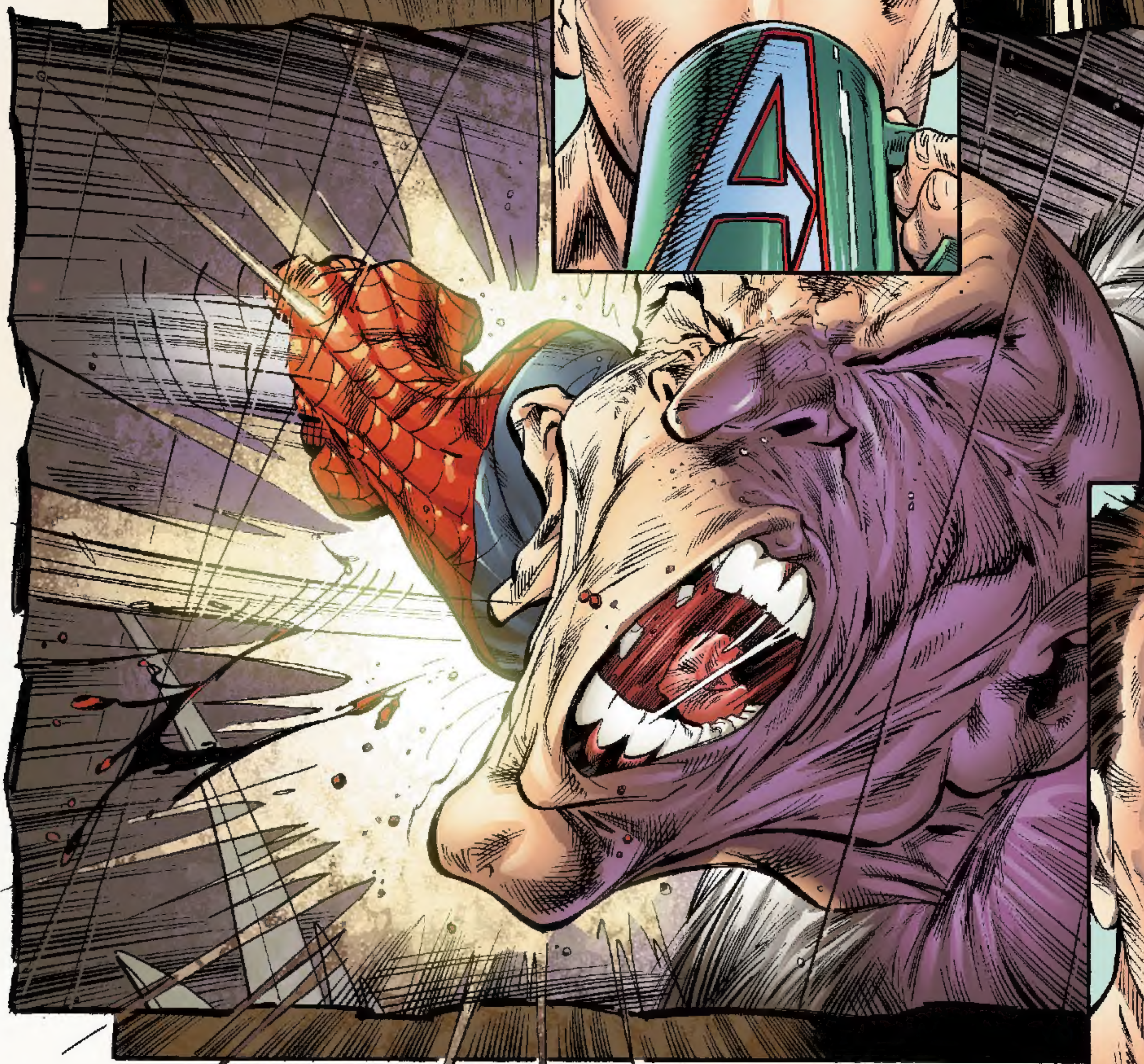
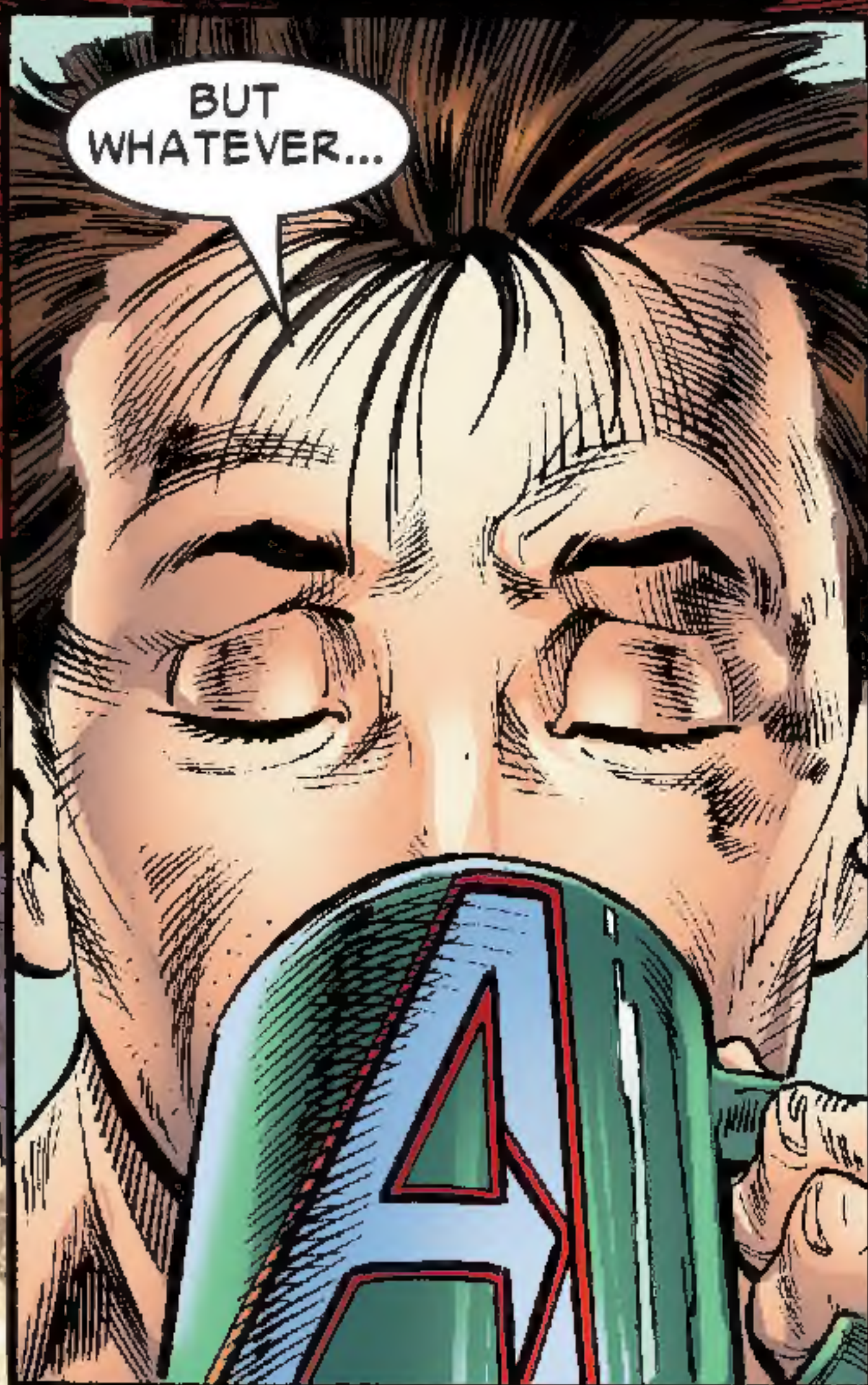
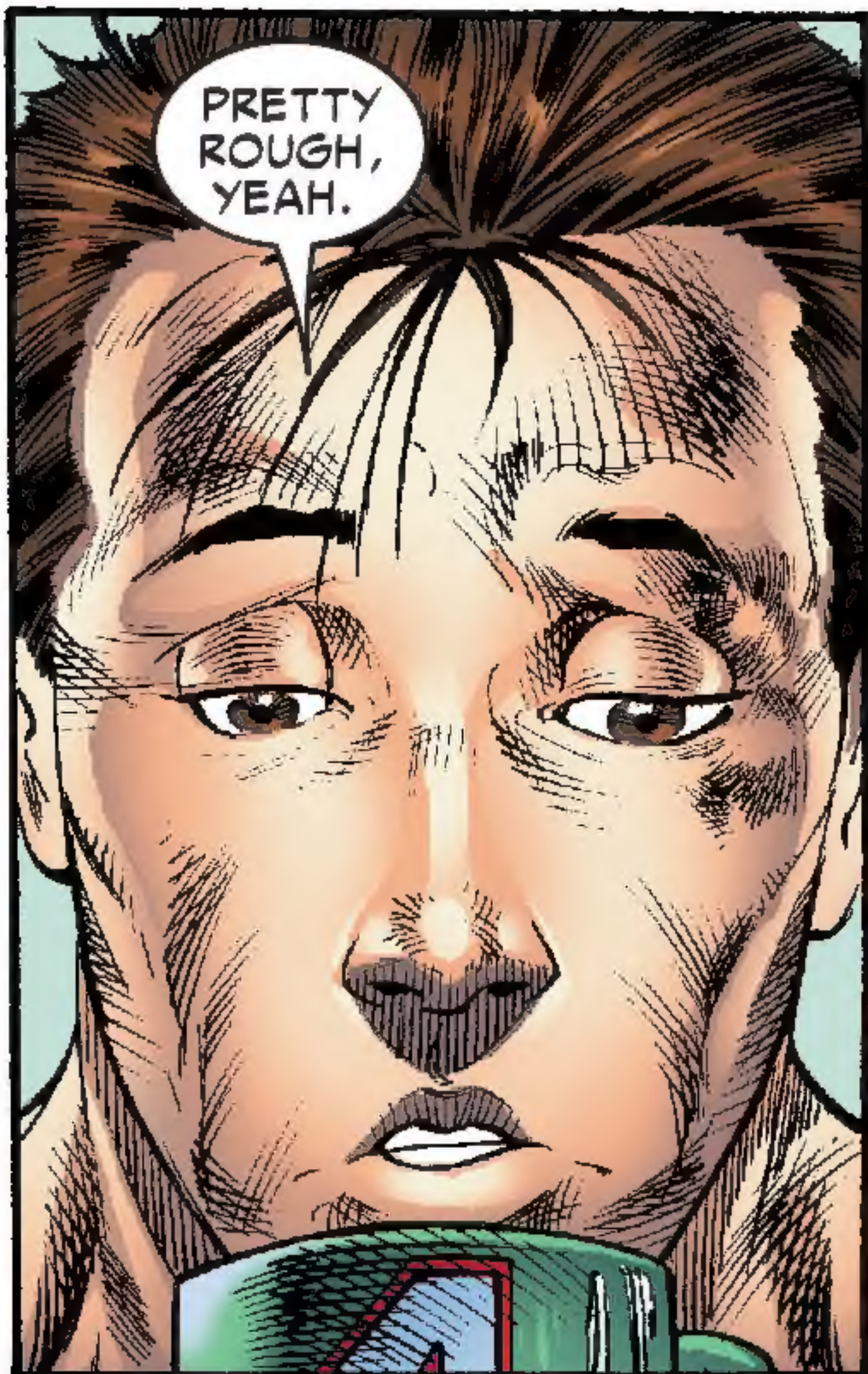
MORNING,
DEAR.

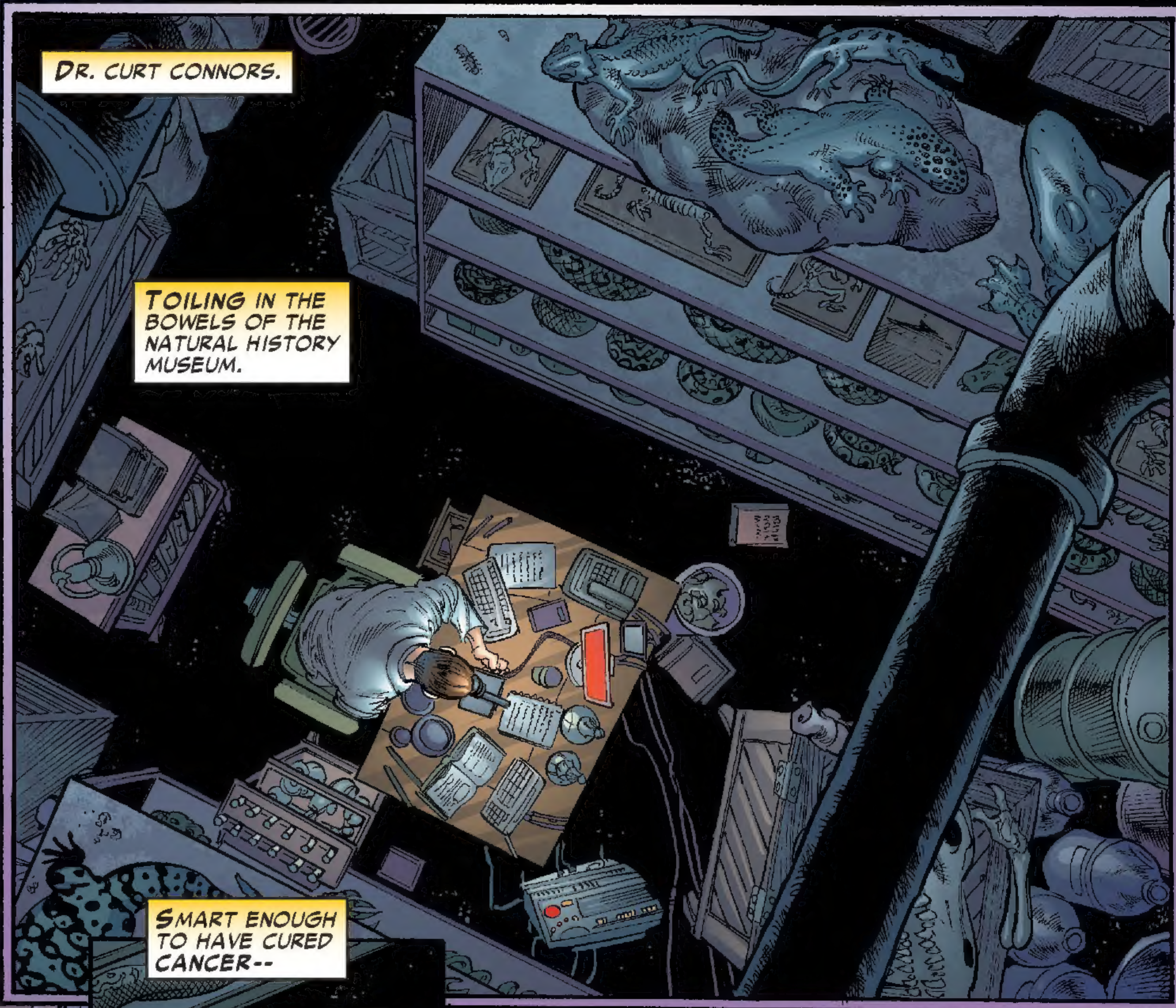
MORNING,
MAY.

AND HOW
ARE YOU DOING
THIS MORNING,
TIGER?

ROUGH
NIGHT?







DR. CURT CONNORS.

TOILING IN THE
BOWELS OF THE
NATURAL HISTORY
MUSEUM.

SMART ENOUGH
TO HAVE CURED
CANCER--

RIIINNNGGG

--ONCE, A
LIFETIME AGO.

'LO, THIS IS
CONNORS.

A MAN AT WAR
WITH HIMSELF.

FOR THE
MOMENT,
WINNING.

...
I'M A
HERPETOLOGIST,
DR. TREYMAN, NOT
A GEOLOGIST...

...BUT OF
COURSE I'LL
TAKE A LOOK AT
YOUR ROCK.

FOR THE
MOMENT.





FULL-TIME SCIENTIST.

WHAT MADE THEM DO THAT? THE MONKEYS?

GO BERSERK AND RIP EACH OTHER APART? NO IDEA--

--BUT IF YOU'D HEARD 'EM...LIKE BABIES SCREAMING.

CLICK!



WHAT I GOTTA WORRY ABOUT NOW IS--

--WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE CORPSES?



I WAS HUNGRY, SPIDER-MAN.

I WAS HUNGRY AND VULTURES ONLY EAT DEAD THINGS.



... MY ASSIGNMENT EDITOR SAID SOMETHING ABOUT RHINOS, TOO.

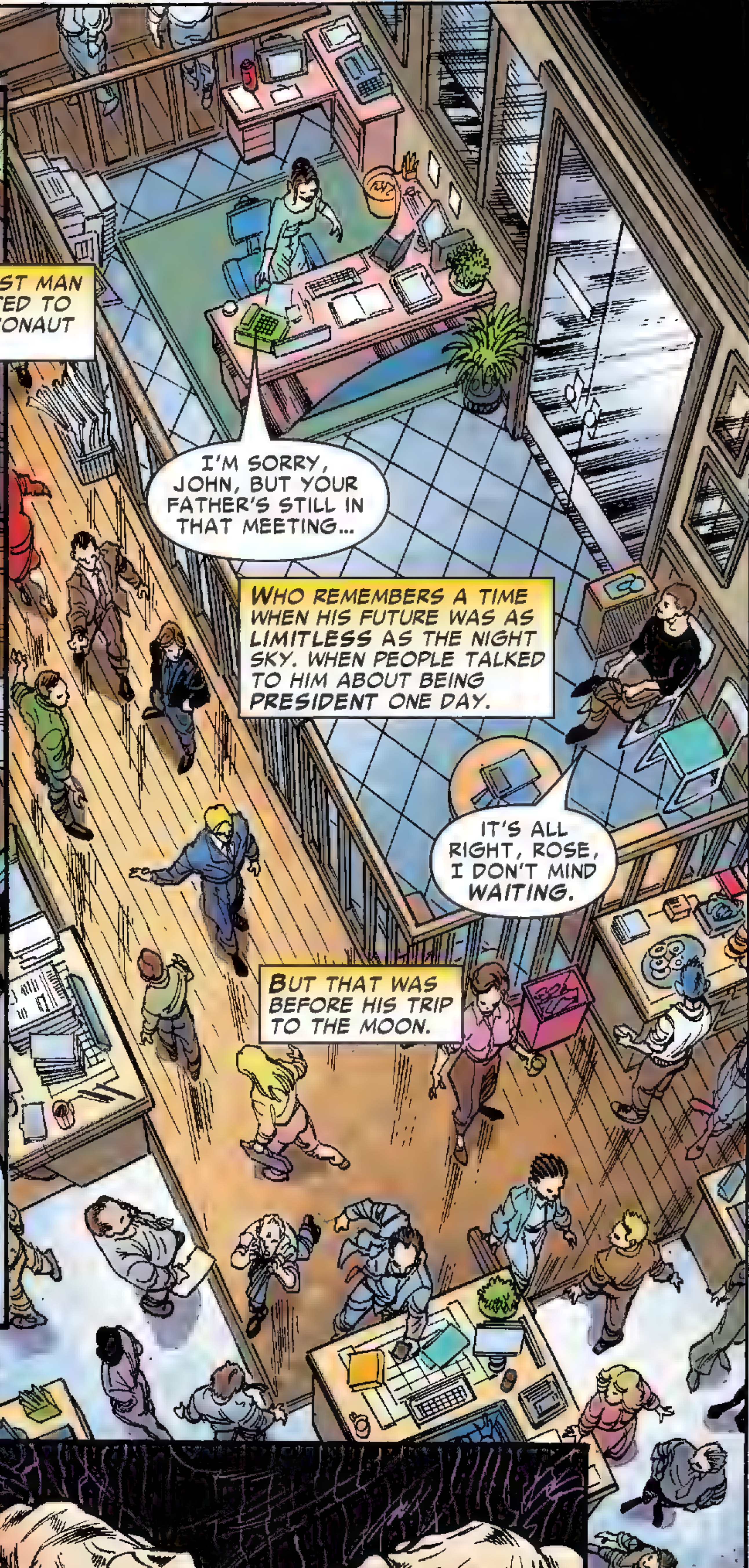




"...THERE WASN'T EVEN A FULL MOON LAST NIGHT."

JOHN JAMESON.

THE YOUNGEST MAN EVER ACCEPTED TO NASA'S ASTRONAUT PROGRAM.

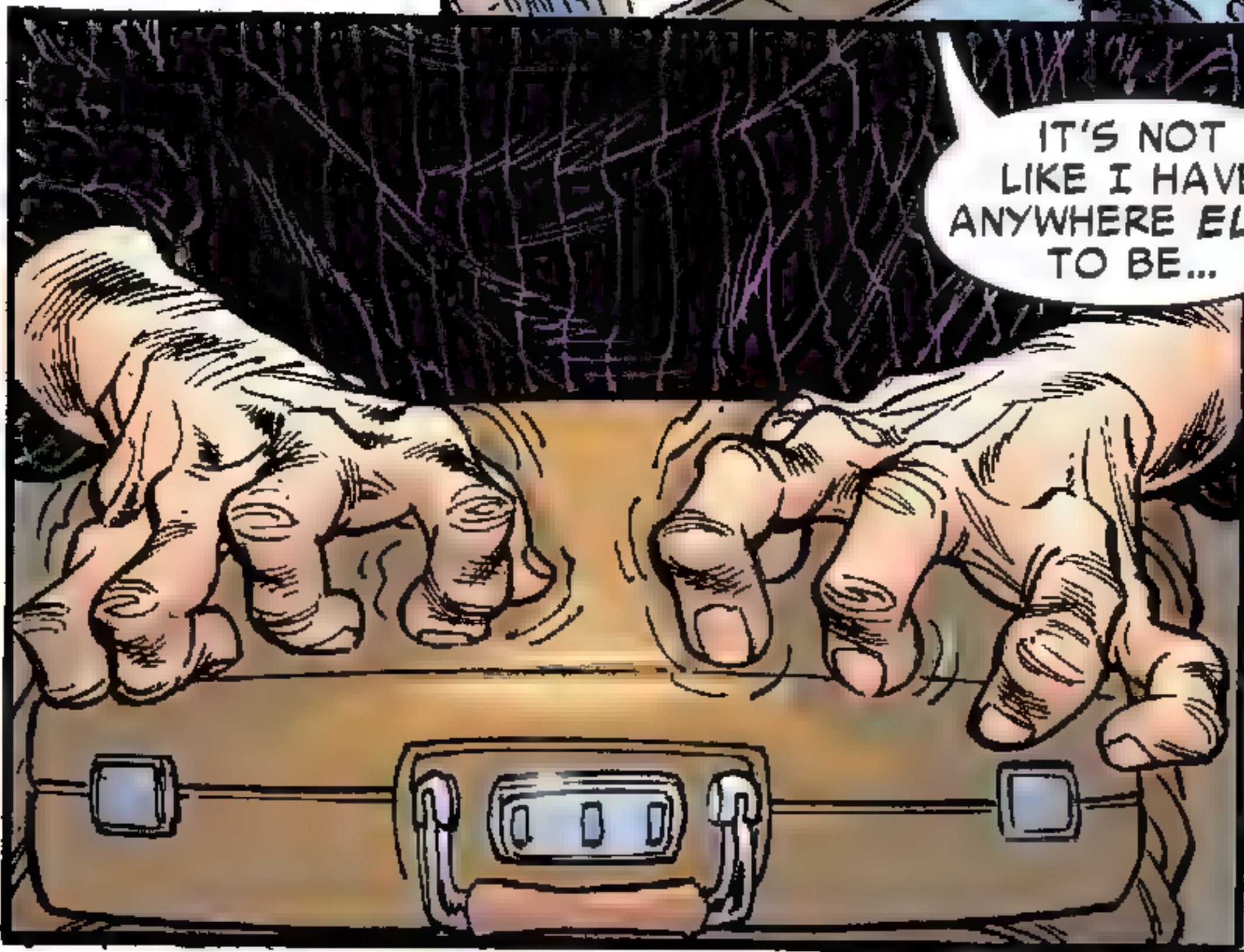


I'M SORRY, JOHN, BUT YOUR FATHER'S STILL IN THAT MEETING...

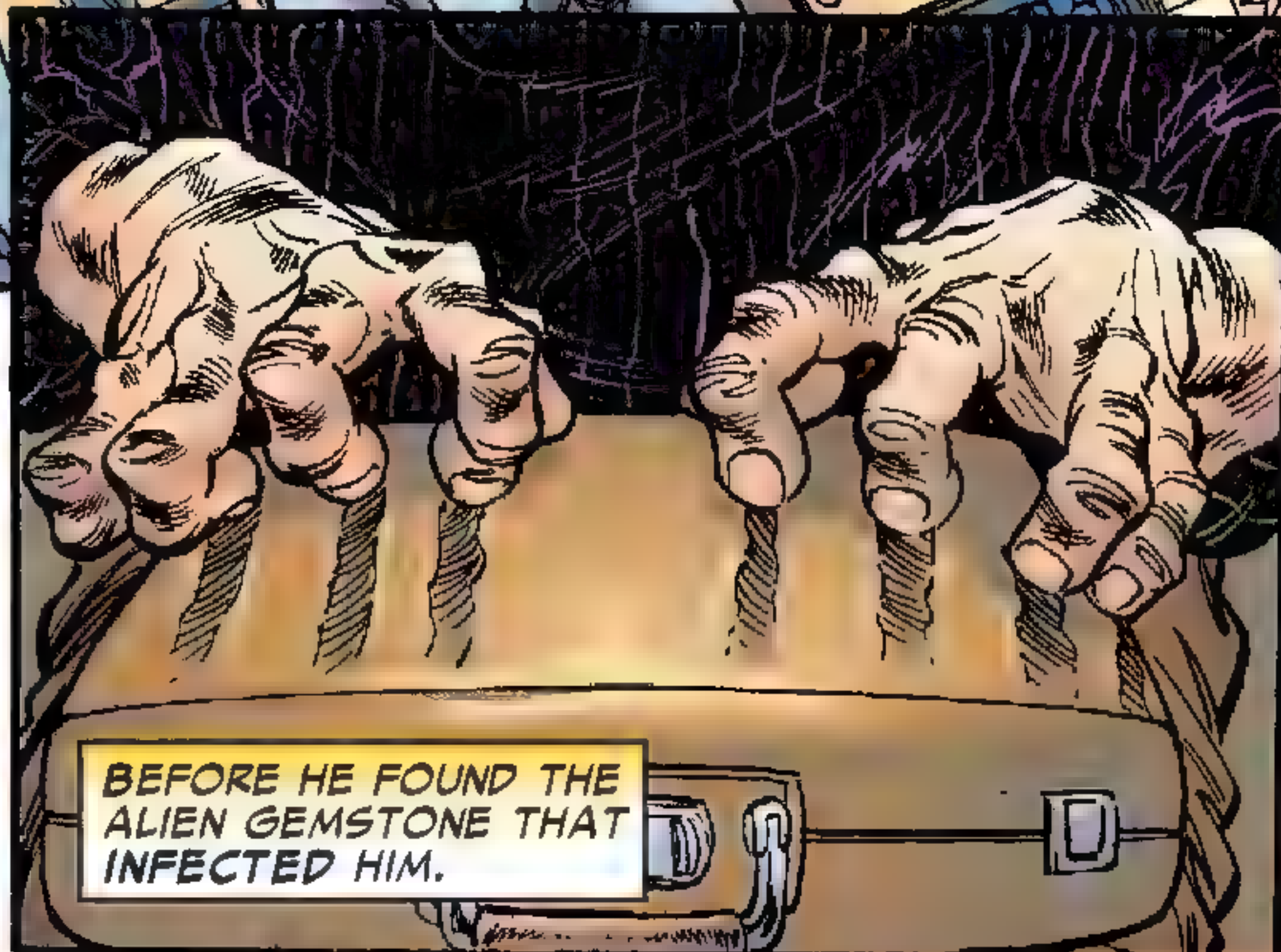
WHO REMEMBERS A TIME WHEN HIS FUTURE WAS AS LIMITLESS AS THE NIGHT SKY. WHEN PEOPLE TALKED TO HIM ABOUT BEING PRESIDENT ONE DAY.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, ROSE, I DON'T MIND WAITING.

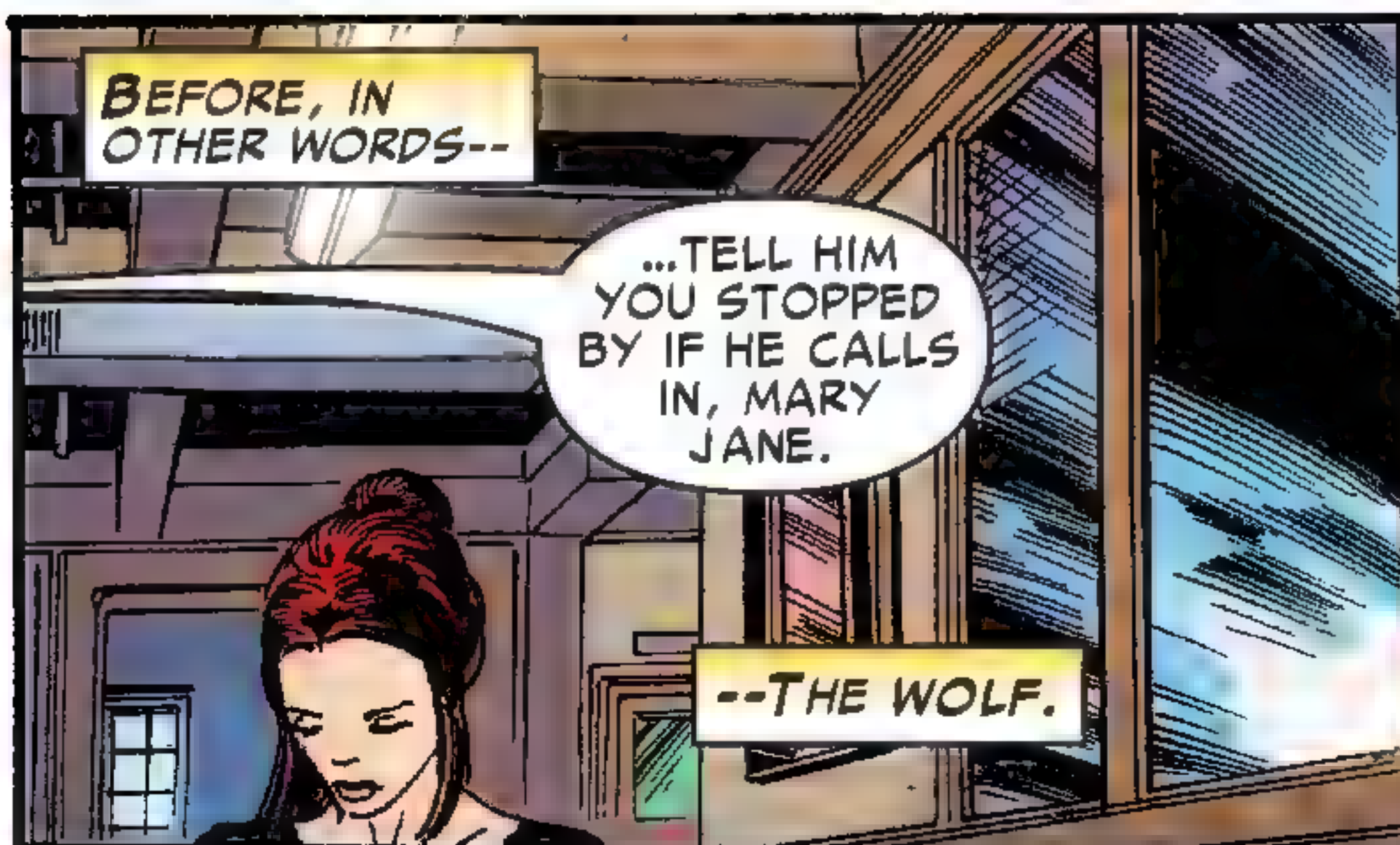
BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HIS TRIP TO THE MOON.



IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE ANYWHERE ELSE TO BE...



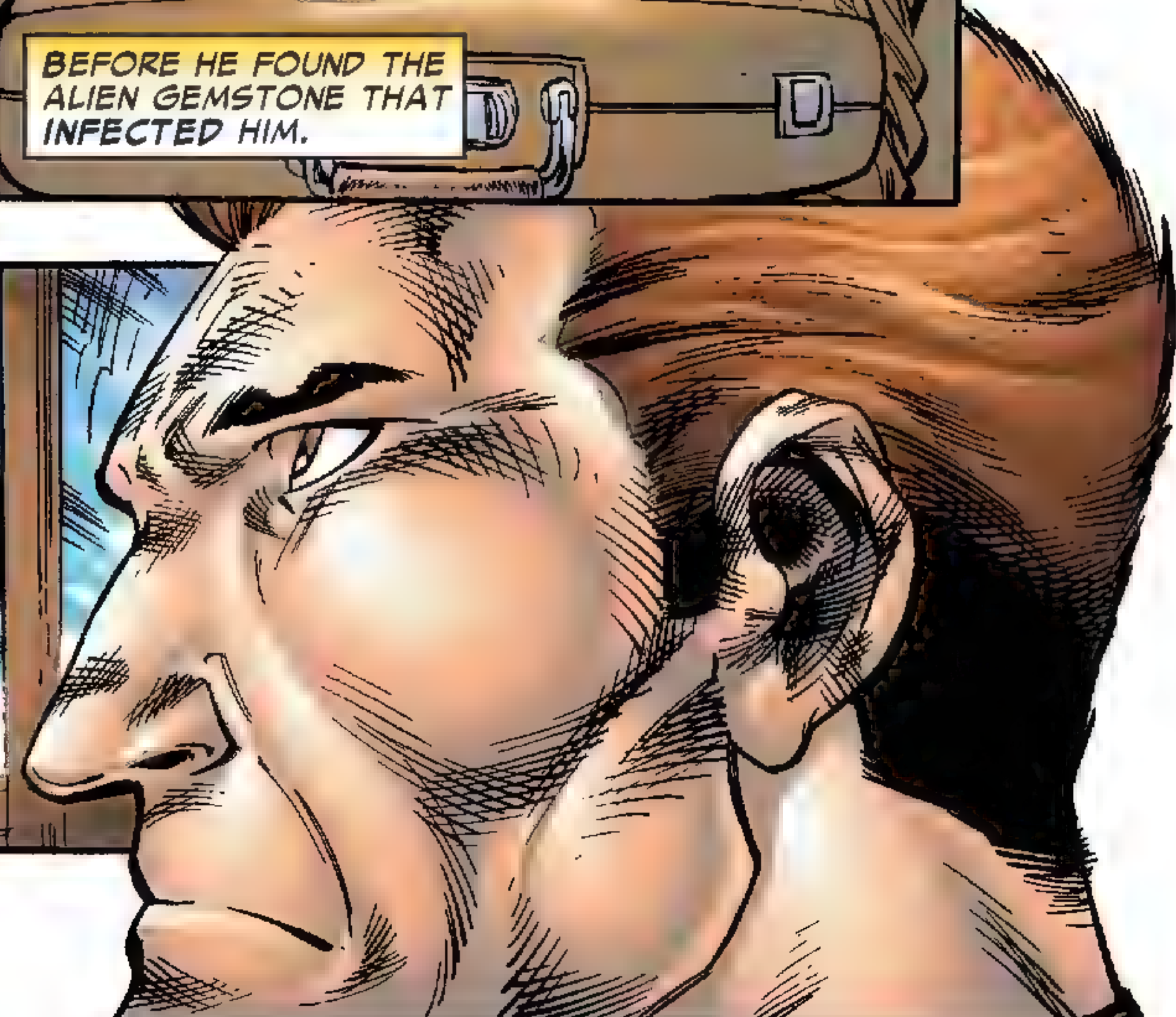
BEFORE HE FOUND THE ALIEN GEMSTONE THAT INFECTED HIM.



BEFORE, IN OTHER WORDS--

...TELL HIM YOU STOPPED BY IF HE CALLS IN, MARY JANE.

--THE WOLF.





JOHN JAMESON
SEES IT IN HER FACE.

ACTUALLY,
JOHN, I'M...
...I'M FEELING
A LITTLE UNDER
THE WEATHER,
CAN WE--?

--MEET UP
LATER?
OF
COURSE, MARY
JANE.

PITY.

GREAT,
SO I'LL CALL
YOU AND...

...MAYBE
THE THREE OF
US CAN GET
TOGETHER FOR
DINNER OR
SOMETHING.

THAT SOUNDS
WONDERFUL.

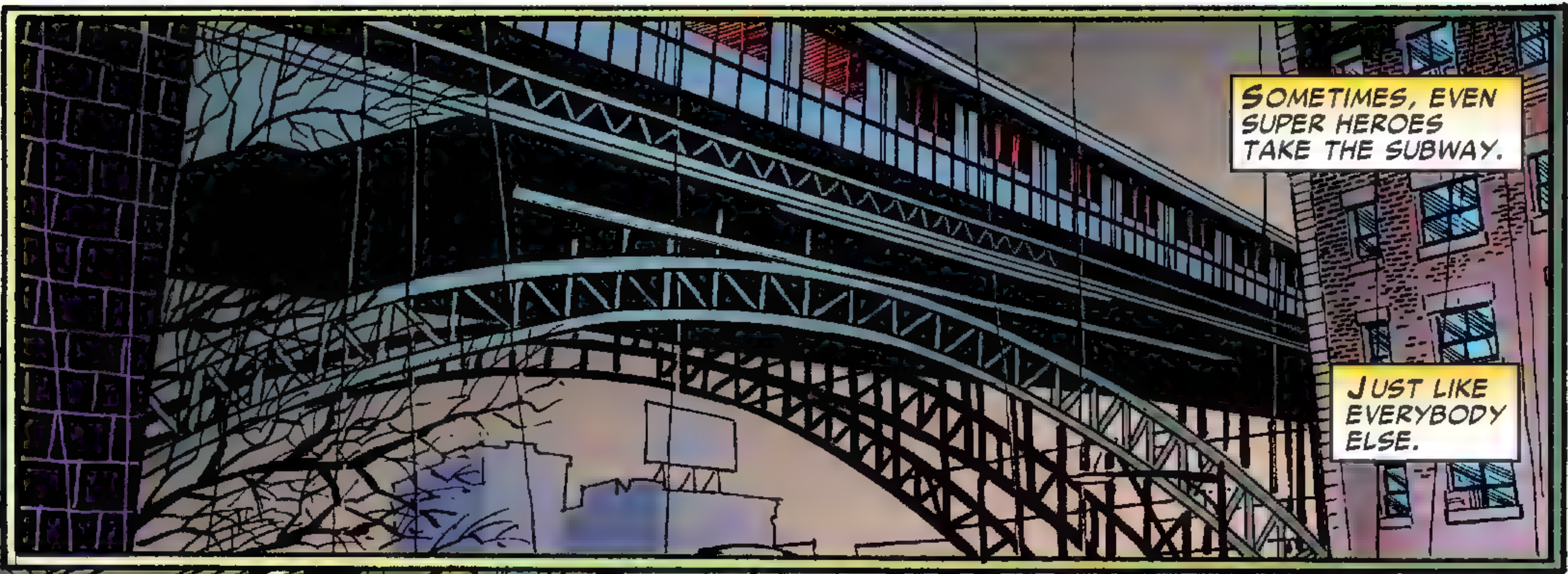
SHE'S NOT GOING
TO CALL, HE KNOWS.

BUT THAT'S
ALL RIGHT.

YOUR
SCARF, MARY
JANE...

BECAUSE THEY WILL
MEET UP LATER.

FOR DINNER
OR SOMETHING.



SOMETIMES, EVEN
SUPER HEROES
TAKE THE SUBWAY.

JUST LIKE
EVERYBODY
ELSE.

THE TINGLING BEGINS AT
THE PLACE WHERE PETER'S
SPINE AND NECK MEET.

IT MEANS--

--SOMEWHERE,
THERE'S A
THREAT NEARBY.

HEY,
DO YOU
MIND?

PARDON
ME--

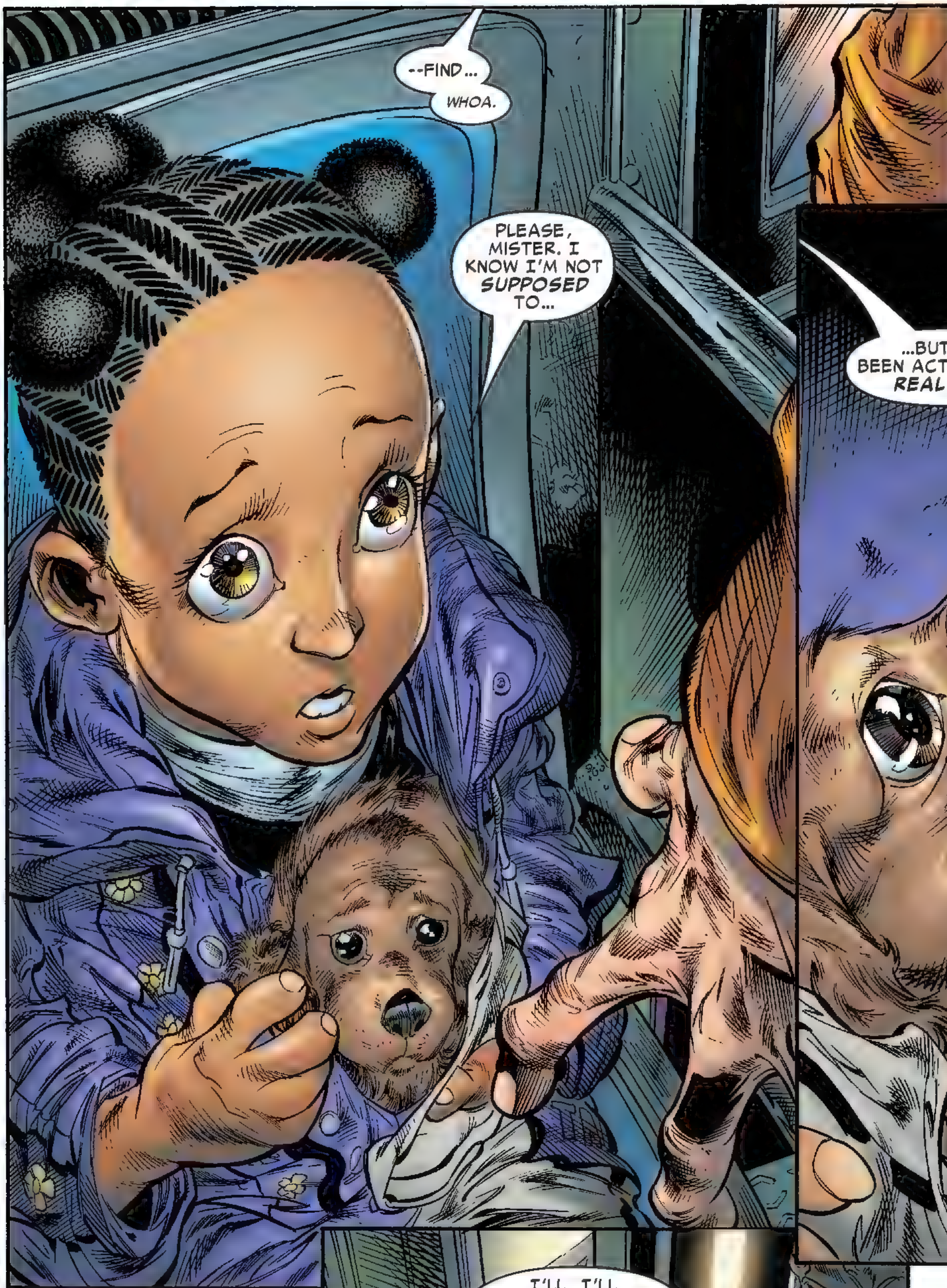
--SORRY,
I JUST NEED
TO--

'SCUSE
YOU.

HEY,
CHUMP--

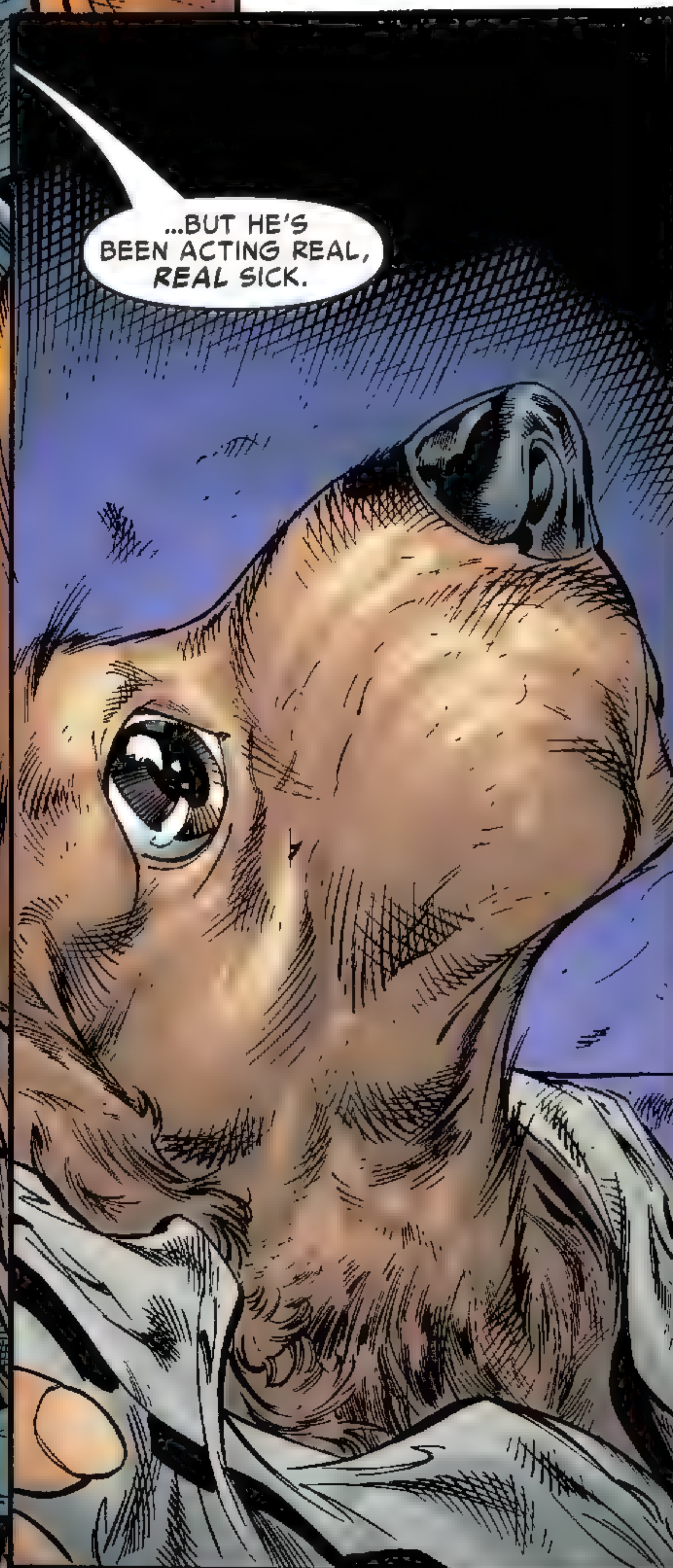
SORRY,
BUT I--

--I REALLY,
REALLY HAVE
TO--

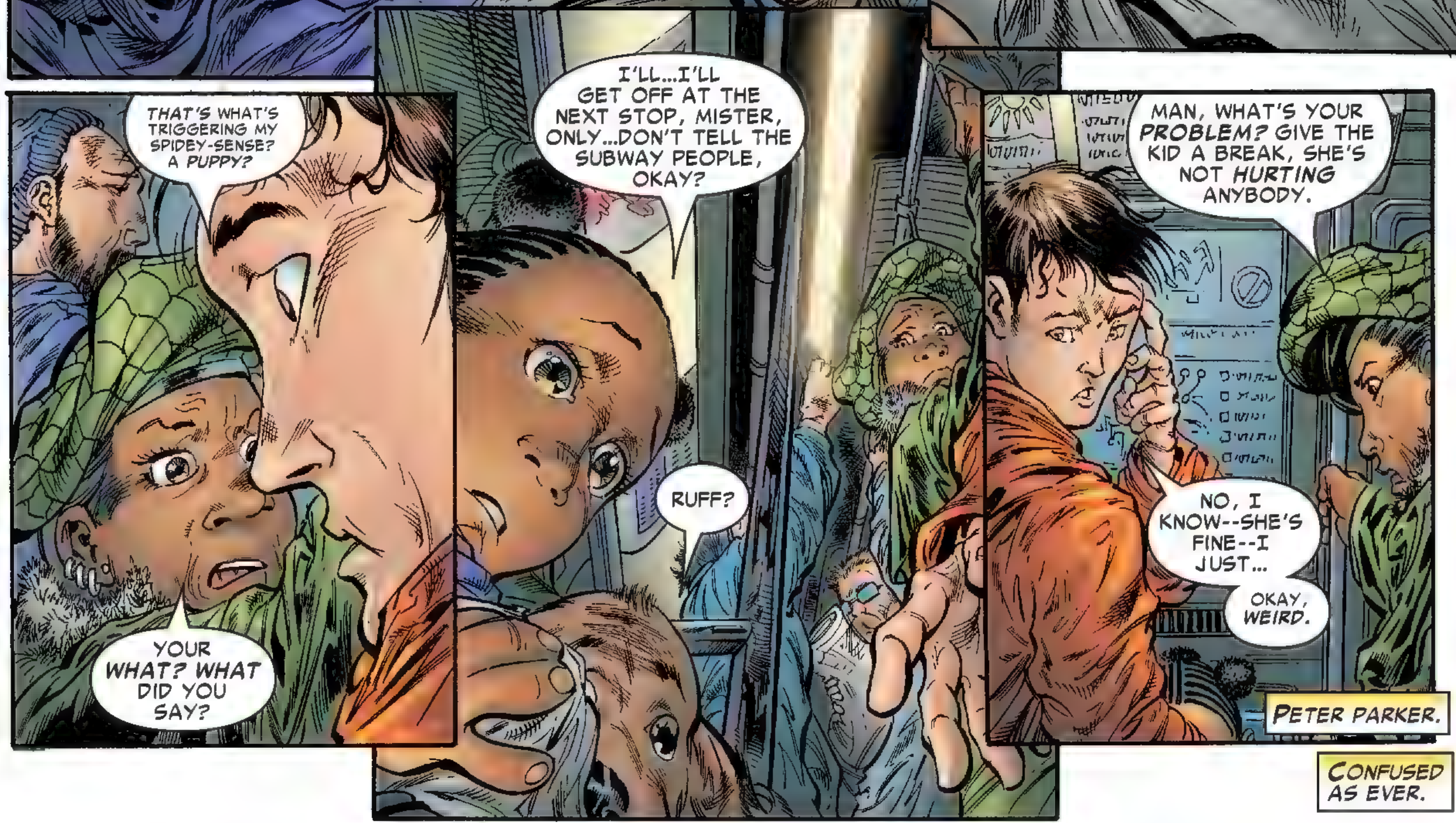


--FIND...
WHOA.

PLEASE,
MISTER. I
KNOW I'M NOT
SUPPOSED
TO...



...BUT HE'S
BEEN ACTING REAL,
REAL SICK.



THAT'S WHAT'S
TRIGGERING MY
SPIDEY-SENSE?
A PUPPY?

YOUR
WHAT? WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?

I'LL...I'LL
GET OFF AT THE
NEXT STOP, MISTER,
ONLY...DON'T TELL THE
SUBWAY PEOPLE,
OKAY?

RUFF?

MAN, WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM? GIVE THE
KID A BREAK, SHE'S
NOT HURTING
ANYBODY.

NO, I
KNOW--SHE'S
FINE--I
JUST...

OKAY,
WEIRD.

PETER PARKER.

CONFUSED
AS EVER.

THAT NIGHT.

IT'S STILL
RAINING.

ON THE
GUILTY--

OH
GOD.

OHGODOH
GODOHGODOH
GODOHGODOH
GOD...

--AND THE
INNOCENT,
ALIKE.

HOLD ON,
PETER, LET ME
GO INTO THE
OTHER ROOM...

--STRING OF VIOLENT CRIMES
CONTINUE UNCHECKED AROUND
THE CITY. THE FOLLOWING
FOOTAGE WAS SHOT A
LITTLE OVER AN HOUR AGO--

--IN IT, YOU'LL SEE
FOUR MEN ATTACKING
A FIFTH WITH
WHAT LOOK LIKE
MACHETES. ONLY
THE LAST-SECOND
ARRIVAL OF SUSAN
RICHARDS OF THE
FANTASTIC FOUR--

MY
GOODNESS.

...SORRY
ABOUT THAT, SEXY,
I COULDN'T
HEAR.

YOU WERE
SAYING SOMETHING
ABOUT YOUR SPIDER-
SENSE?

YEAH, THAT IT'S TOTALLY MISFIRING. NOT LIKE WITH MORLUN OR FROM MY NEW POWERS, BUT...

...I DON'T KNOW. IT JUST KEEPS GOING OFF. LIKE A CONSTANT RINGING BENEATH MY NEOCORTEX, YOU KNOW?

NEOCORTEX, RIGHT.

LISTEN, MAYBE YOU'RE SICK, MAYBE YOU SHOULD COME HOME.

NEGATIVE, HOTSTUFF. I'D LOVE TO--AND GOD KNOWS I'M GETTING THE SNIFFLES--

THE WHAT? WHO ARE YOU, CINDY BRADY?

--BUT IT'S LIKE EVERY CREEP AND HIS BROTHER HAVE DECIDED TO COME OUT AND PLAY IN THE RAIN.

OH MY GOD--SPEAKING OF WHICH--GUESS WHO I BUMPED INTO AT THE BUGLE?

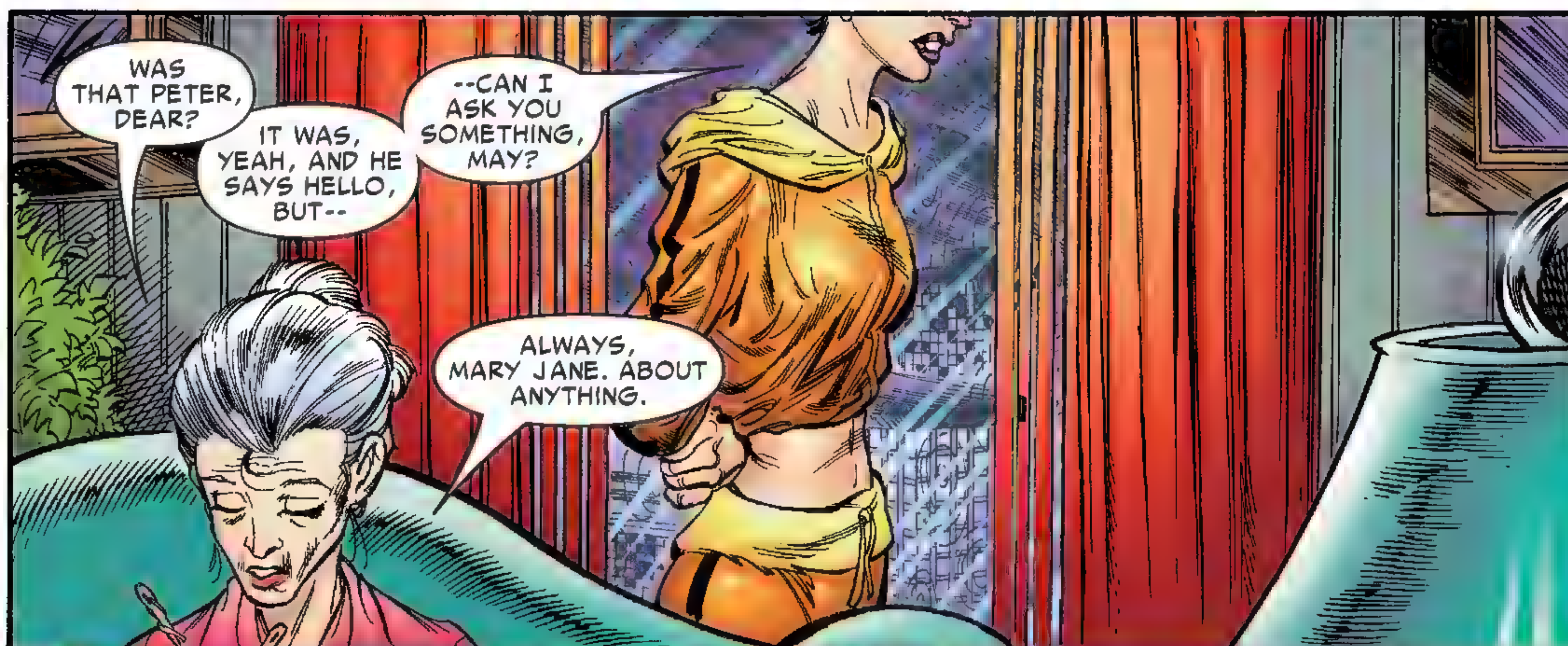
ACTUALLY, MJ? MY OTHER LINE'S BEEPING AND--

--OH, MAN, I REALLY GOTTA TAKE THIS.

WHAT?

HELLO? HELLO?

...GOD, NICE TALKING TO YOU, TOO.

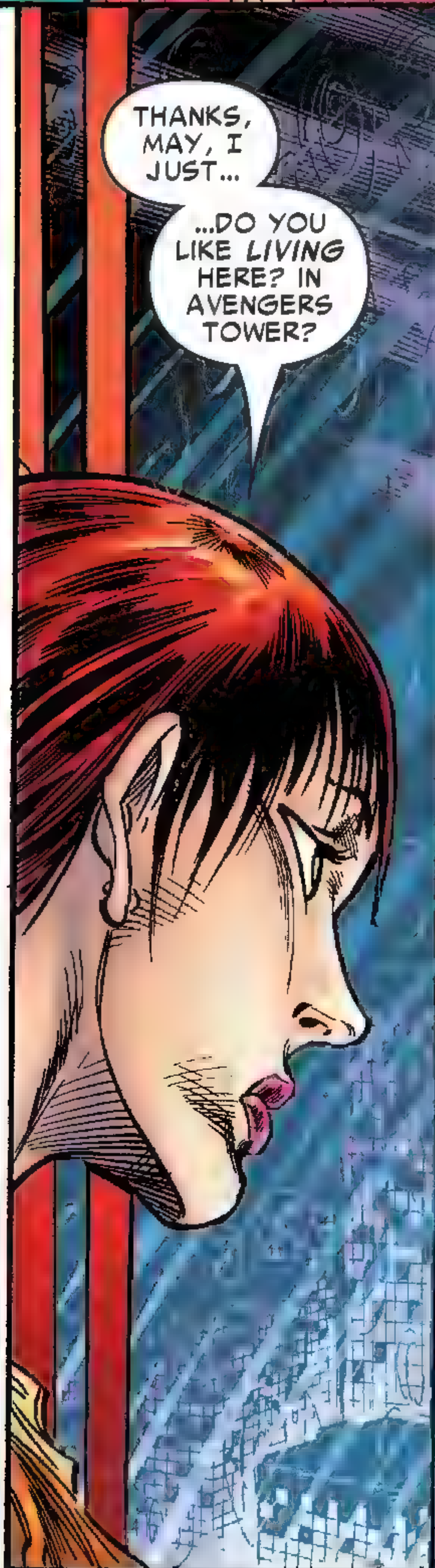


WAS THAT PETER, DEAR?

IT WAS, YEAH, AND HE SAYS HELLO, BUT--

--CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING, MAY?

ALWAYS, MARY JANE. ABOUT ANYTHING.



THANKS, MAY, I JUST...

...DO YOU LIKE LIVING HERE? IN AVENGERS TOWER?

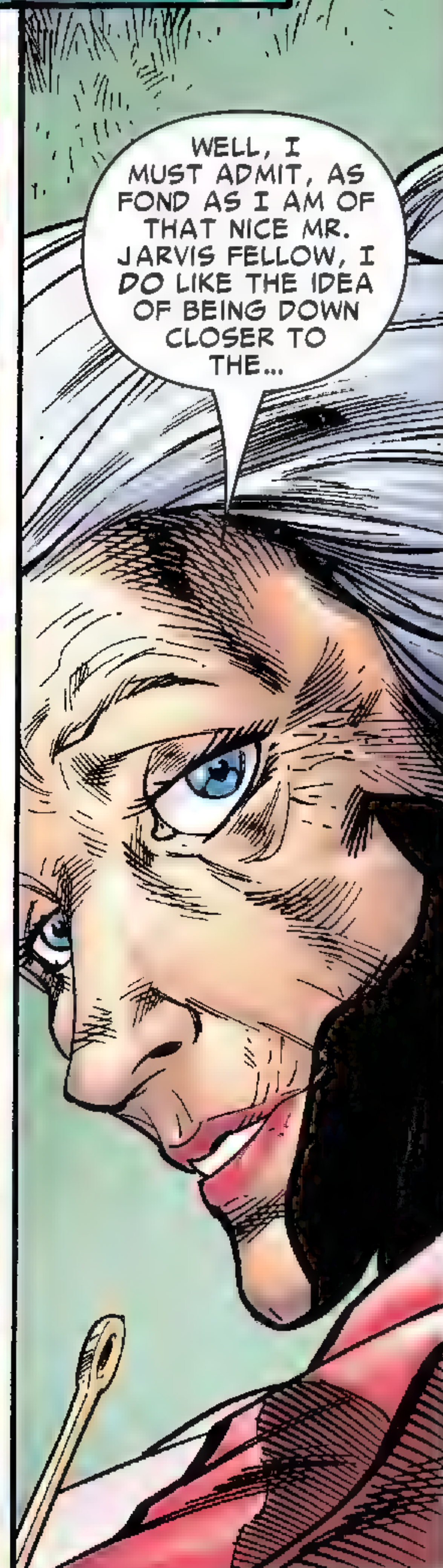


AS OPPOSED TO...?

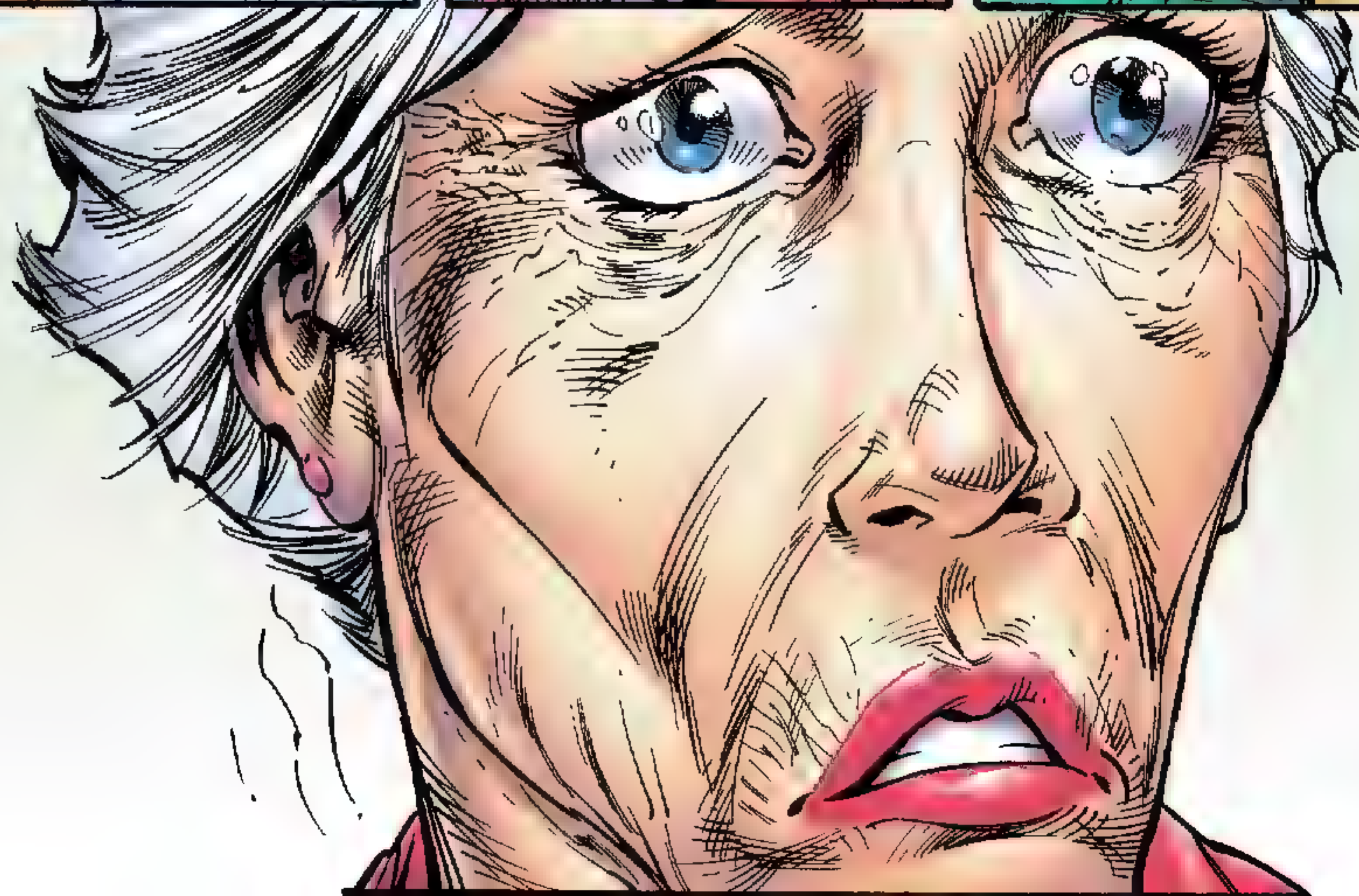


I DON'T KNOW, SOME NEW PLACE WE FIND?

WHERE WE HAVE MORE **PRIVACY**. WHERE IT'S **PETER'S** NAME ON THE LEASE AND NOT **SPIDER-MAN'S**, YOU KNOW? WHERE IT'S JUST US, OUR FAMILY.



WELL, I MUST ADMIT, AS FOND AS I AM OF THAT NICE MR. JARVIS FELLOW, I DO LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING DOWN CLOSER TO THE...



...OH, DEAR. MARY JANE...



...WHAT ARE
YOU DOING WITH
THAT KNIFE?

I...I...

"I KNOW IT'S YOU, DOC,
THE NAME CURT CONNORS
CAME UP ON MY CALLER I.D., SO
SAY SOMETHING ALREADY!"



PETER...

PETER, I'M
SO AFRAID...

DON'T BE,
DOC. JUST--JUST
STAY CALM AND
TELL ME WHAT'S
WRONG.



EVERYTHING,
PETER...

=UHNFF=

IT'S
STARTING
AGAIN... I CAN FEEL
IT...LIKE SOMEONE
JABBING KNIVES
INTO MY STUMP...



OKAY, DOC?
LISTEN TO ME. DO
YOU HAVE YOUR PILLS?
YOUR MEDS?

THWIP

NO!!! NO,
YOU LISTEN TO
ME! IT'S TOO
LATE FOR
THAT!

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, DOC? WHAT
ARE YOU SAYING?

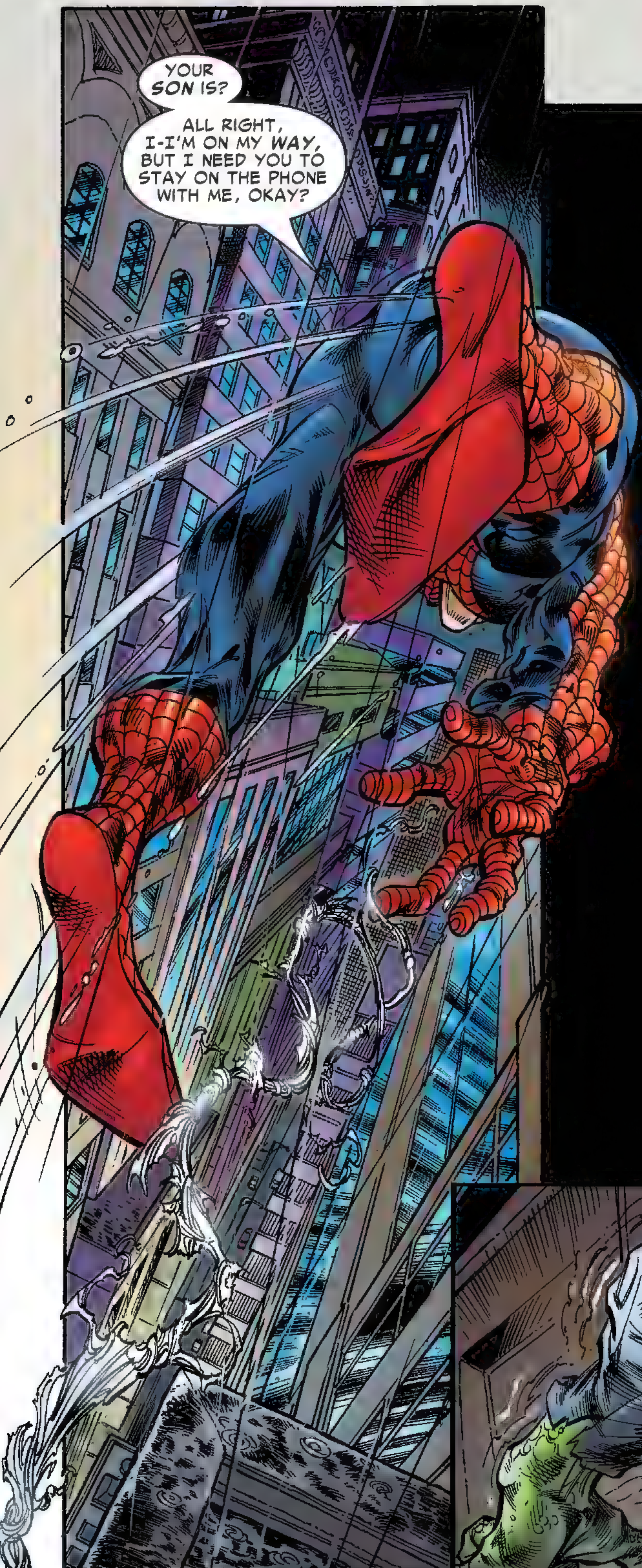
PETER, I
THINK--I'M AFRAID--
I MAY HAVE HURT
SOMEONE...



WHERE
ARE YOU? AT
THE MUSEUM?

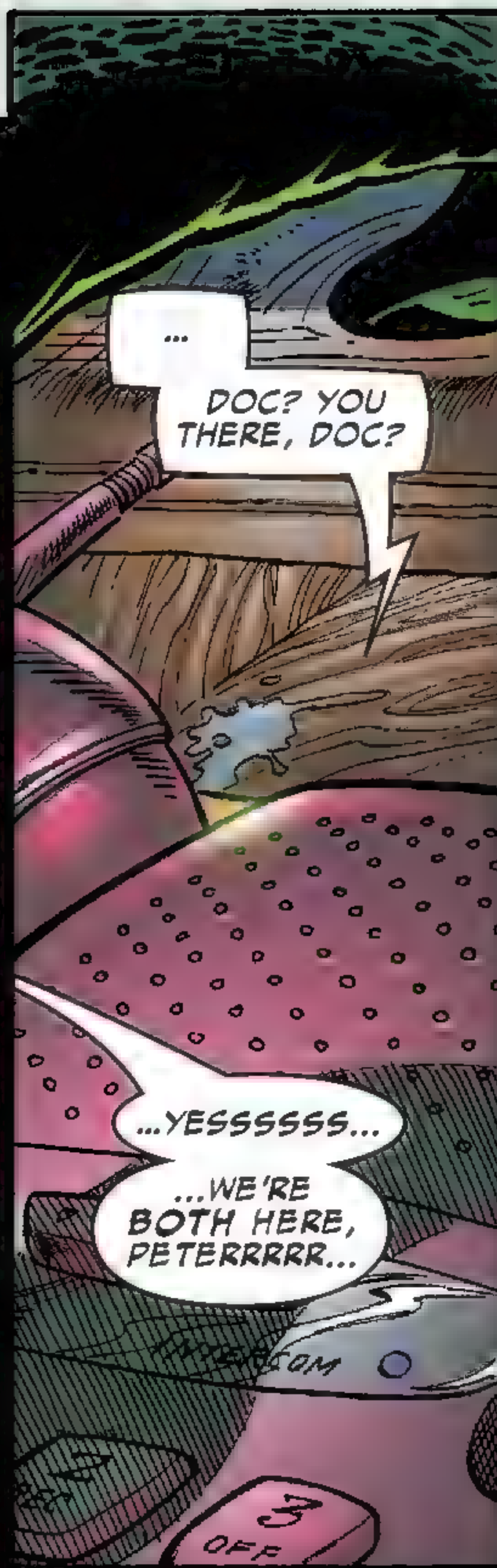
H-HOME. MY
APARTMENT...

AND PETER?
BILLY'S HERE...



YOUR SON IS?

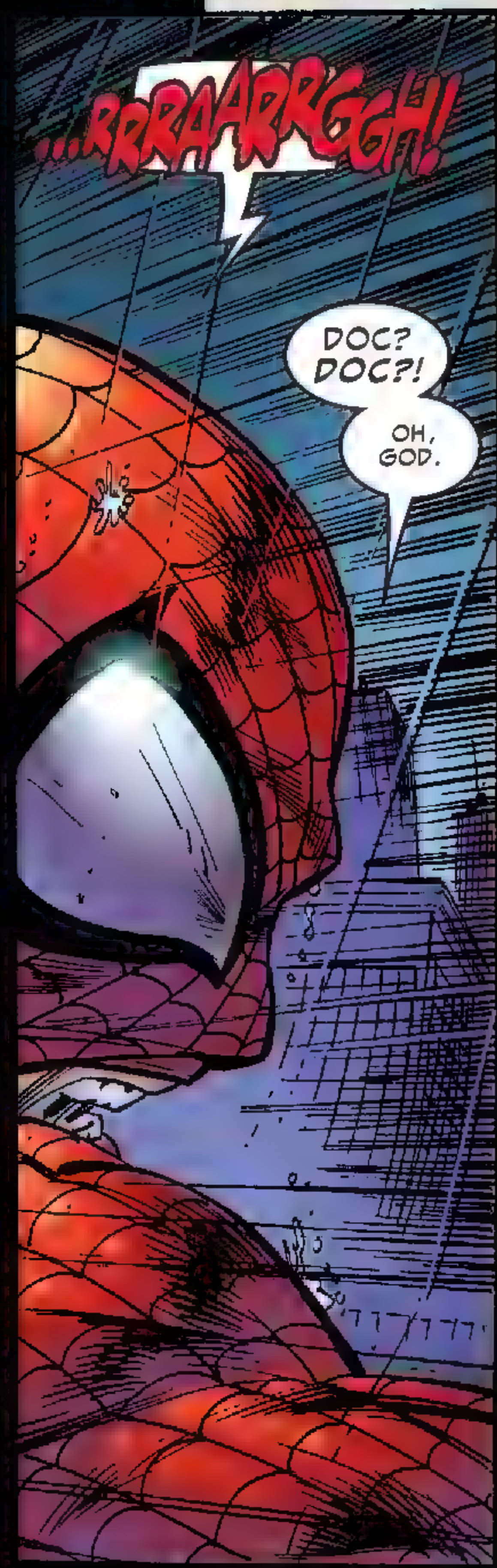
ALL RIGHT, I-I'M ON MY WAY, BUT I NEED YOU TO STAY ON THE PHONE WITH ME, OKAY?



...
DOC? YOU THERE, DOC?

...YESSSSSS...

...WE'RE BOTH HERE, PETERRRRR...



...RRRAARRGGH!

DOC? DOC?!

OH, GOD.



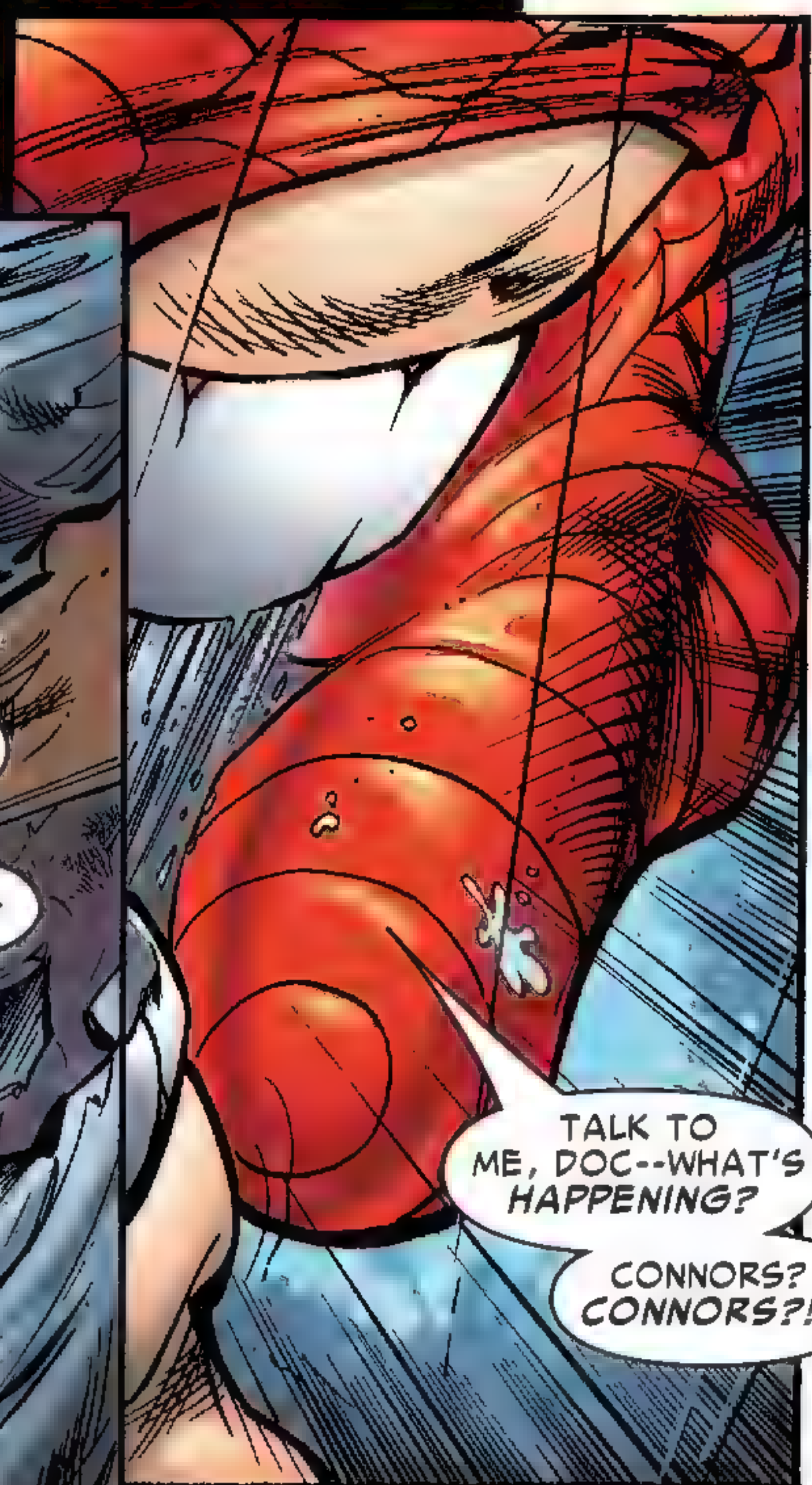
→HUNF←

→HUNF←

→HUNF←

→HUNF←

FIGHT IT, CONNORS!
FIGHT IT! FIGHT IT!
FIGHT IT!



TALK TO ME, DOC--WHAT'S HAPPENING?

CONNORS?
CONNORS?!?



I'M ALMOST THERE, JUST-- HANG ON UNTIL I GET THERE, DOC. AND--

--OH, GOD--

--AND WE'LL BEAT THIS TOGETHER.

→HUNF←

→HUNF←

→HUNF←

→HUNF←

FERAL

PART ONE: "COLD-BLOODED"

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA ANGEL MEDINA SCOTT HANNA
WRITER PENCILER INKER
AVALON'S DAN KEMP CORY PETIT AXEL ALONSO WARREN SIMONS JOE QUESADA DAN BUCKLEY
COLORS LETTERS CONSULTING EDITOR EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF PUBLISHER

NEXT: THE LIZARD AND THE CAT!!!

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**WHOSE
SIDE
ARE
YOU
ON?
05.03.06**

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA • ANGEL MEDINA

The Sensational **SPIDER-MAN**

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**DETECTIVE
JONAS FOGG.**

**INVESTIGATING A MUTILATION
AND MURDER AT THE NATURAL
HISTORY MUSEUM.**

**A BAD DAY
GETTING WORSE.**

WHERE THE
HELL'S THE REST
OF HIM?

THING IS,
DETECTIVE--

--BITE MARKS
INDICATE THE REST
OF DR. TREYMAN
WAS EATEN.

SO--WHAT--
WE GOT A GHOUL
ON THE LOOSE? A
FREAKIN' CANNIBAL?

HAH-HAH,
DETECTIVE.
YOU'RE A
RIOT.

BITE MARKS
AND SALIVA SAMPLES
INDICATE AN ANIMAL
DID THIS.

AN
ANIMAL? I'M
INTRIGUED.

CAN
SOMEONE GET
ME A REFILL
HERE?

WELL, THEN,
THIS SHOULD
FASCINATE
YOU:

THE SALIVA'S
NOT MAMMALIAN,
IT'S REPTILIAN.



SWELL. SO
EITHER THERE'S
A KOMODO
DRAGON ON THE
LOOSE OR...

OR?

THE MUSEUM'S
LOG SAYS TREYMAN
CALLED CURT CONNORS
TO COME CHECK OUT
AN ASTEROID OR
SOMETHING.

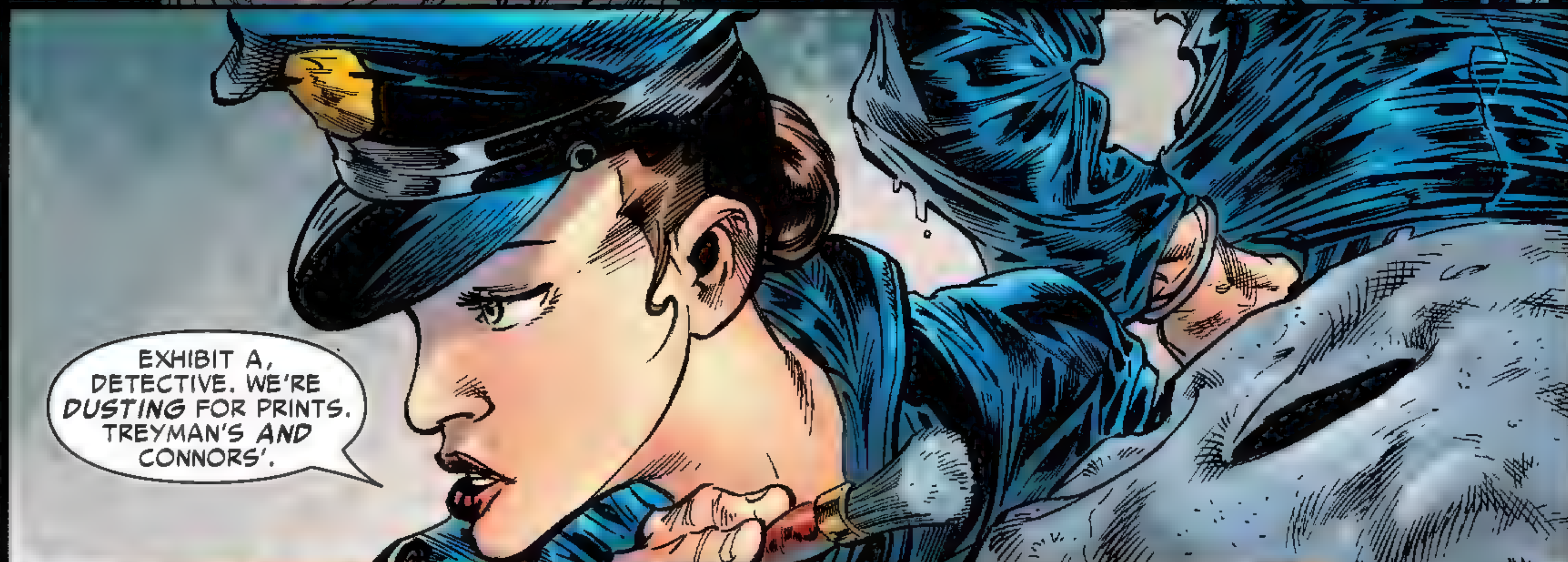
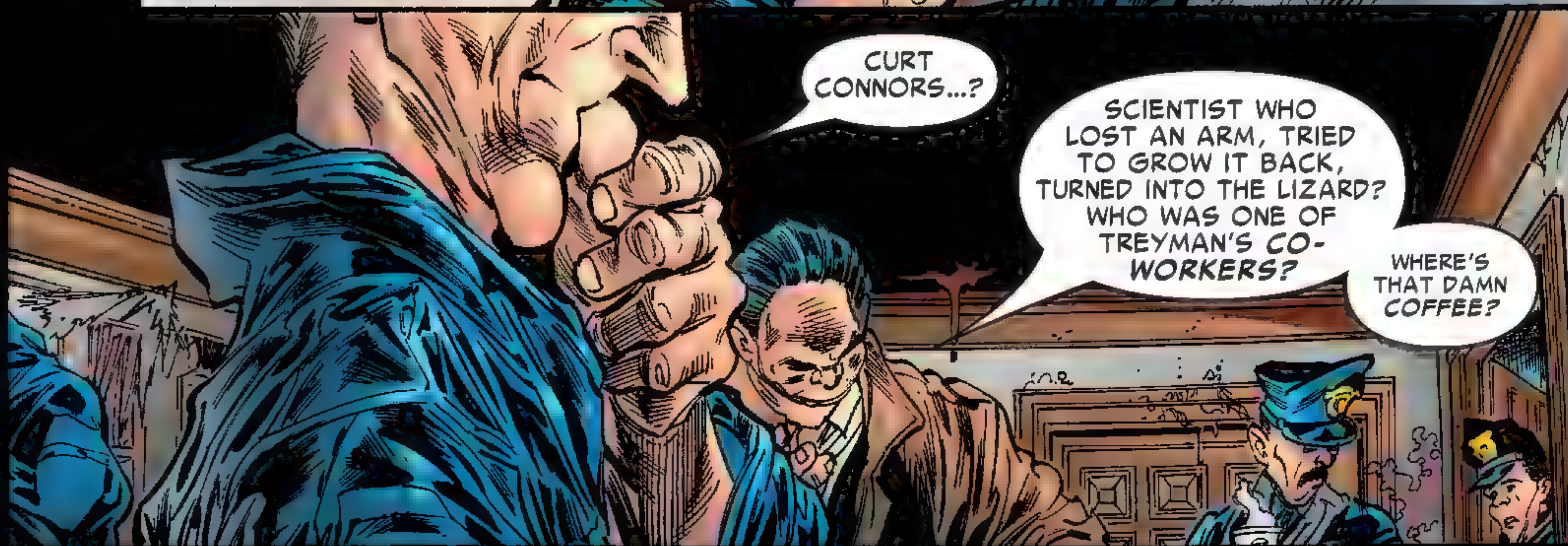


EXHIBIT A,
DETECTIVE. WE'RE
DUSTING FOR PRINTS.
TREYMAN'S AND
CONNORS'.



CURT
CONNORS...?

SCIENTIST WHO
LOST AN ARM, TRIED
TO GROW IT BACK,
TURNED INTO THE LIZARD?
WHO WAS ONE OF
TREYMAN'S CO-
WORKERS?

WHERE'S
THAT DAMN
COFFEE?



HE HAVE
AN OFFICE HERE?
THAT WE SHOULD
CHECK?

HE DOES--IN
THE BASEMENT--
AND I ALREADY
CHECKED. IT'S
EMPTY, ALL
RIGHT.

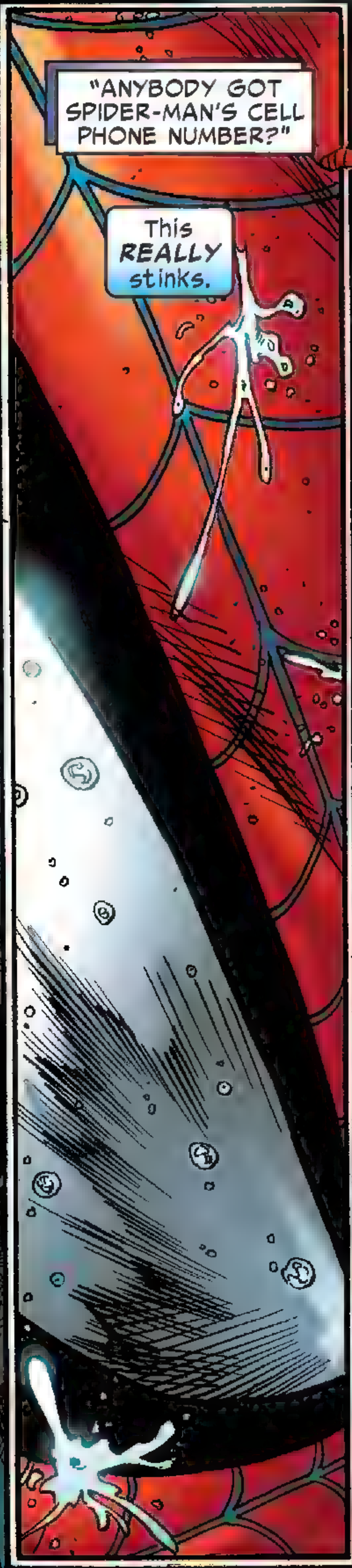
THANKS
FOR THIS.



SO WE'RE
THINKING THE
LIZARD'S
BACK?

CHERYL,
YOU THERE?

BACK AND
EATING PEOPLE,
YEAH.



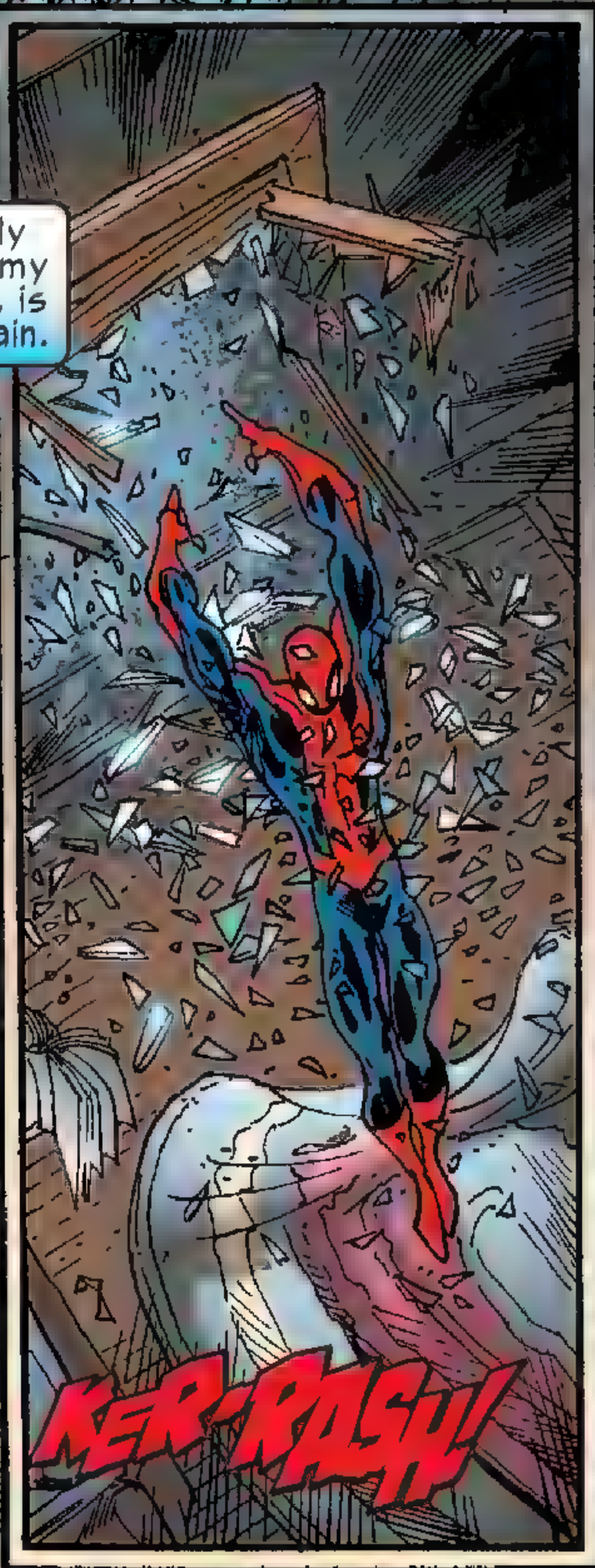
"ANYBODY GOT SPIDER-MAN'S CELL PHONE NUMBER?"

This REALLY stinks.

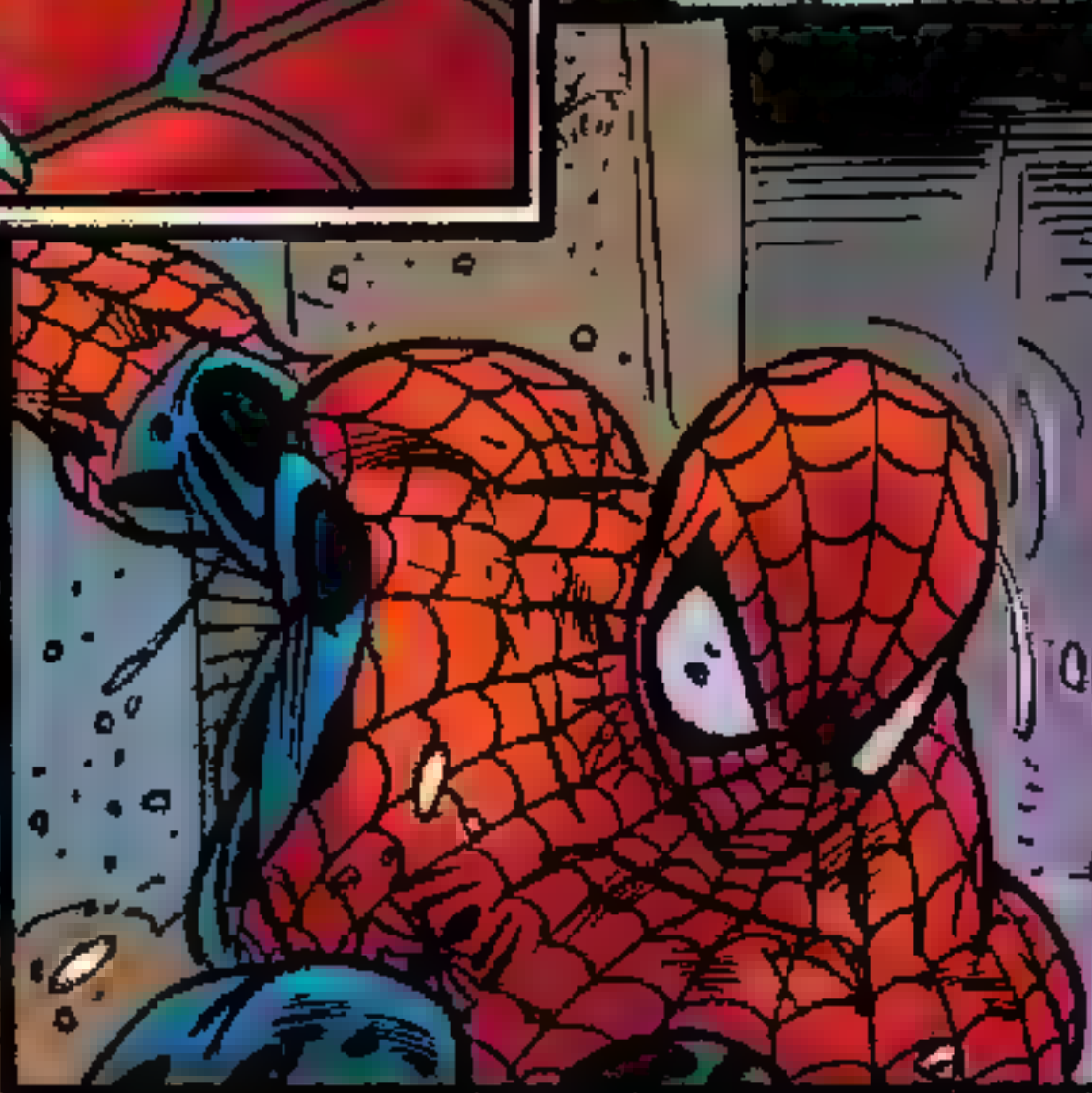


Not just the rain (though that *DOES* indeed stink)--

--and not just the fact that my *SPIDER-SENSE* is on the fritz (though *THAT* stinks, too)--



--mostly what totally stinks is that I think my buddy, Curt Connors, is *OFF THE WAGON* again.



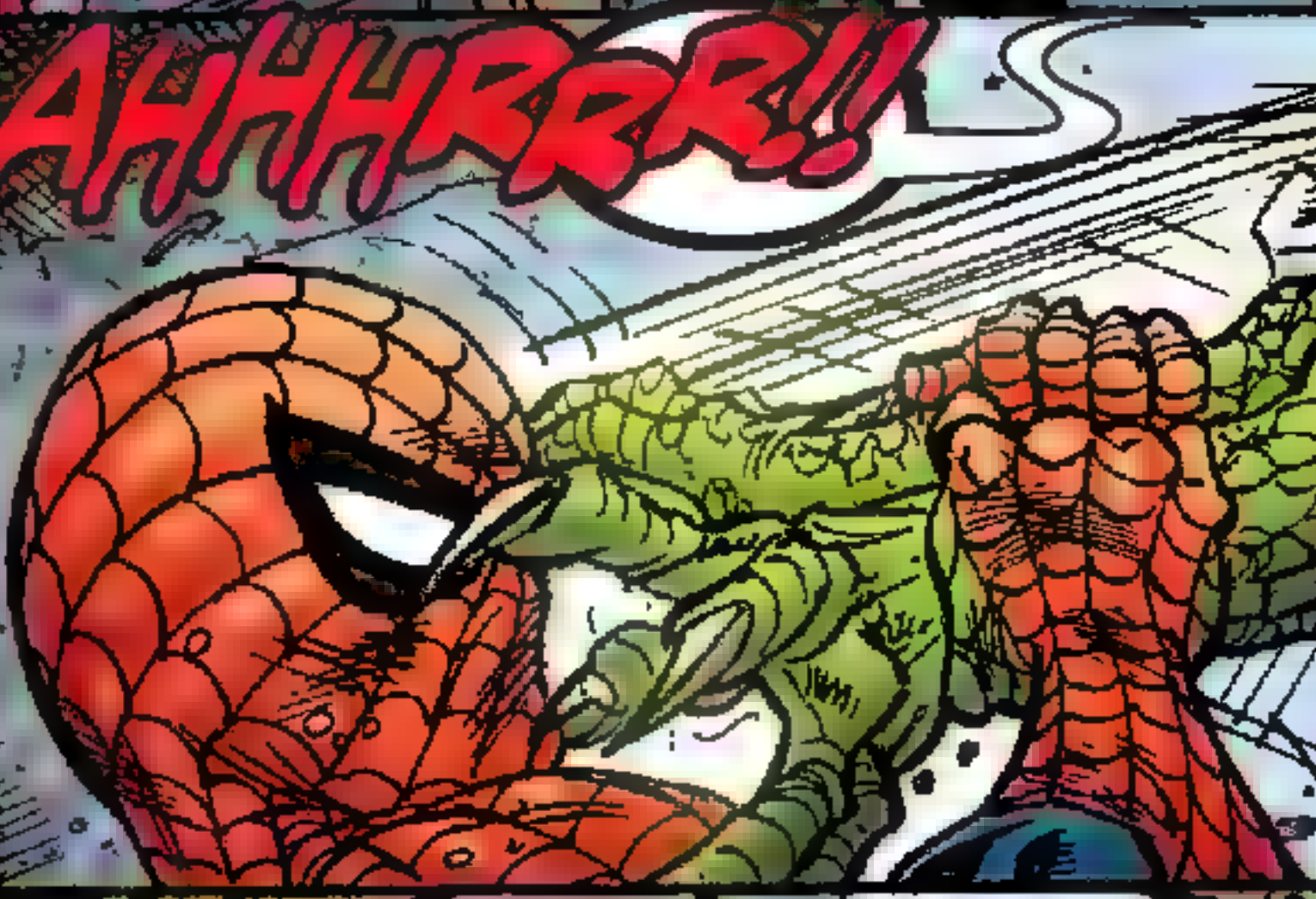
Yep. *BIG TIME.*

HEY, DOC. LONG TIME NO DROOL.

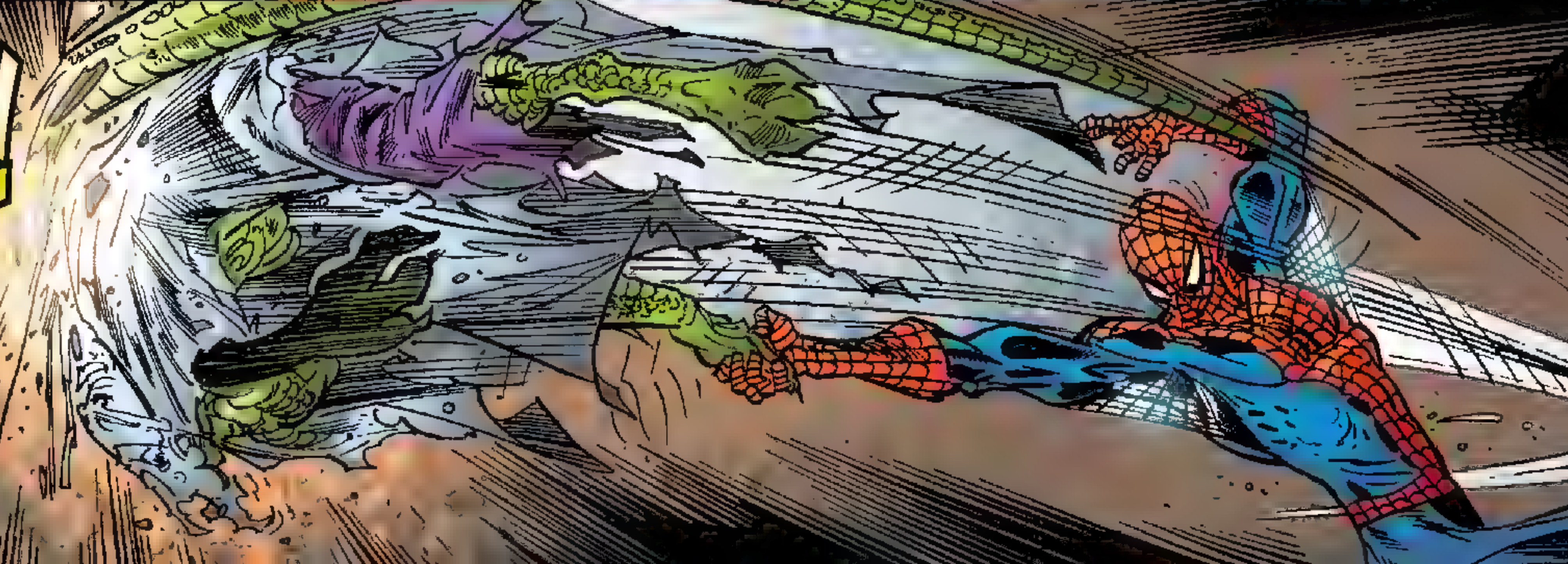


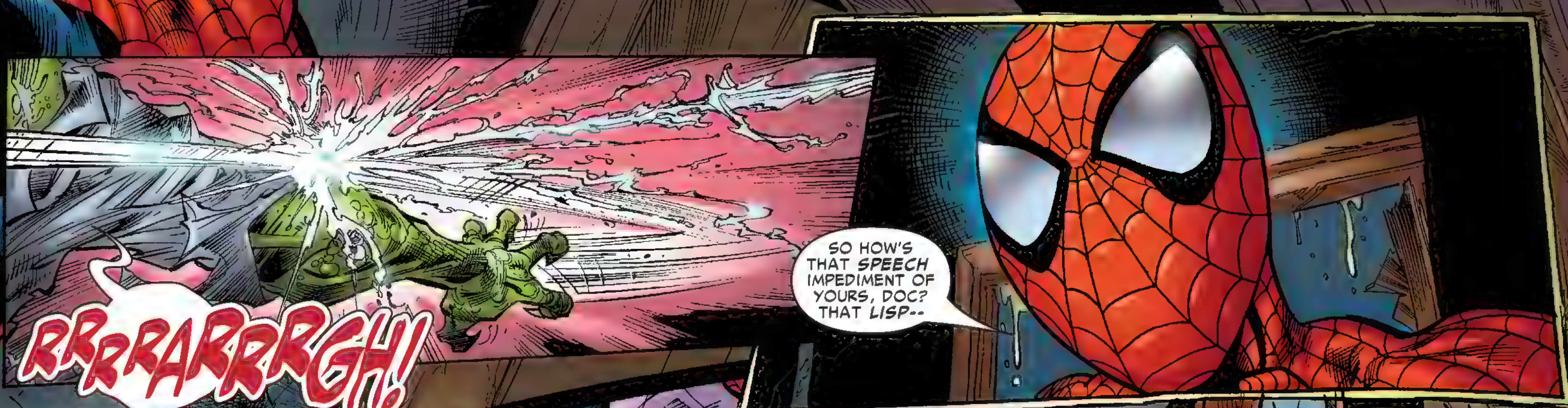
BRAHHHRR!!

WHOA-- YEAH--GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO.



SLAMM!





SO HOW'S
THAT SPEECH
IMPEDIMENT OF
YOURS, DOC?
THAT LISP--

RRRRRRGH!

--AAARRGH!!

WHAT--?

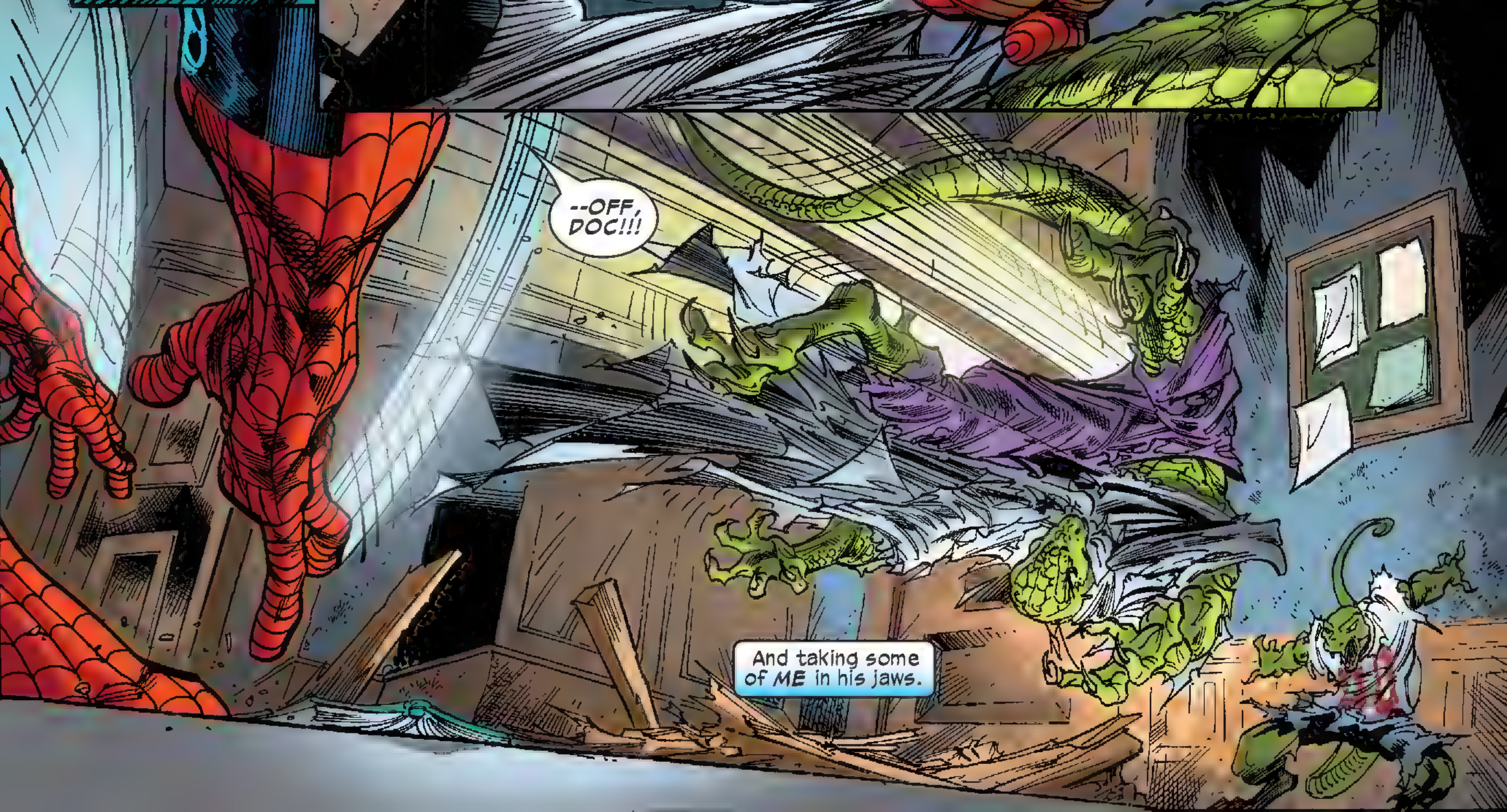
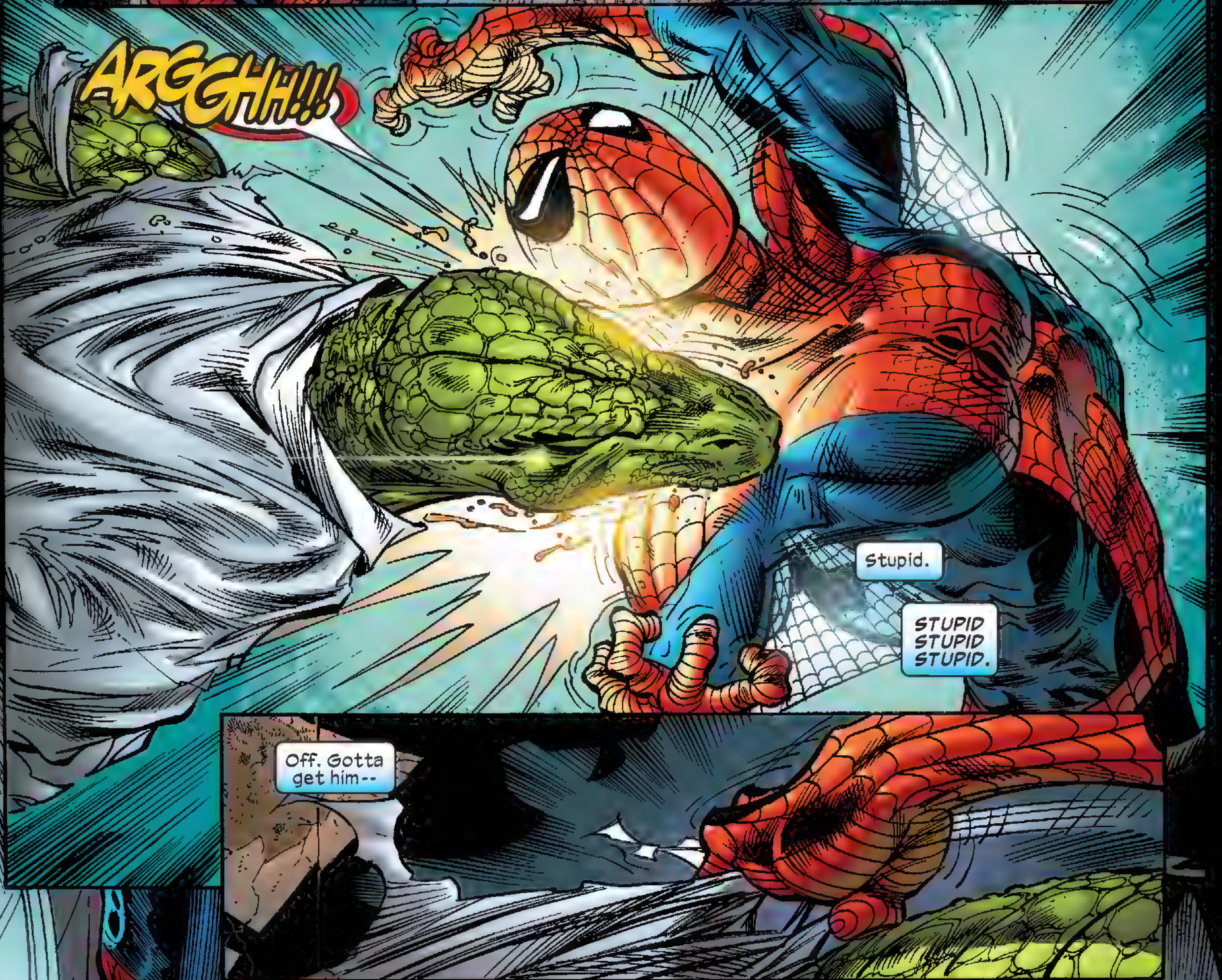
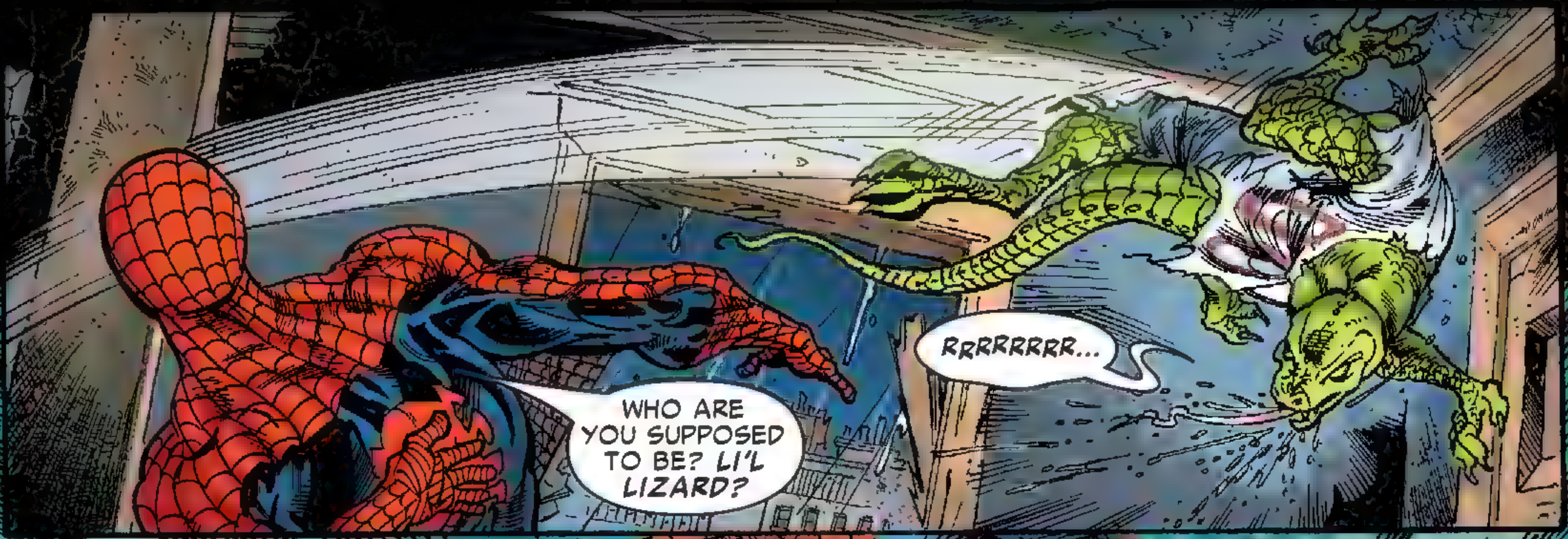
Oh, you're
KIDDING me.

Sensational Spider-Man (ISSN #1558-6081) No. 24, May, 2006 Published Monthly except semi-monthly in January, February and March by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016 APPLICATION TO MAIL PERIODICAL POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues U.S. \$27.00, Canada \$37.00; Foreign \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO Sensational Spider-Man, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 30520 SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84130-0520. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (801) 208-0877. subscriptions@marvel.com. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

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FERAL CAT SCRATCH FEVER

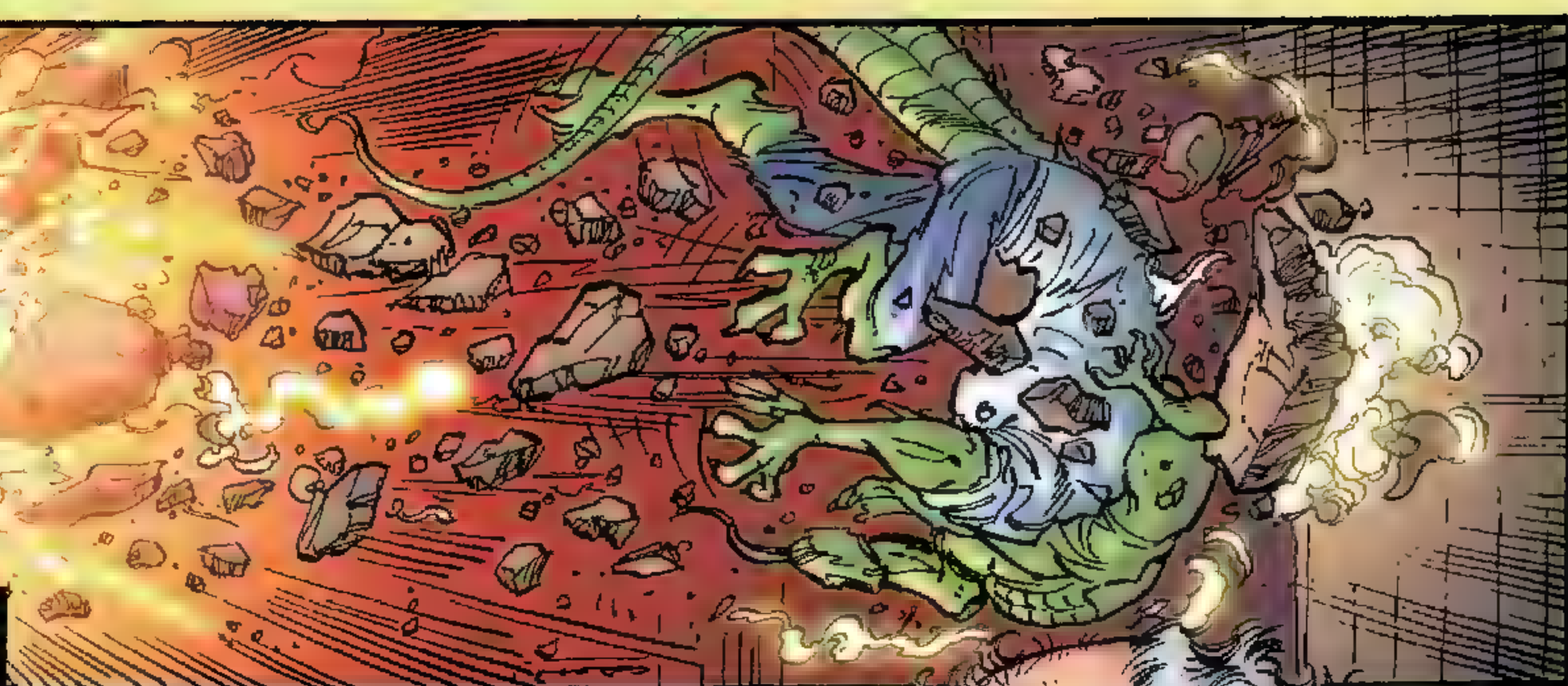
ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA	ANGEL MEDINA	SCOTT HANNA	AVALON'S DAN KEMP	CORY PETIT	AXEL ALONSO	WARREN SIMONS	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER	COLORS	LETTERS	CONSULTING EDITOR	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER



SMASH!!

Bad.
This is--

--AMATEUR.



WHAT IS
IT, HONEY-
BUNNY?

COUPLE
OF GATORS,
MYRTLE.

GET
MY GUN,
WOULDJA?

No.

YO,
DOC?

DOC!

Gotta--

--gotta get
them AWAY from
the people.

THAT'S RIGHT,
DOC, SMELL MY
BLOOD.

SMELL IT
AND FOLLOW
ME.



USELESS.

My one
shoulder's
USELESS.

LIZARDS
can climb
walls, too.

And guess
what?

Stay
FOCUSED,
man--

--get to the
roof and get
HELP--

♪ SPIDER-MAN,
SPIDER-MAN, DOES
WHATEVER A
SPIDER CAN... ♪

--call the
AVENGERS.

SOME SPOILED BRAT
FLUSHES SOME BABY
ALLIGATOR DOWN SOME
DAMN SEWER...

Losing
BLOOD--

--I don't
need HELP--

--I need a
MIRACLE.

WELL, WELL,
WELL...



...WOULD YOU
CALL THIS BAD
LUCK OR GOOD
LUCK?

The Black
Cat?

FELICIA?

YOU LOOK
TERRIBLE,
PETEY.

WHAT
HAPPENED? DID
RED CATCH YOU
WITH ANOTHER
WOMAN?

NOT...
FUNNY...

WHAT, THEN? ANOTHER MAN?

BE...
...BEHIND ME...

RRRAARRGGHH...

OH, I SEE NOW. YOUR PROBLEM'S NOT RED--

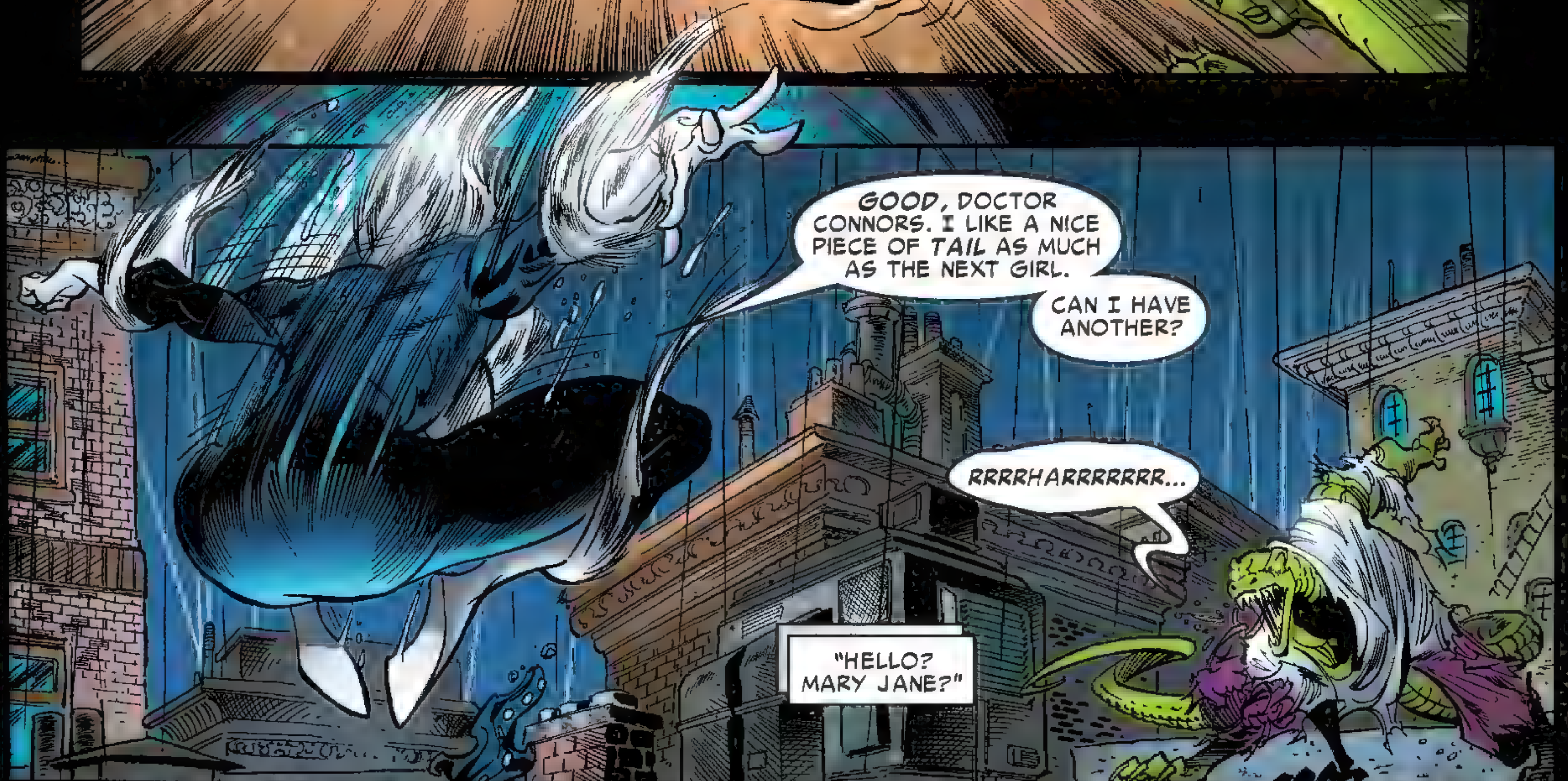
--IT'S GREEN.

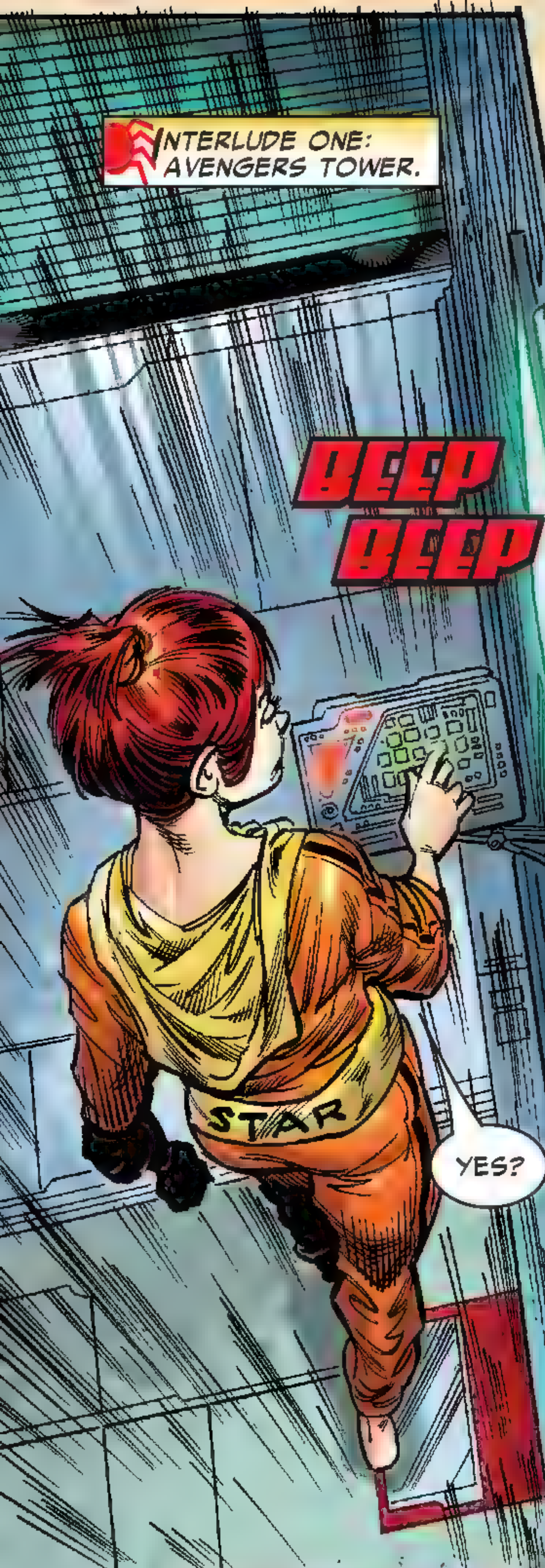
STAND ASIDE, PETER. I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO DIG MY CLAWS INTO SOMETHING WARM ALL NIGHT LONG.

WAIT, FELICIA, YOU DON'T--

RRRRRAARRR!!

RRRRRAARRR!





YES?



IT'S JOHN,
MJ. JOHN
JAMESON.

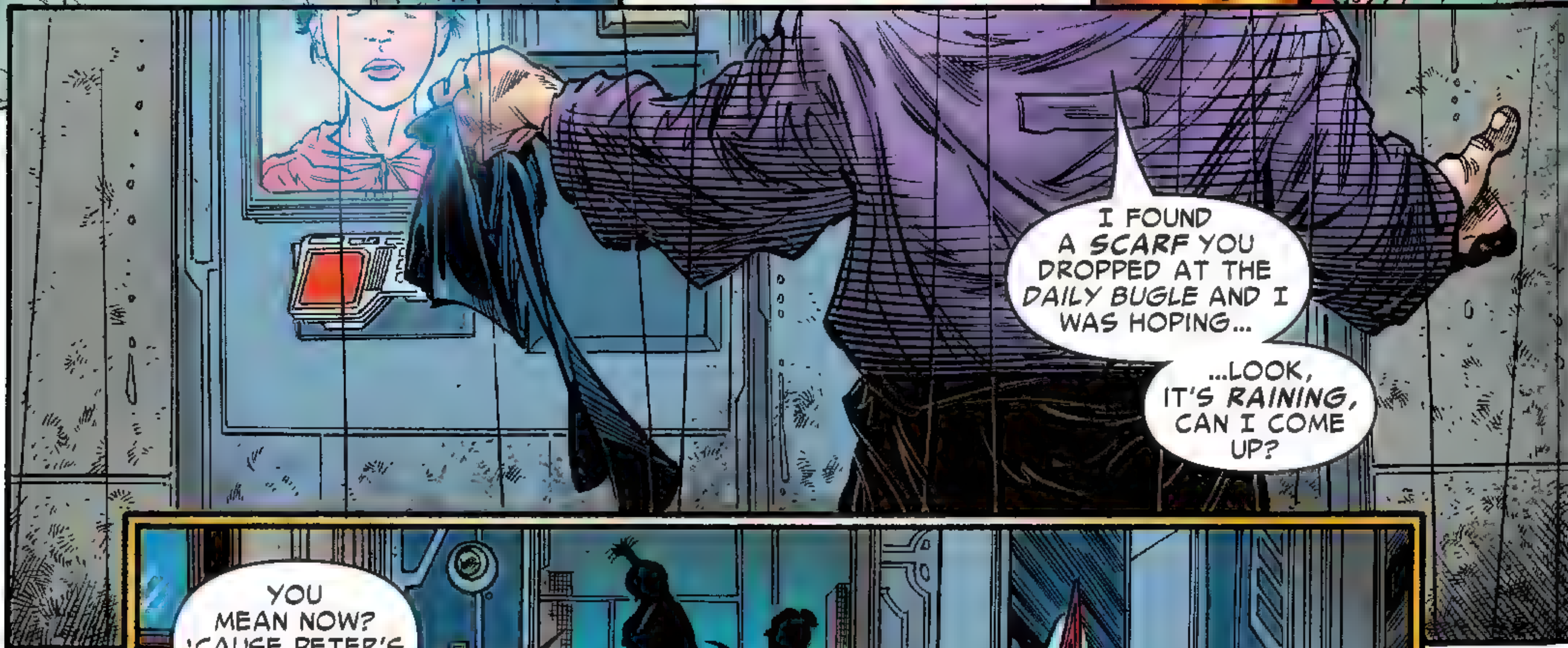
FANCY DIGS.
YOU AND PETE
MUST BE DOING
WELL.



UH, I
GUESS SO,
BUT WHAT ARE
YOU...

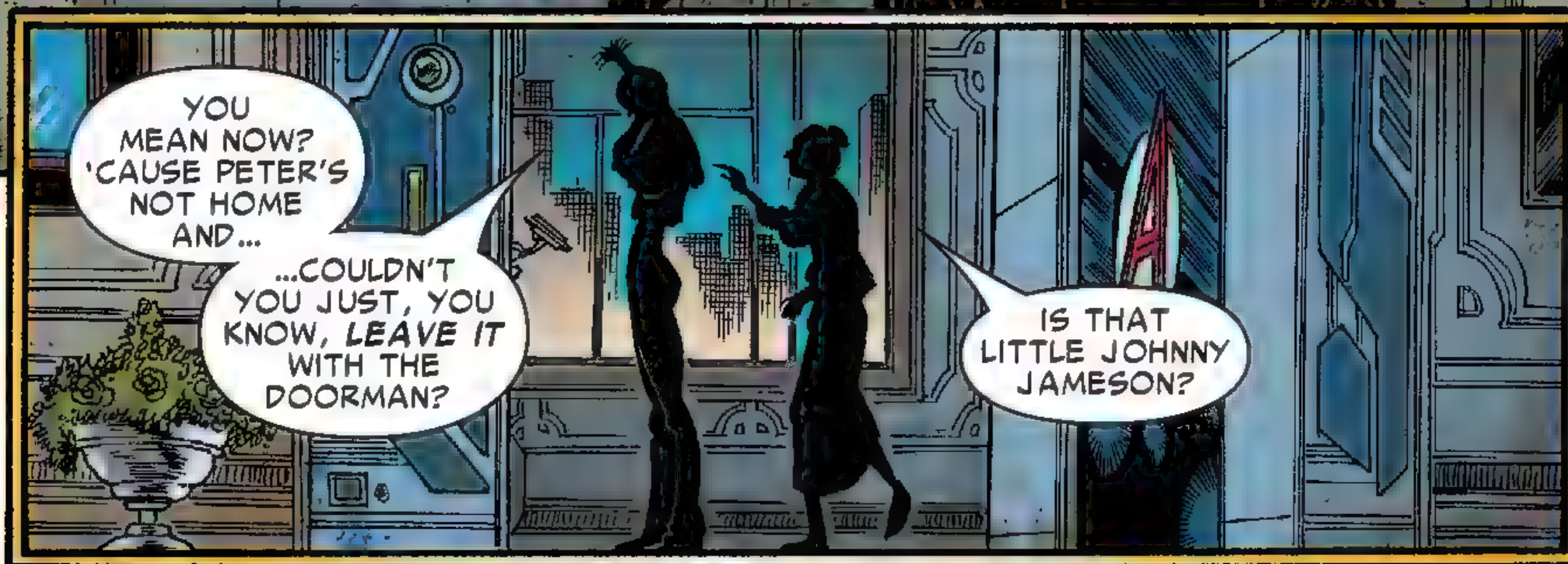
...I MEAN,
WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU,
JOHN?

WAS THAT
THE BUZZER,
DEAR?



I FOUND
A SCARF YOU
DROPPED AT THE
DAILY BUGLE AND I
WAS HOPING...

...LOOK,
IT'S RAINING,
CAN I COME
UP?



YOU
MEAN NOW?
'CAUSE PETER'S
NOT HOME
AND...

...COULDN'T
YOU JUST, YOU
KNOW, LEAVE IT
WITH THE
DOORMAN?

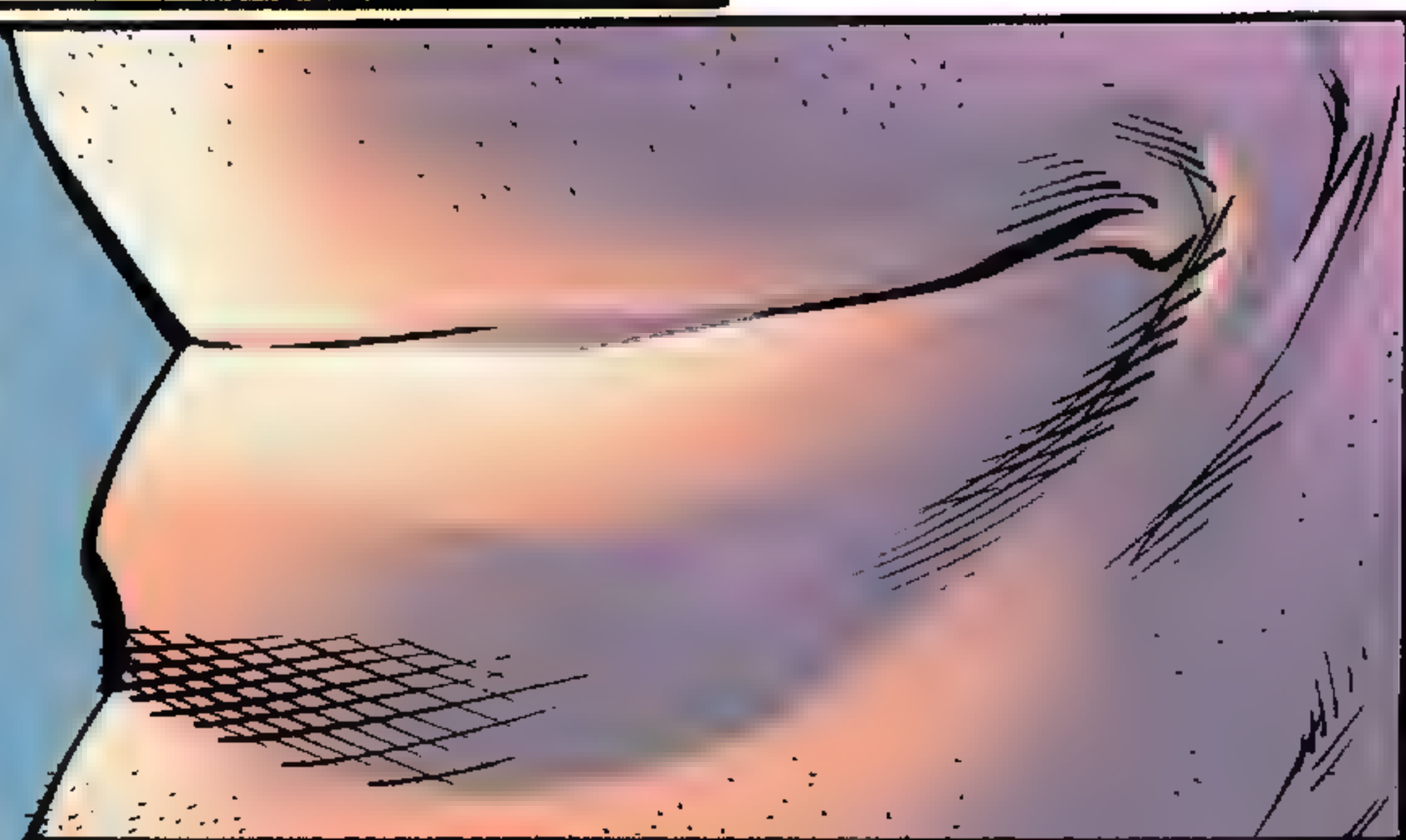
IS THAT
LITTLE JOHNNY
JAMESON?

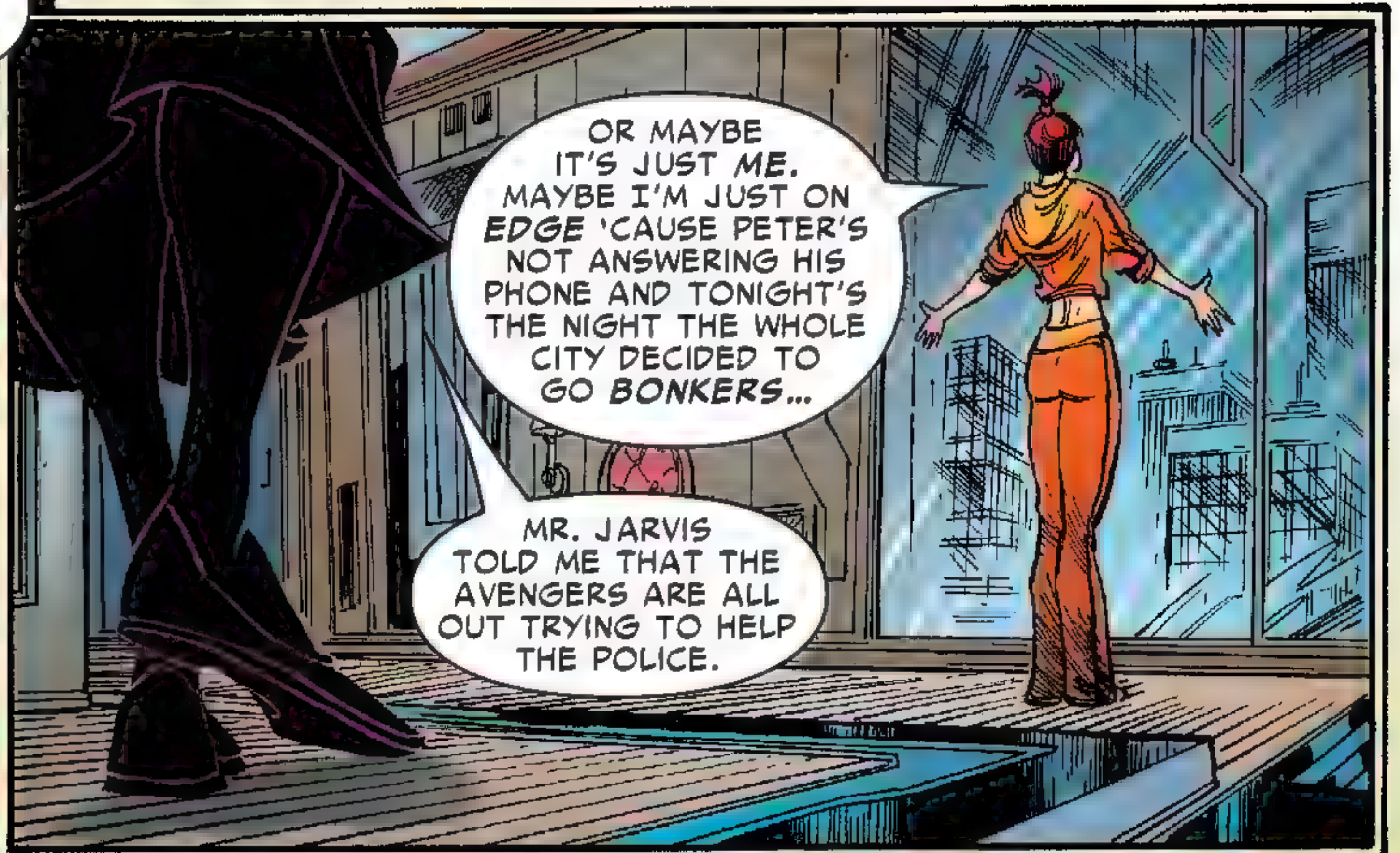
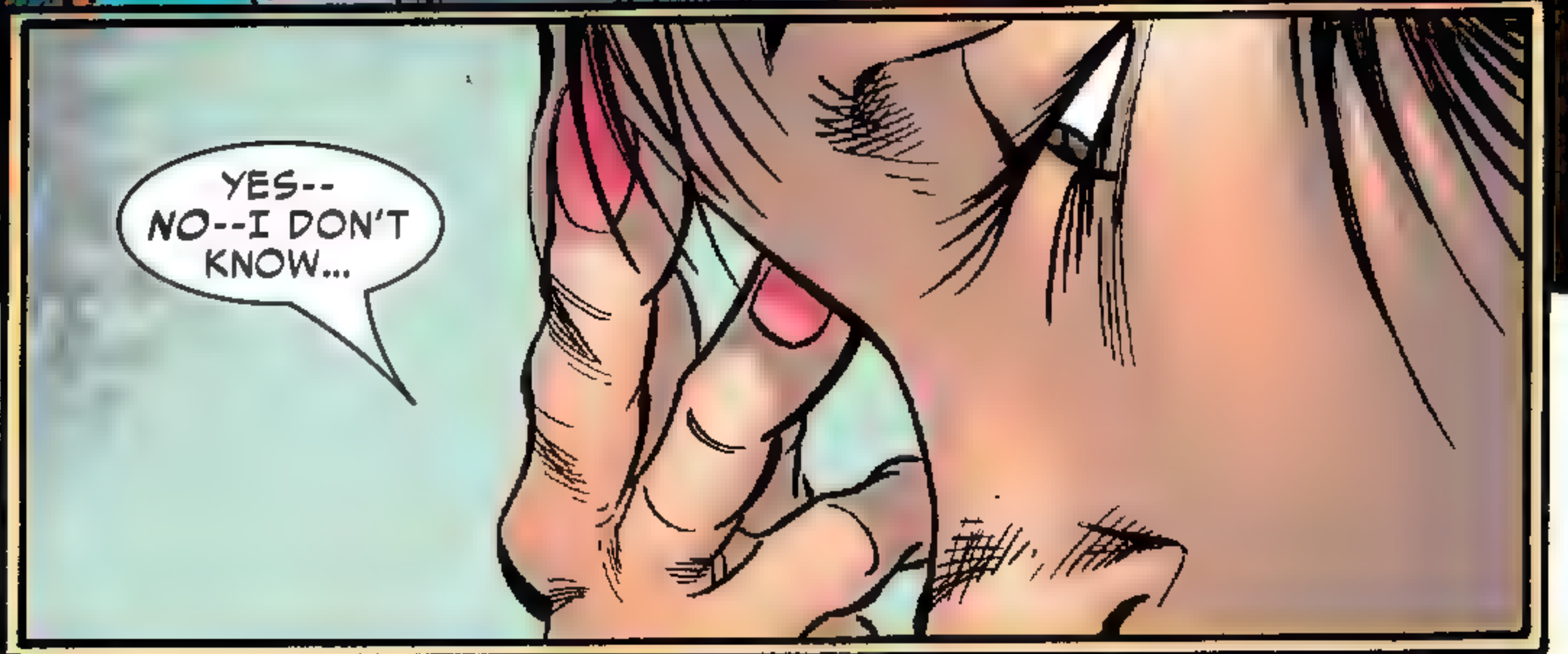
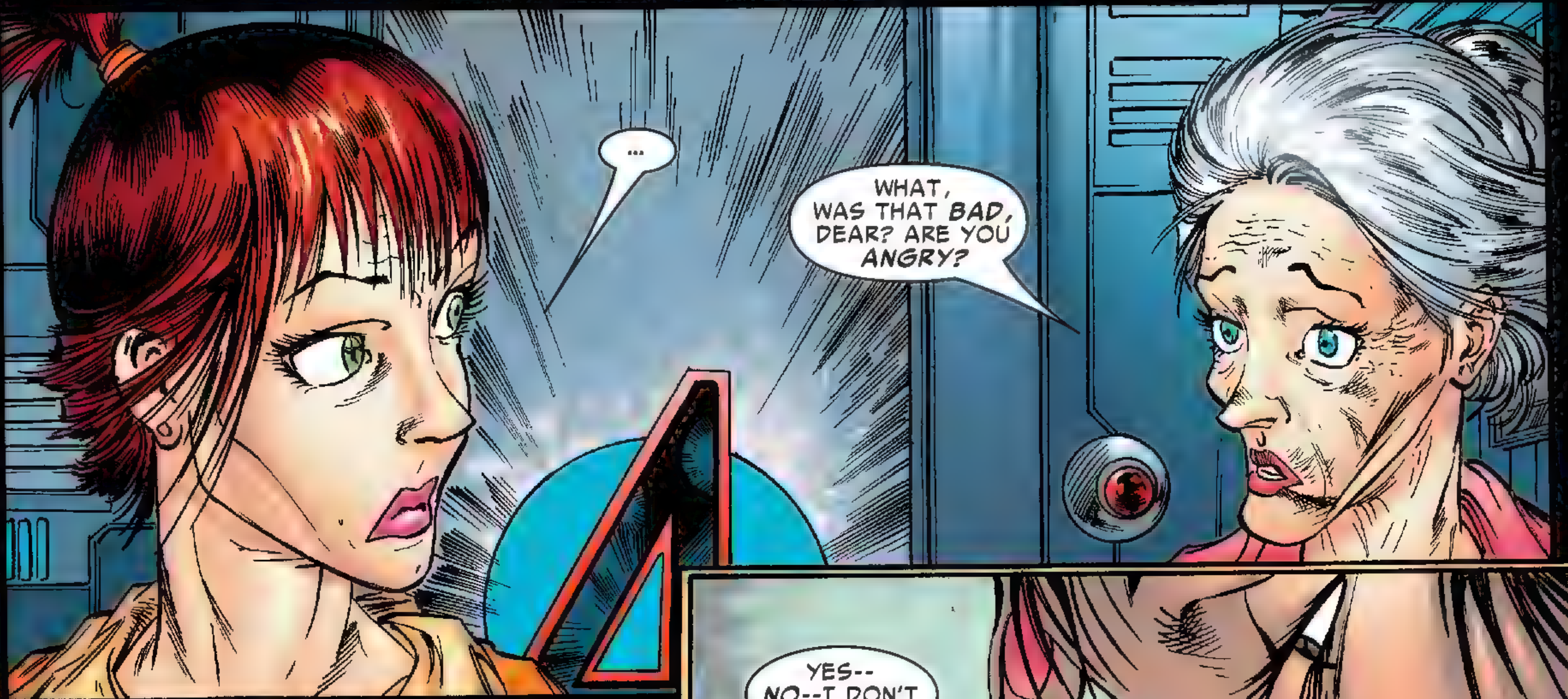
YEAH,
IT IS. AND IS
THIS...MAY?

YES, JOHN, AND YOU
MUST BE SOAKED...ENOUGH
CHITCHAT. YOU COME ON UP
AND I'LL FIX US ALL A HOT
POT OF TEA.

THAT
SOUNDS
LOVELY.

I'M
BUZZING
YOU IN...





INTERLUDE TWO: ALONG
THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY.

HUNGRY.

HUNGRYHUNGRY
HUNGRYHUNGRY...

VERMIN.

BACK IN HIS
HOMETOWN.

LOOKING FOR
HIS NEXT MEAL.

HUNNNNNGGGGRRRRYYY...

FINDING IT.

NOT ALL COPS
ARE GOOD.

SO,
CHERISH,
AGAIN: WAS
IT YOU?

DID YOU
STEAL MY
STASH?

LIKE OFFICER
THOMAS RUSSELL.

WONDERING WHICH OF HIS
"LADIES" CROSSED HIM.

NO,
TOM, NOT
ME...

...PLEASE...

BATTERING HIS
WAY THROUGH
THEM, ONE BY ONE.



NOW WHY DON'T I **BELIEVE** YOU, CHERISH? DO YOU THINK, MAYBE, IT'S 'CAUSE YOU'RE A DIRTY TRAMP?

WH...WHY, TOM? WHY ARE YOU DOING...?



BECAUSE, CHERISH, IF SOMEONE TAKES FROM ME...

...I'M DAMN WELL GONNA MAKE SURE I TAKE FROM THEM.



YOU REMEMBER THIS BELT, DON'T YOU?

BE... BEHIND YOU...

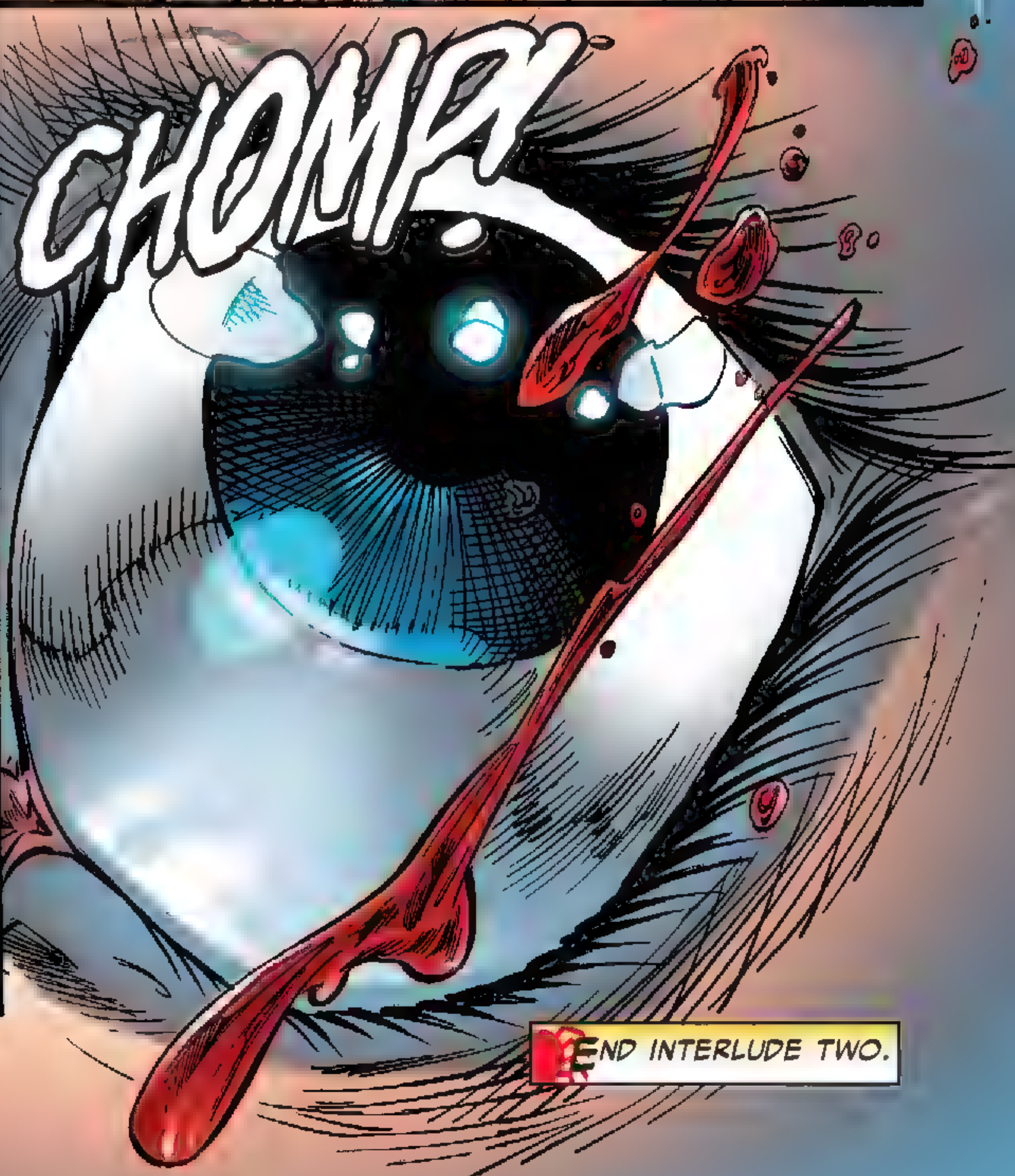
HUNGRYHUNGRY
HUNGRYHUNGRY...



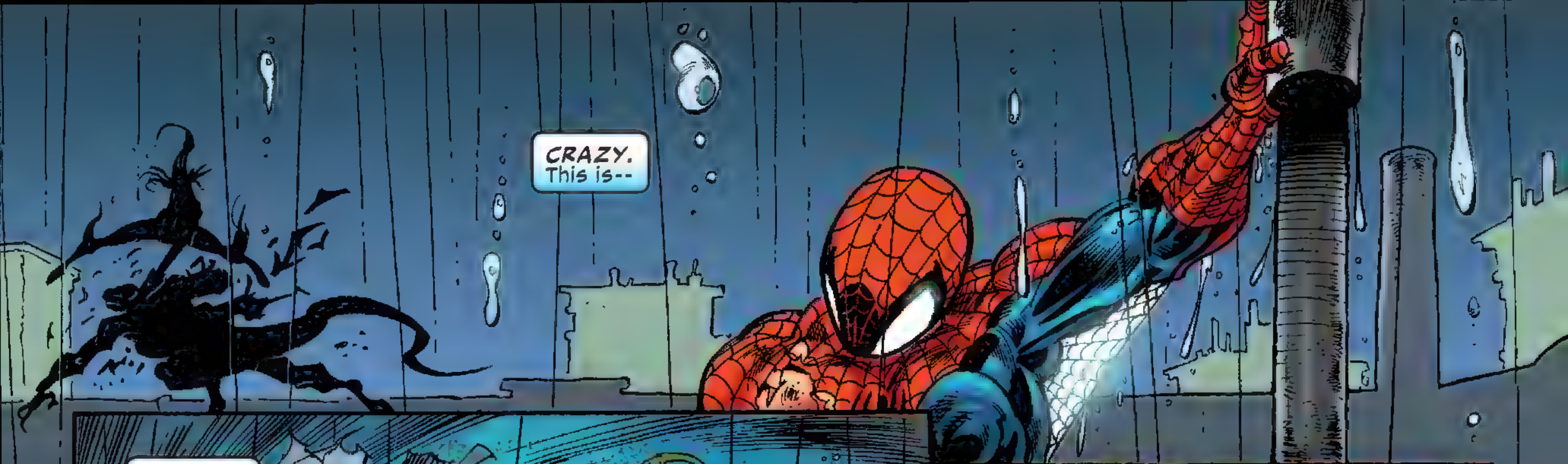
RANDOM BIT OF TRIVIA:

RIGHT, CHERISH. PULL THE OTHER ONE, WHY DON'T YOU?

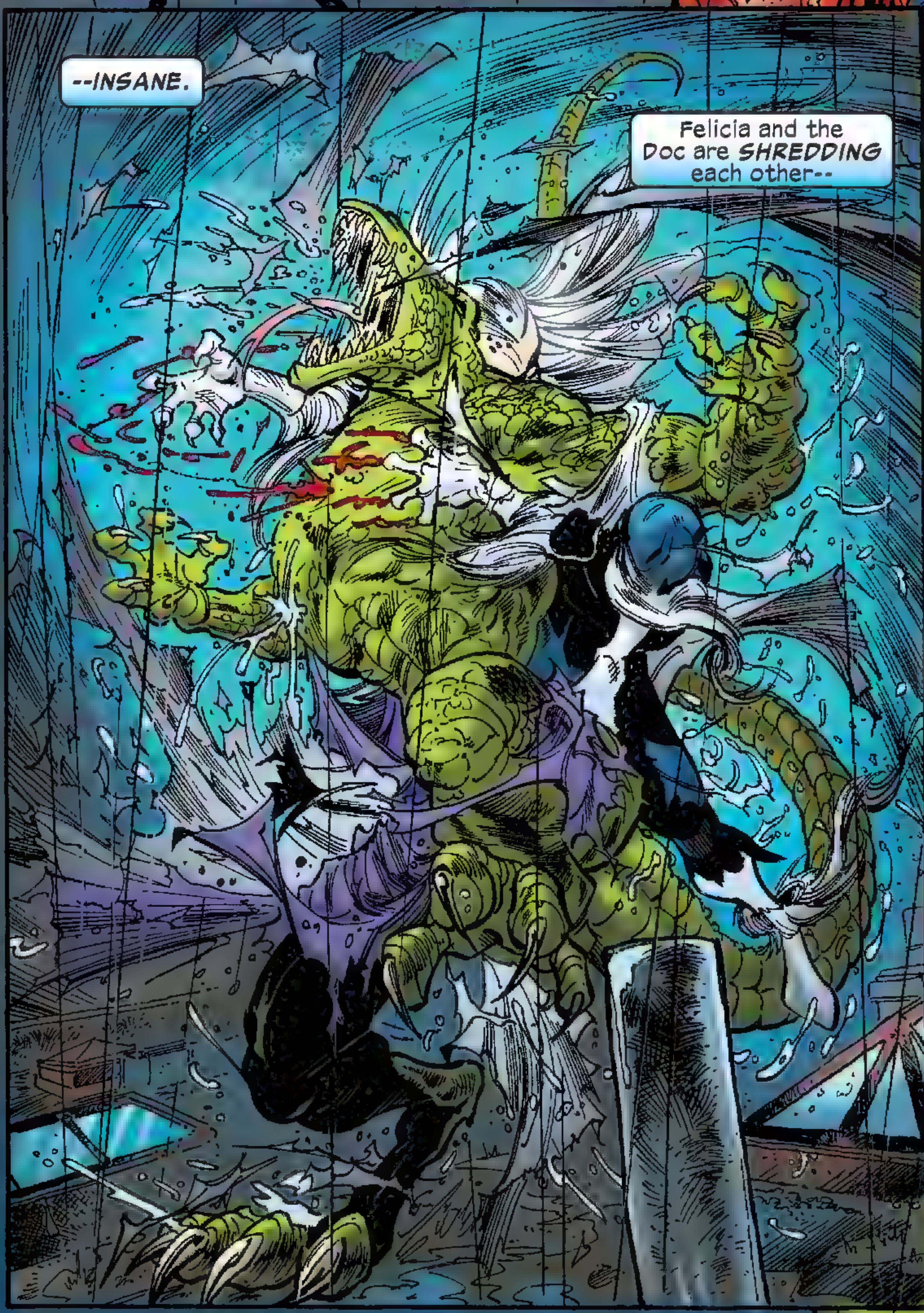
RATS DON'T JUST EAT CHEESE.



END INTERLUDE TWO.



CRAZY.
This is--



--INSANE.

Felicia and the
Doc are **SHREDDING**
each other--



--and Felicia's
LOVING it!

MMMEOW.



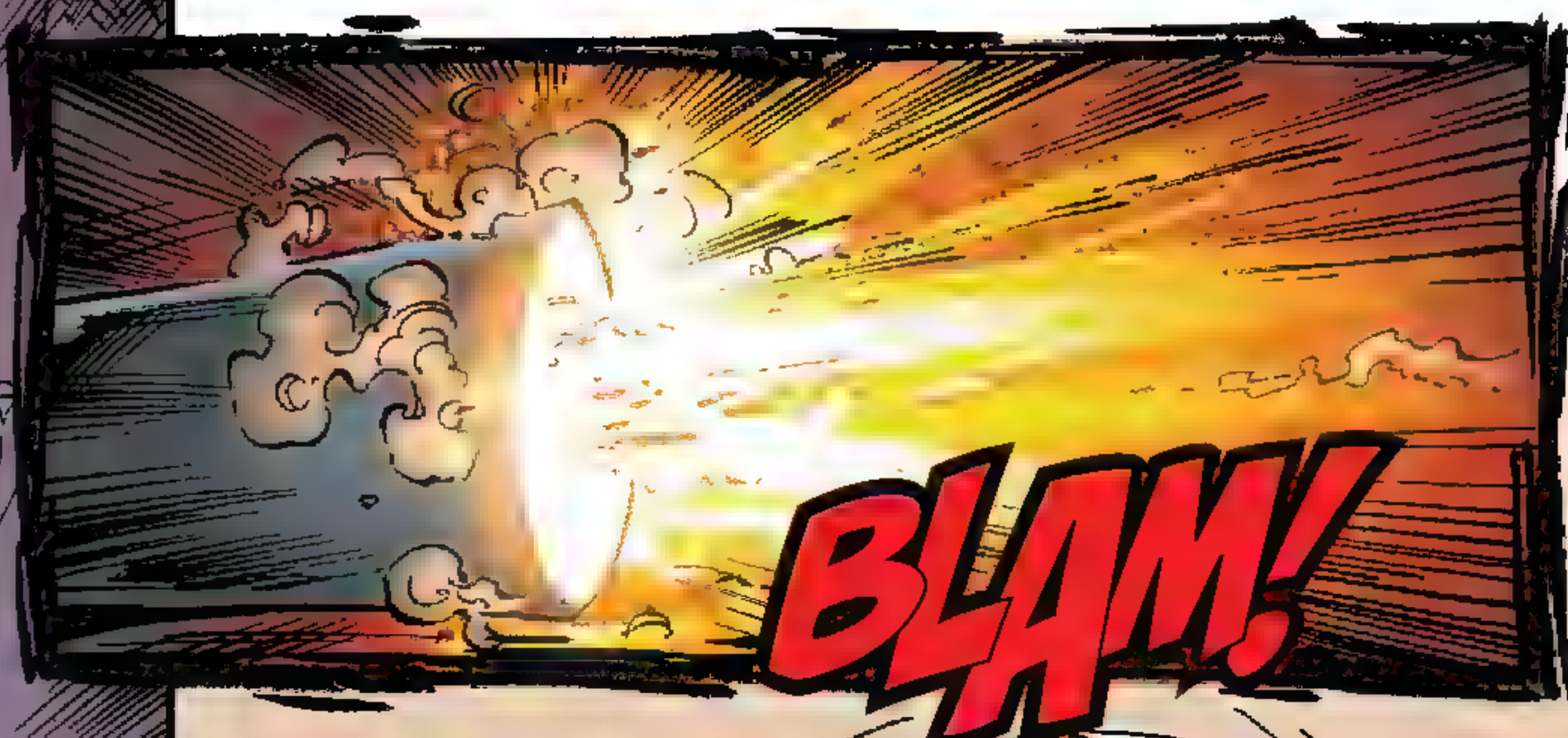
I've got to--
HAVE TO--pull
it together.

Figure out what
to do with Connors
and the other--



RRRHHHARRRR!

Oh, **SWELL**.
Could this
POSSIBLY
get any--



The Doc **SEES**
what's happened--

--stops trying
to **EAT** Felicia--

--and lets out
the most primal thing
I've **EVER** heard.

ENOUGH!

THWIP

?

Great.
PERFECT.
Meantime--

--either Felicia doesn't
REALIZE or **CARE**, but she's
WALING on Connors.

STOP,
CAT--

--STOP
IT!!

And
WALING--

--sending Connors
OFF the roof.

NO!

OUT--
OUT OF THE
WAY!

I...I...

THWIP

NO!

Lizards have
RUBBERY
bones--



--but something
inside him still
BREAKS.

Again, he **HOWLS**.
Not out of pain--

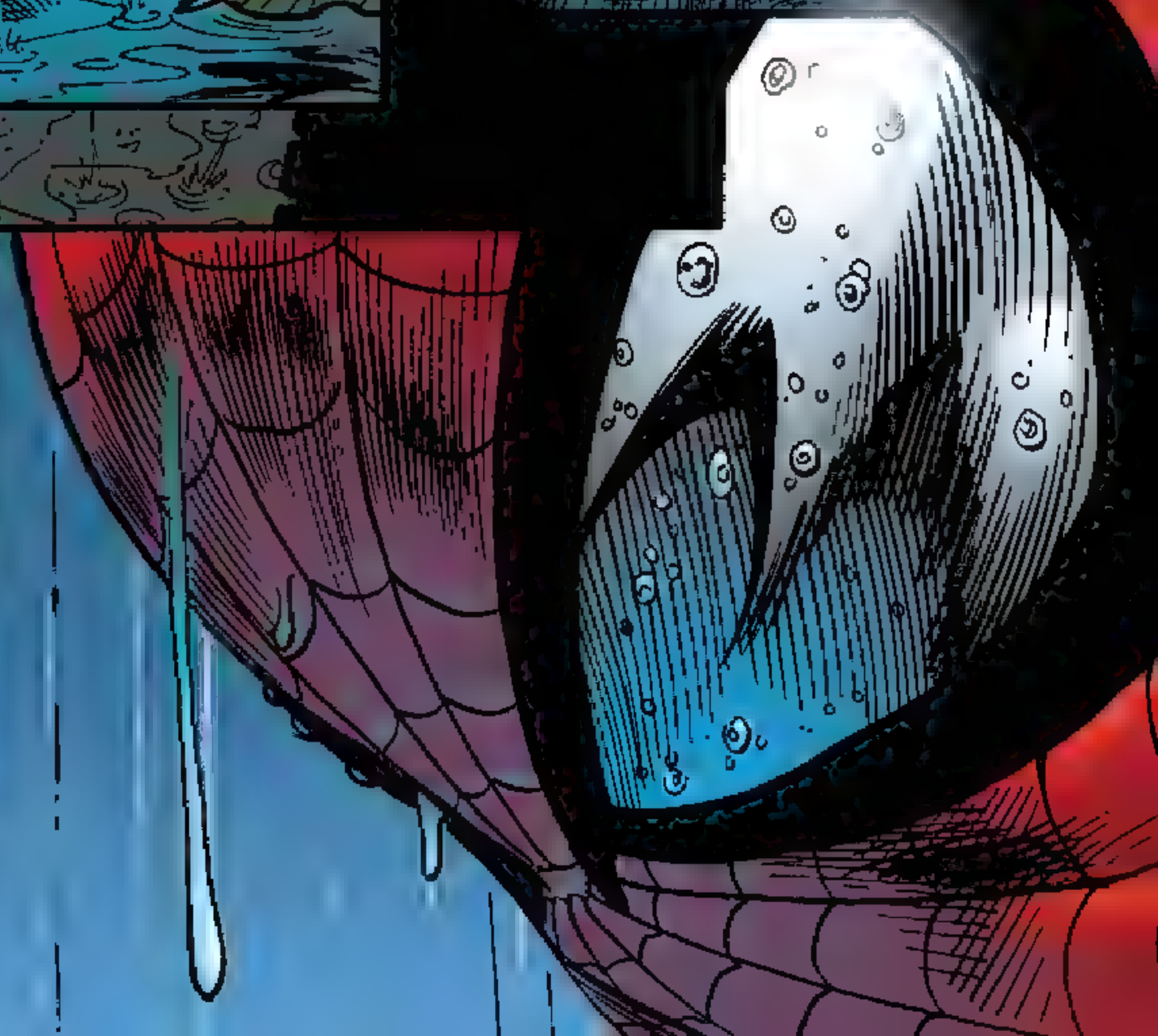
--out of
ANGUISH.

And then he
does what he
always does--

--and heads
for the
SEWERS.

SWELL. Because I
haven't **TRUDGED**
through industrial
waste the last
couple of months.

PETER...
WHAT...
WHAT...?





WHAT THE HELL, FELICIA? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL HIM?

I-I DON'T KNOW, I JUST COULDN'T STOP--

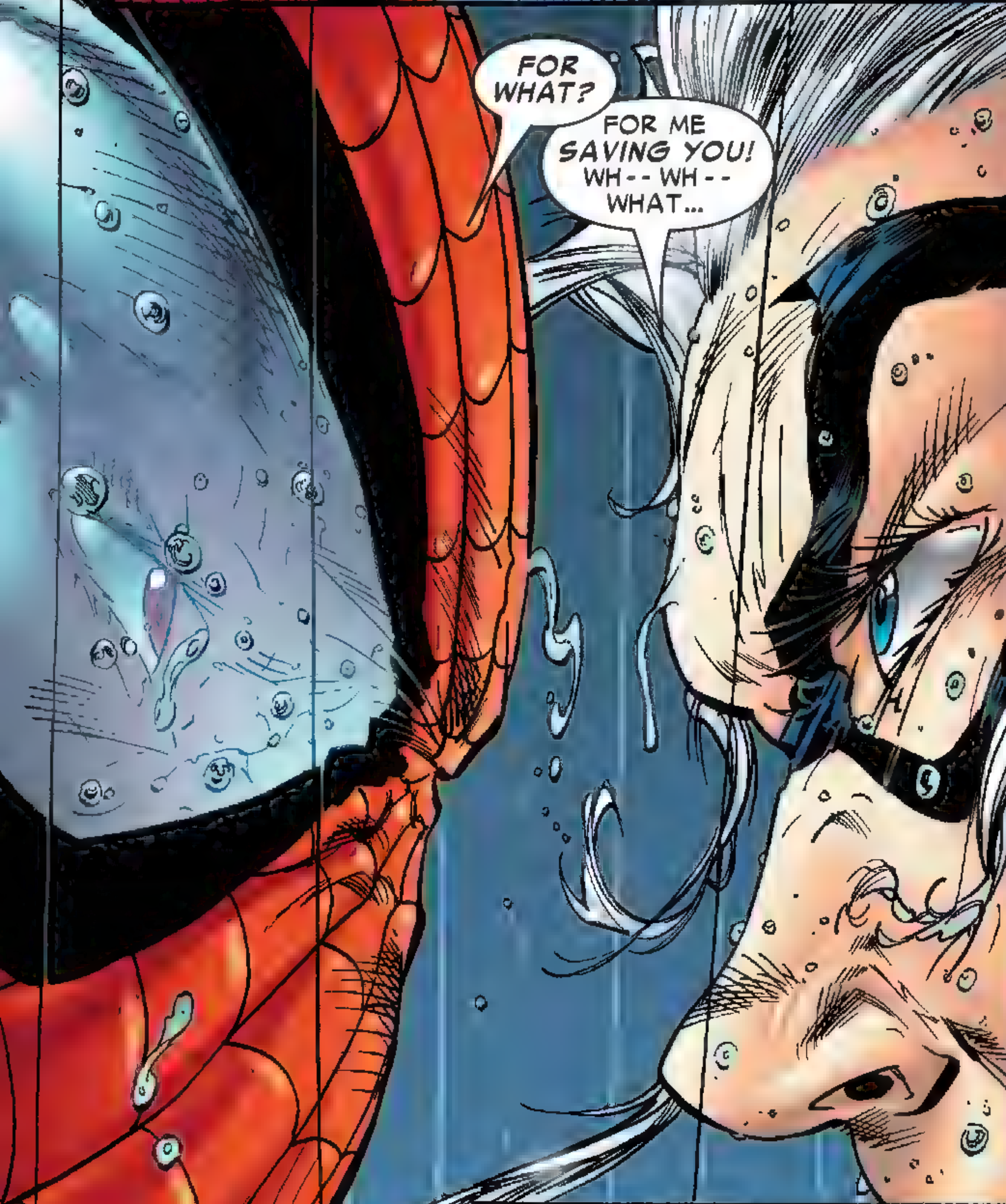


OBVIOUSLY.

YOU KNOW THAT'S A MAN IN THERE, RIGHT? A FRIEND?

WHO WAS TRYING TO KILL YOU!

AND YOU'RE WELCOME, BY THE WAY.



FOR WHAT?

FOR ME SAVING YOU! WH-- WH-- WHAT...



...WHAT'S HAPPENING, PETER? WHY DO I FEEL SO ANGRY...?

Me, too. Something is--



SPIDER-MAN...

YOU BETTER...GET SOME HELP.

I'M CALLING 911...



I HAD NO IDEA--DIDN'T KNOW--HE WAS JUST A...A...

Oh, no.

Oh, God.



WHO...
WHO IS
THAT?

WILLIAM
CONNORS.

THIRTEEN
YEARS OLD.

BLEEDING TO
DEATH FROM A
GUNSHOT WOUND.

NEXT: HUNTER'S MOON!

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WAR**
BEGINS
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The Sensational **SPIDER-MAN**

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THIS BOY
NEEDS MEDICAL
ATTENTION!
NOW!!!

WE ALL DO,
ACTUALLY...

I TRIED
TO STOP
THEM, SIR.

THE MAN IS SPIDER-
MAN. THE WOMAN IS
THE BLACK CAT. THE
ROBOT IS H.E.R.B.I.E.

THE DYING CHILD
IS BILLY CONNORS.

IT'S BEEN A HELL
OF A NIGHT...

SUSAN AND REED
RICHARDS OF THE
FANTASTIC FOUR:

SPIDER-MAN...?

THAT BOY.
IS HE...?

FERAL HUNTER'S MOON

PART THREE:

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA WRITER	ANGEL MEDINA PENCILER	SCOTT HANNA INKER	AVALON'S DAN KEMP COLORS	CORY PETIT LETTERS	AXEL ALONSO CONSULTING EDITOR	WARREN SIMONS EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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LET'S JUST GET HIM INTO THE MED LAB.

PARDON MY ARM, LADIES.

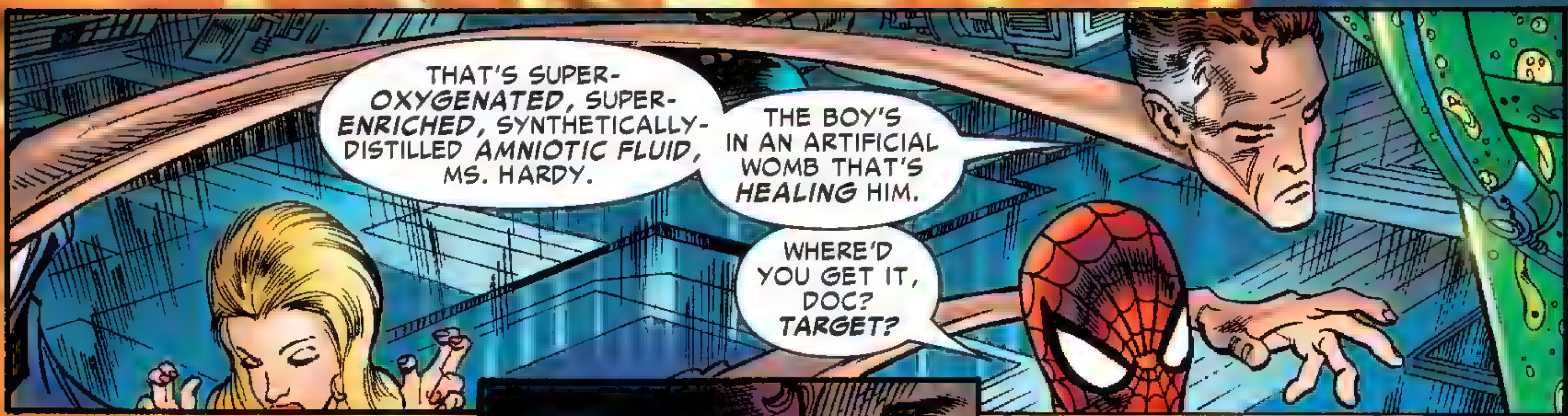
NEVER MIND.

THE BIO-BATH, SPIDER-MAN, CLOTHES AND ALL. SUSAN?

IT'S POWERING UP, REED.

UHM, I KNOW YOU'RE A GENIUS AND I'M JUST A REFORMED SUPER-VILLAIN, DR. RICHARDS--

--BUT WON'T HE DROWN IN THERE?



THAT'S SUPER-OXYGENATED, SUPER-ENRICHED, SYNTHETICALLY-DISTILLED AMNIOTIC FLUID, MS. HARDY.

THE BOY'S IN AN ARTIFICIAL WOMB THAT'S HEALING HIM.

WHERE'D YOU GET IT, DOC? TARGET?



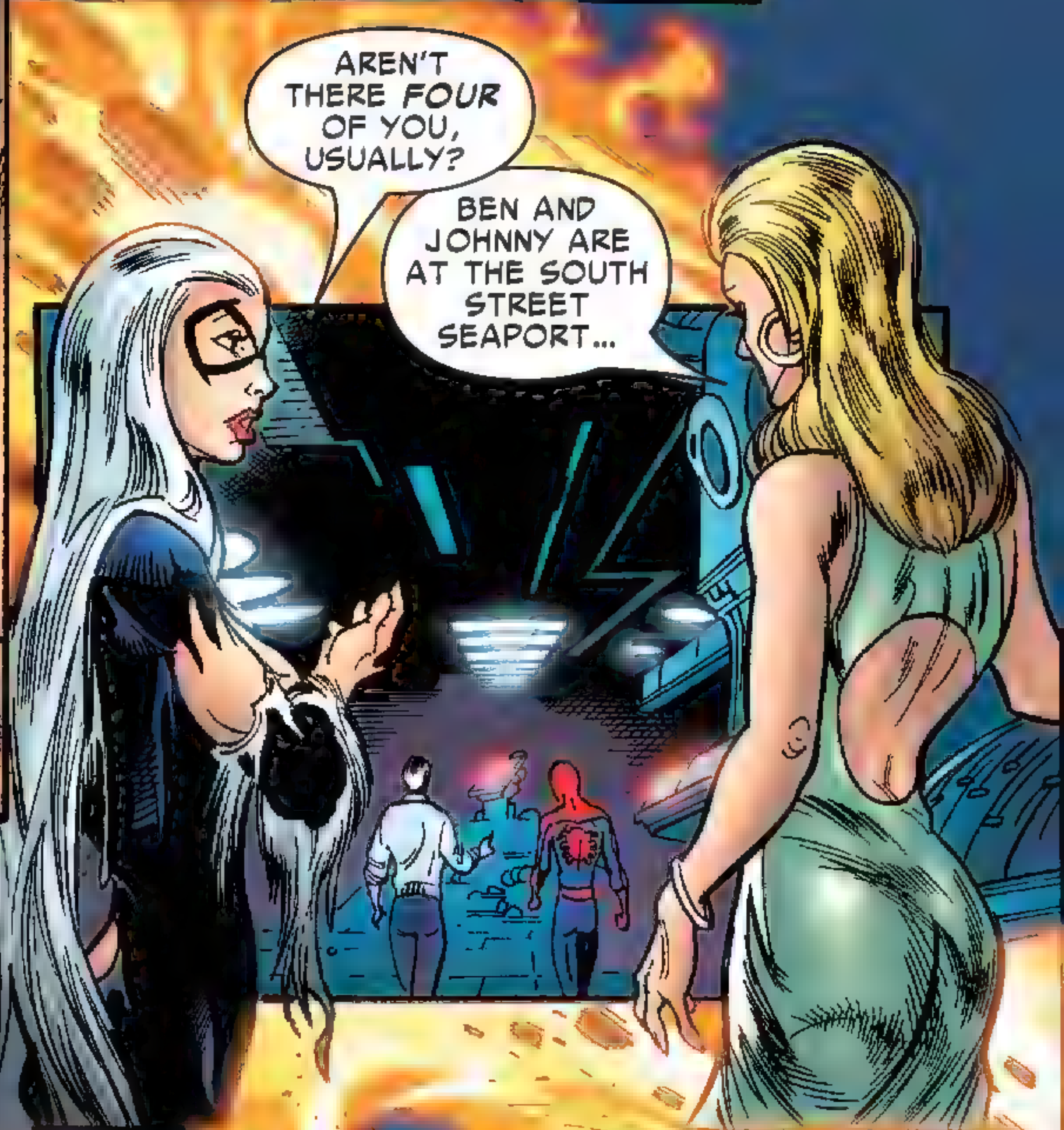
I'LL ASSUME THAT YOU'RE QUIPPING BECAUSE YOU'RE ANXIOUS, SPIDER-MAN.

THE BOY'S VITALS ARE STABILIZING, BY THE WAY. (IN CASE THAT WAS EVER IN DOUBT.) AND I'M ALSO PICKING UP TRACES OF...

...GOOD LORD.

THIS IS CURT CONNORS'S SON, ISN'T IT? THAT'S HIS BIO-RESTORATIVE SERUM IN THE BOY'S BLOOD-STREAM?

AFFIRMATIVE.

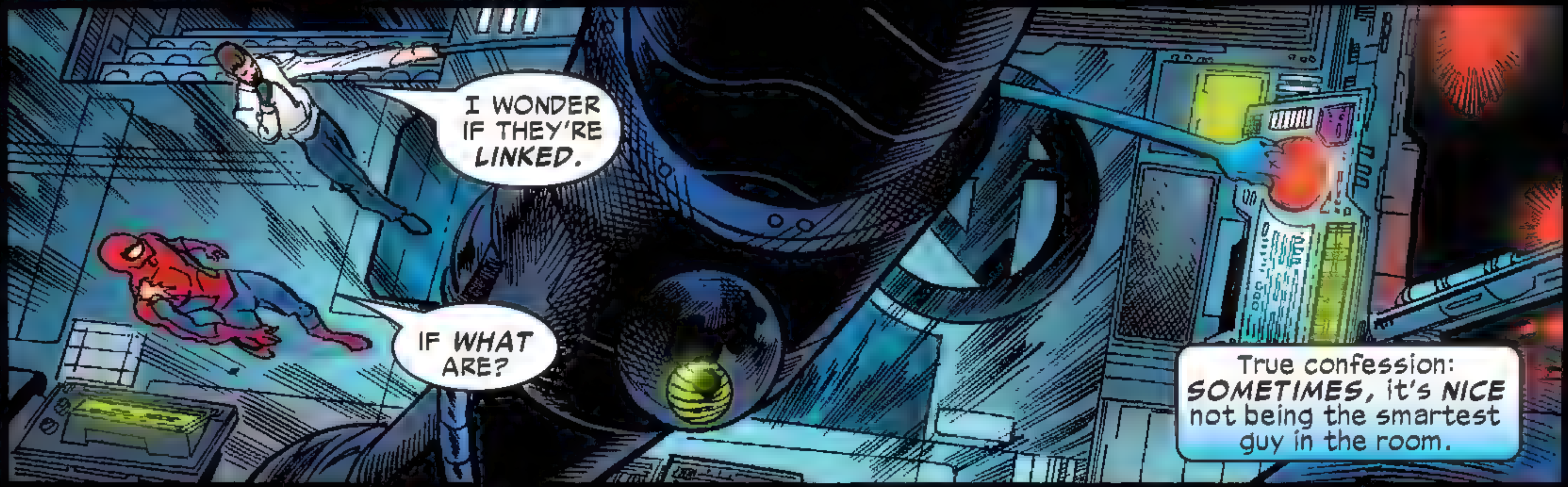


AREN'T THERE FOUR OF YOU, USUALLY?

BEN AND JOHNNY ARE AT THE SOUTH STREET SEAPORT...



"...DEALING WITH ONE OF THE MOLE MAN'S PETS."



I WONDER
IF THEY'RE
LINKED.

IF WHAT
ARE?

True confession:
SOMETIMES, it's **NICE**
not being the smartest
guy in the room.



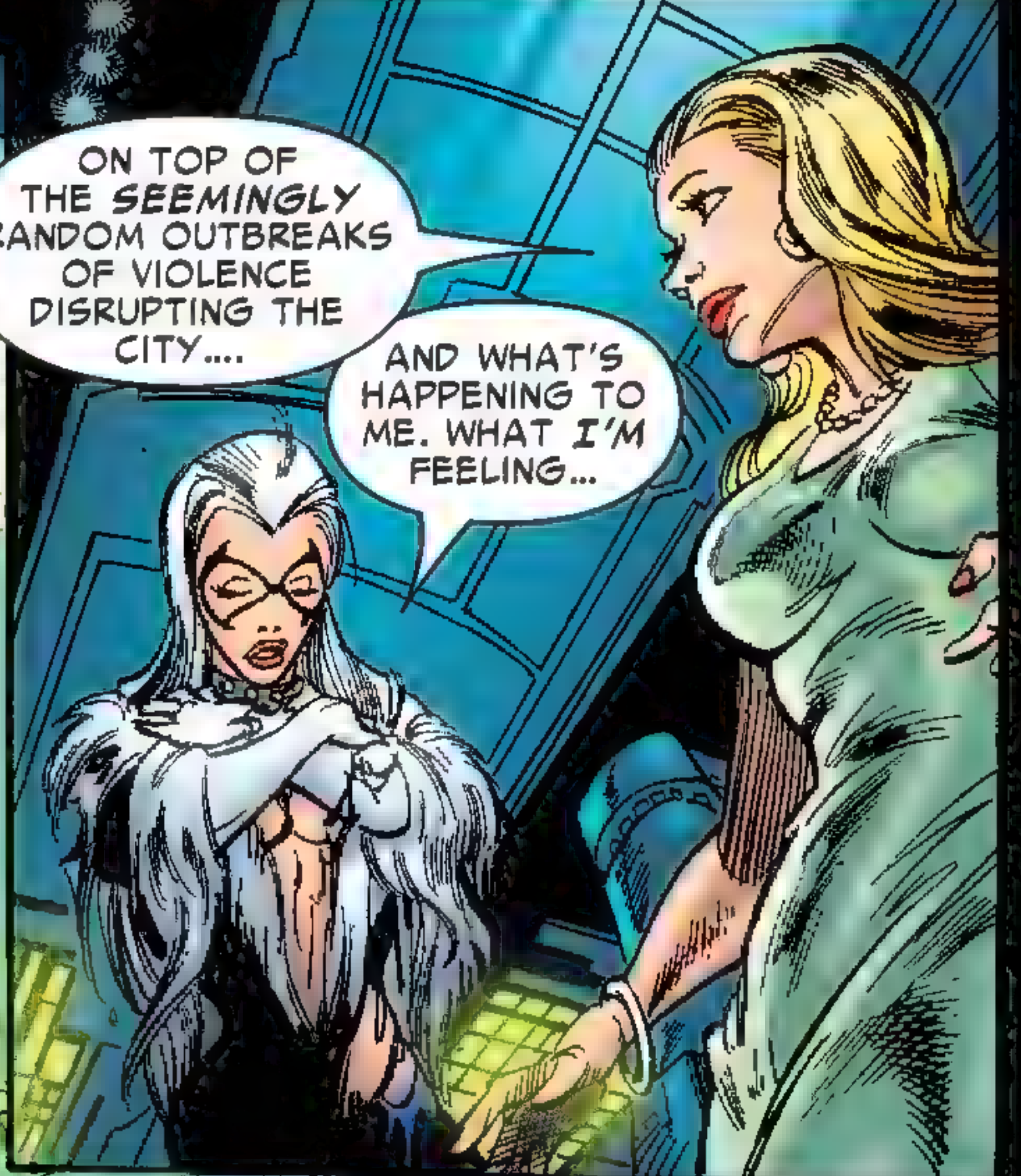
I'M ASSUMING
THAT THE LIZARD HAS...
RESURFACED?

HE HAS,
YEP.

COUPLED
WITH THE "SUDDEN"
APPEARANCE OF THE
MOLE MAN'S
MONSTER...

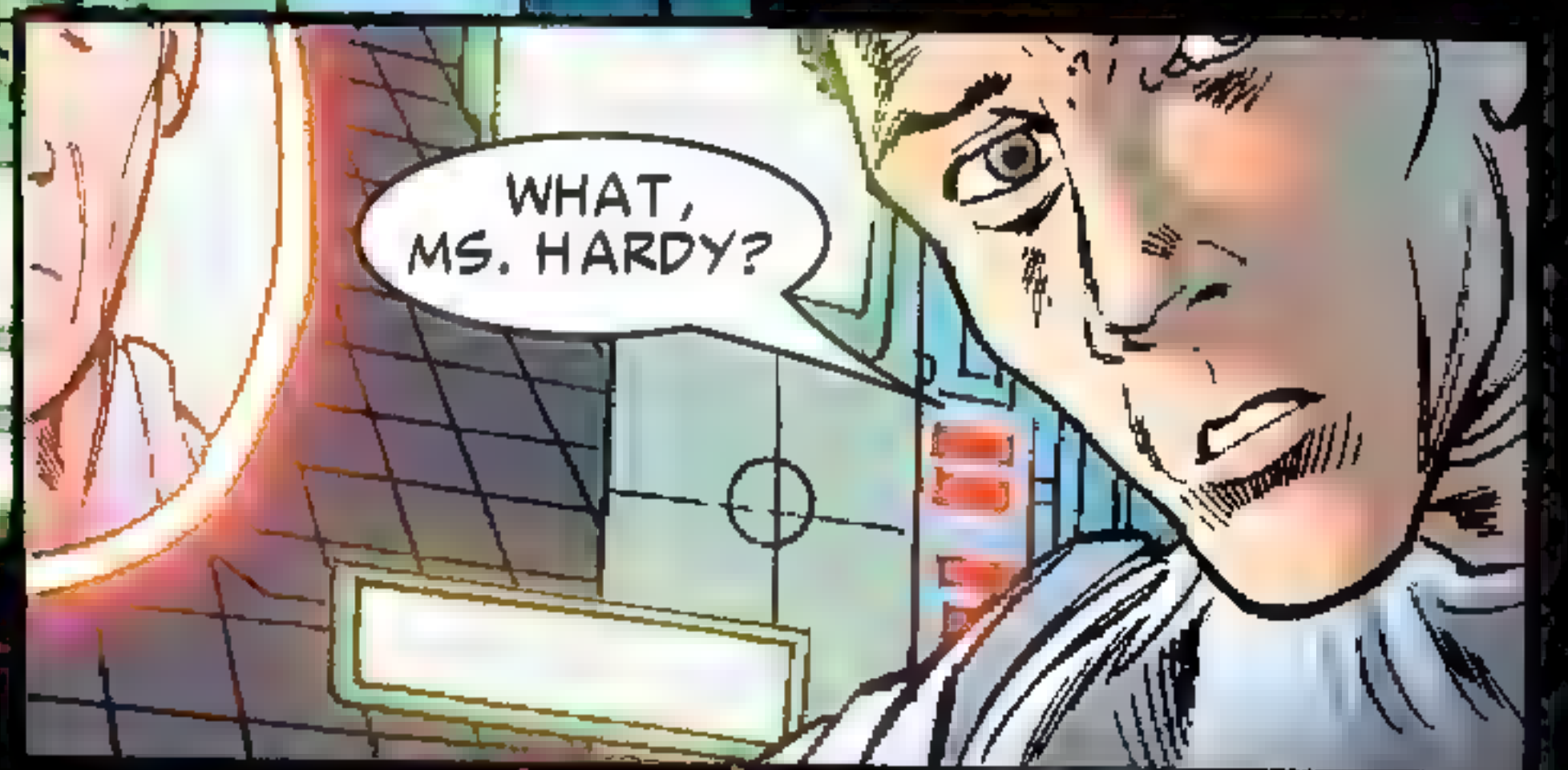
CLASS: 6

C-6



ON TOP OF
THE **SEEMINGLY**
RANDOM OUTBREAKS
OF VIOLENCE
DISRUPTING THE
CITY....

AND WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME. WHAT I'M
FEELING...

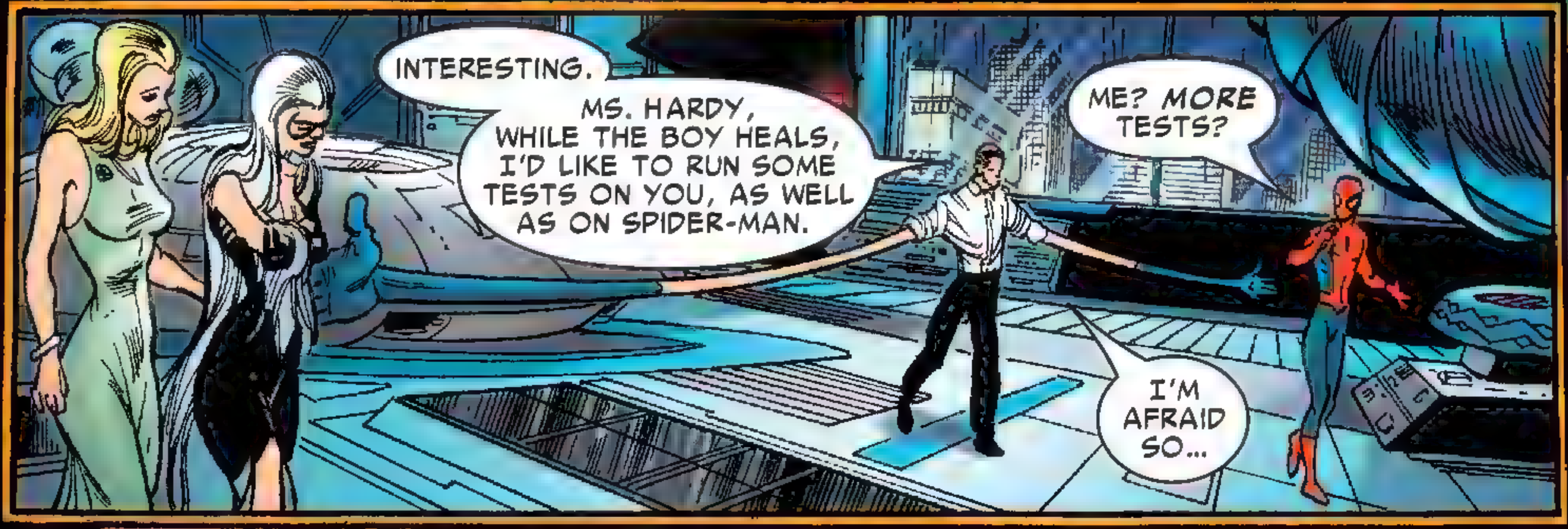


WHAT,
MS. HARDY?



RESTLESSNESS,
DR. RICHARDS, AND...
APPETITE. FEAR, RAGE,
BLOODLUST...

LIKE CLAWS
RIPPING AT MY
INSIDES...



INTERESTING.

MS. HARDY,
WHILE THE BOY HEALS,
I'D LIKE TO RUN SOME
TESTS ON YOU, AS WELL
AS ON SPIDER-MAN.

ME? MORE
TESTS?

I'M
AFRAID
SO...

"...THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC IN NEW YORK, AND I THINK YOU AND THE BLACK CAT--

"--AND OTHERS LIKE YOU--

"--MAY BE PARTICULARLY SUSCEPTIBLE."

AVENGERS TOWER.

I'M JUST CHECKING THE TEA, DEAR. IS THAT SWEET JOHN JAMESON HERE YET?

ON HIS WAY, MAY, IN THE ELEVATOR.
BUT NOT STAYING LONG.

DING!

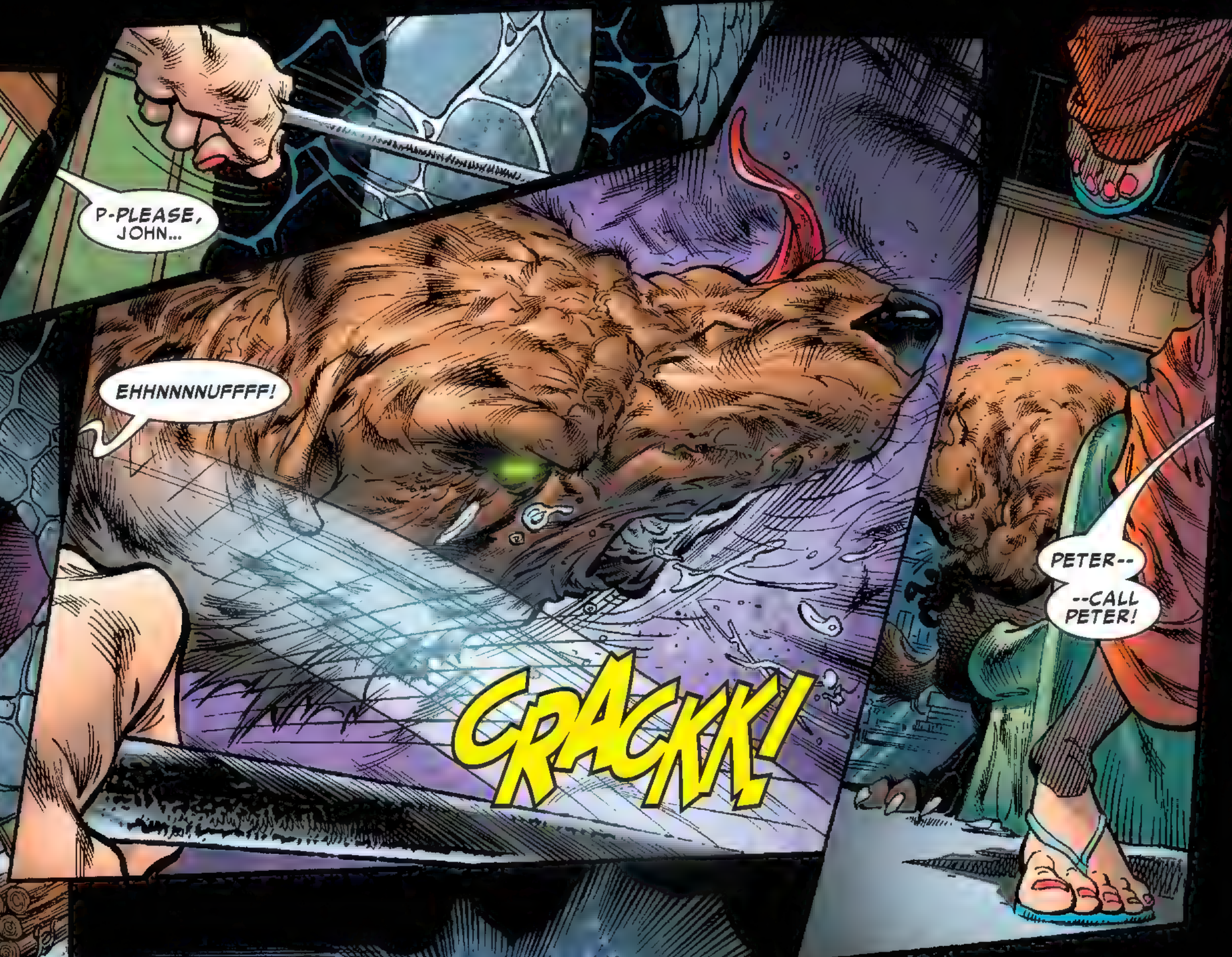
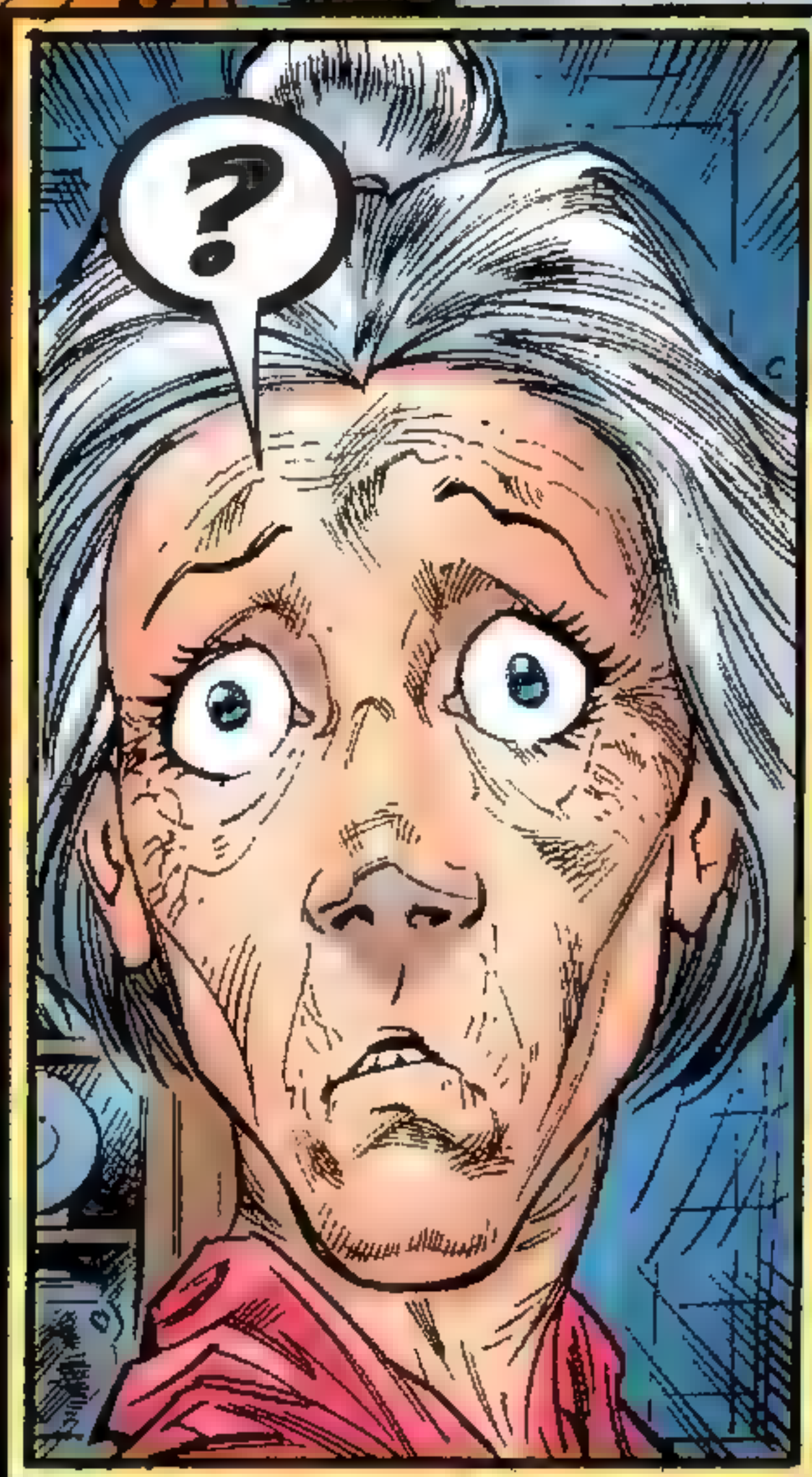
THANKS FOR COMING BY WITH MY SCARF, JOHN, BUT NOW'S NOT A GOOD TIME.

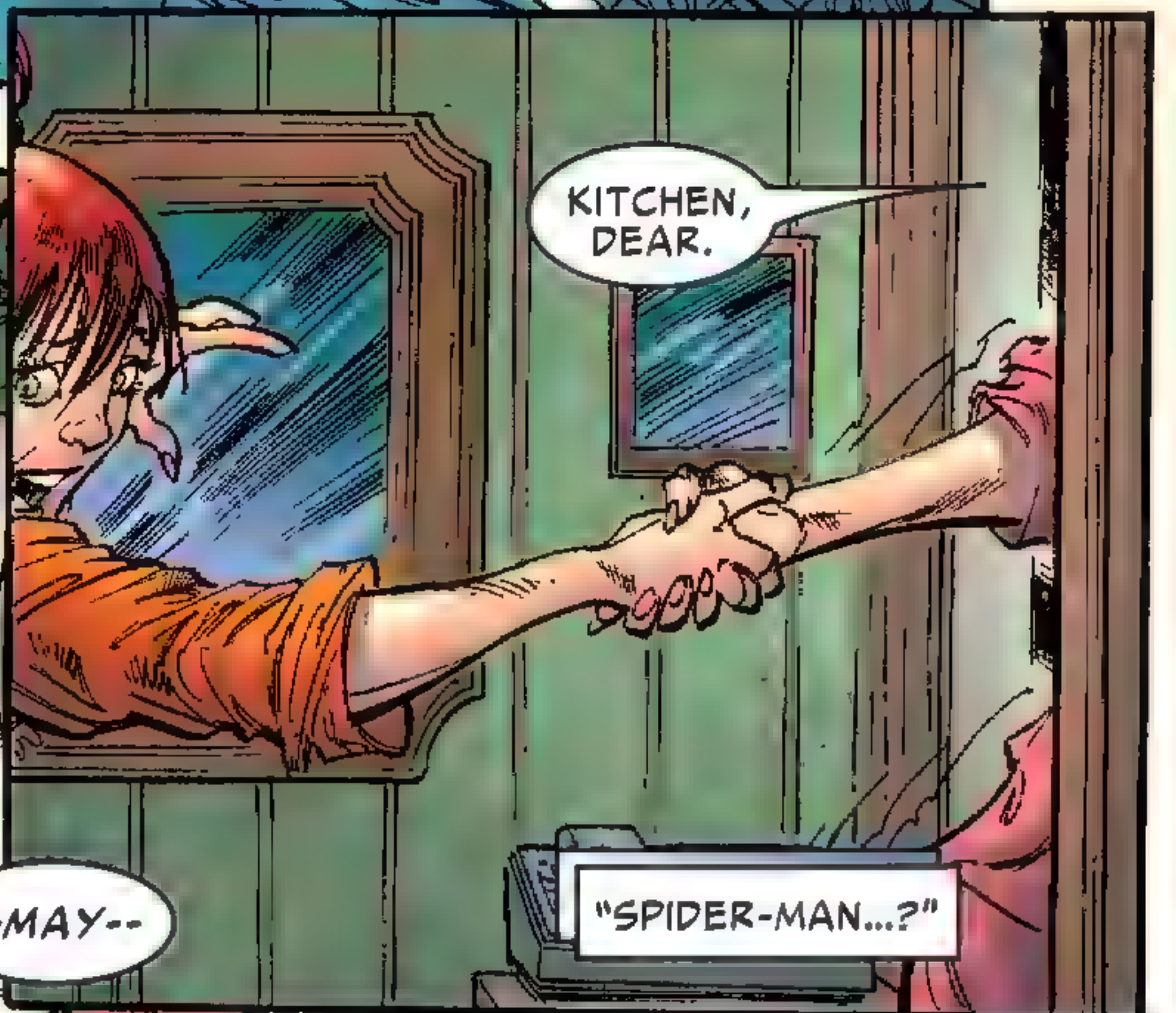
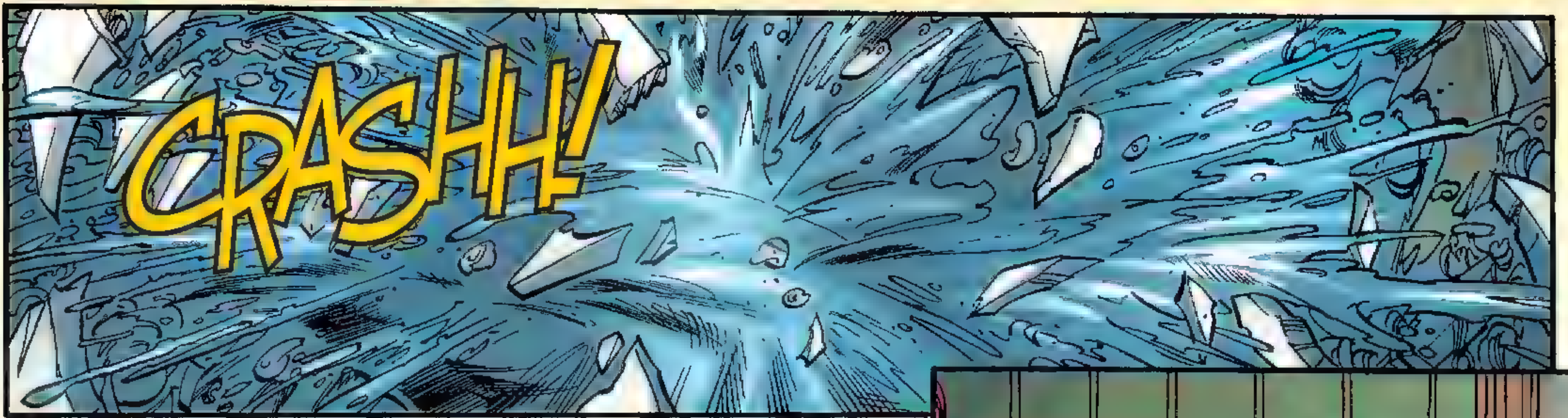
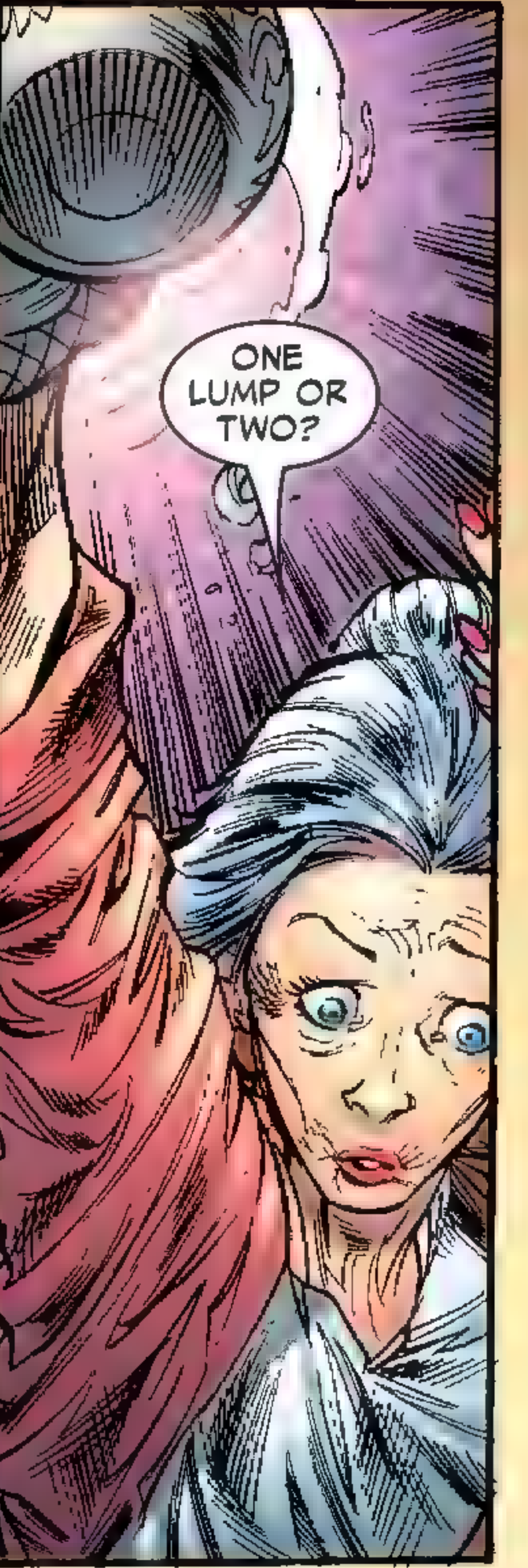
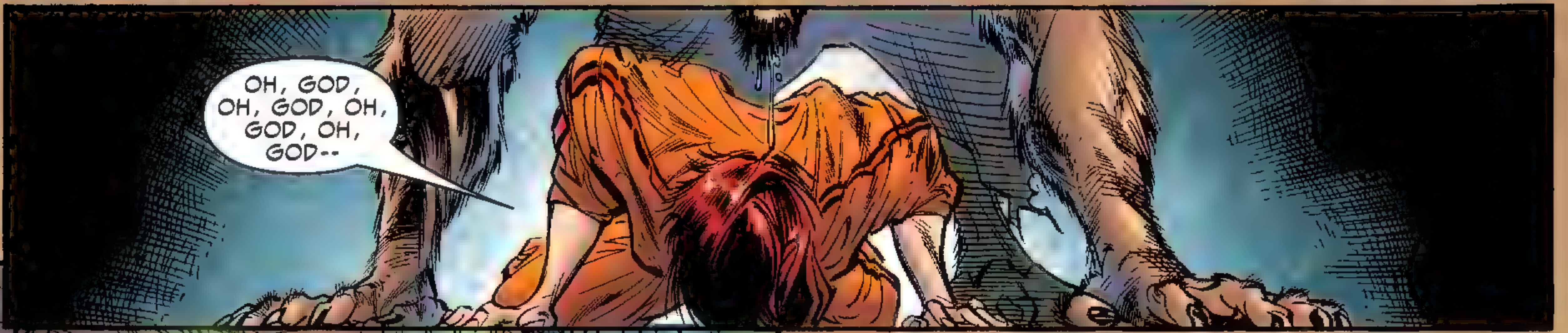
GRRRRRRR...

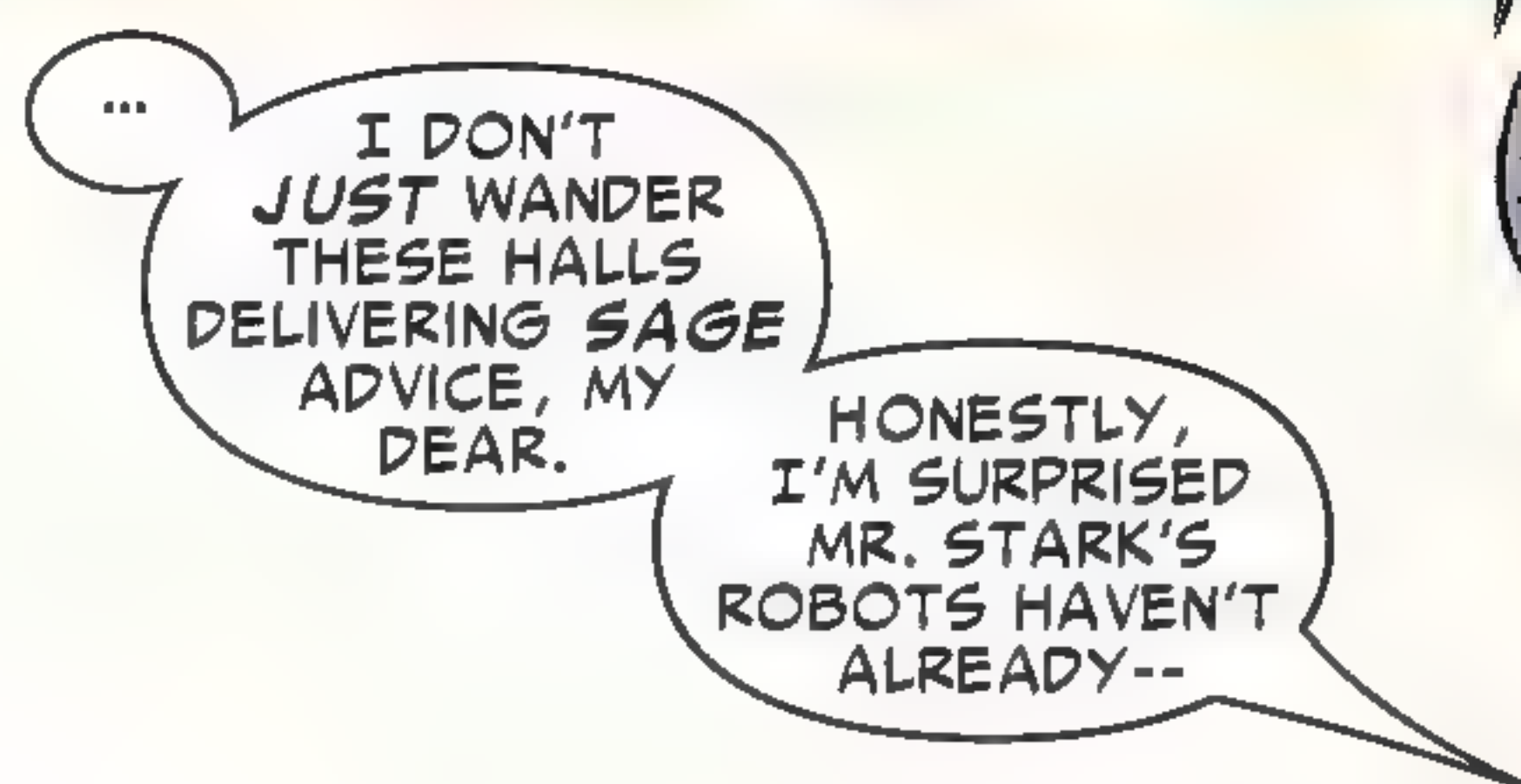
...RRRRRRRRGGHH!!

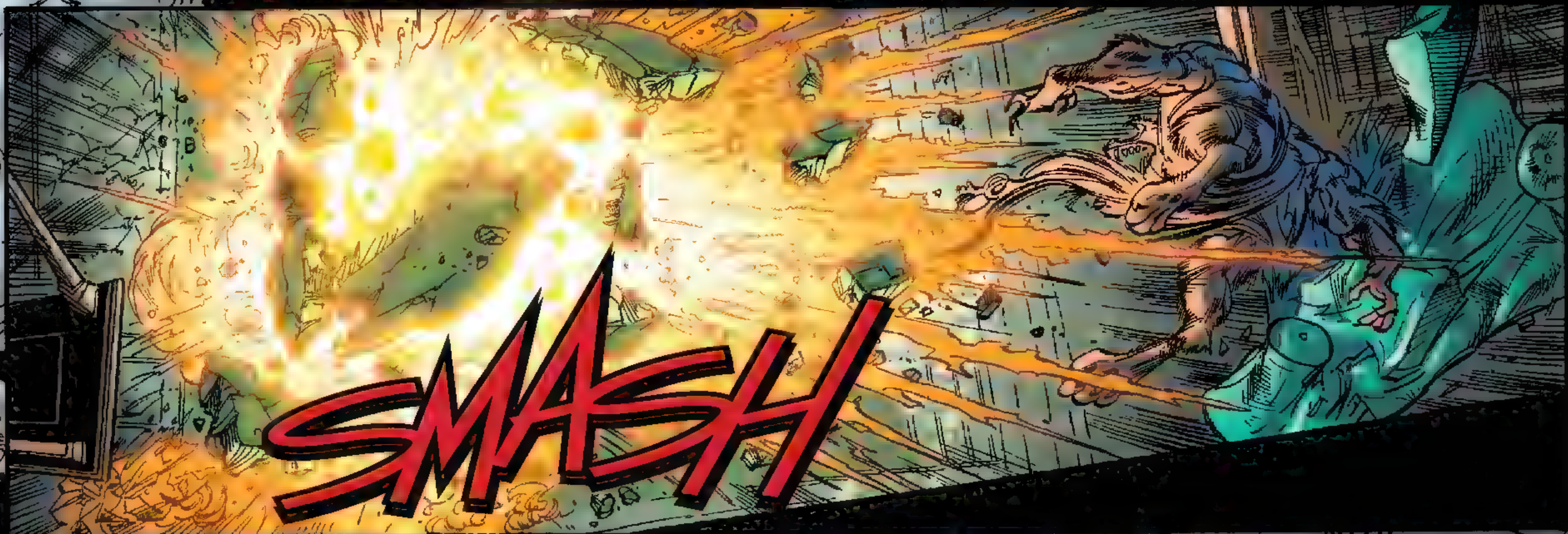
JOHN JAMESON.
THE MAN-WOLF.

LICKING ITS CHOPS.





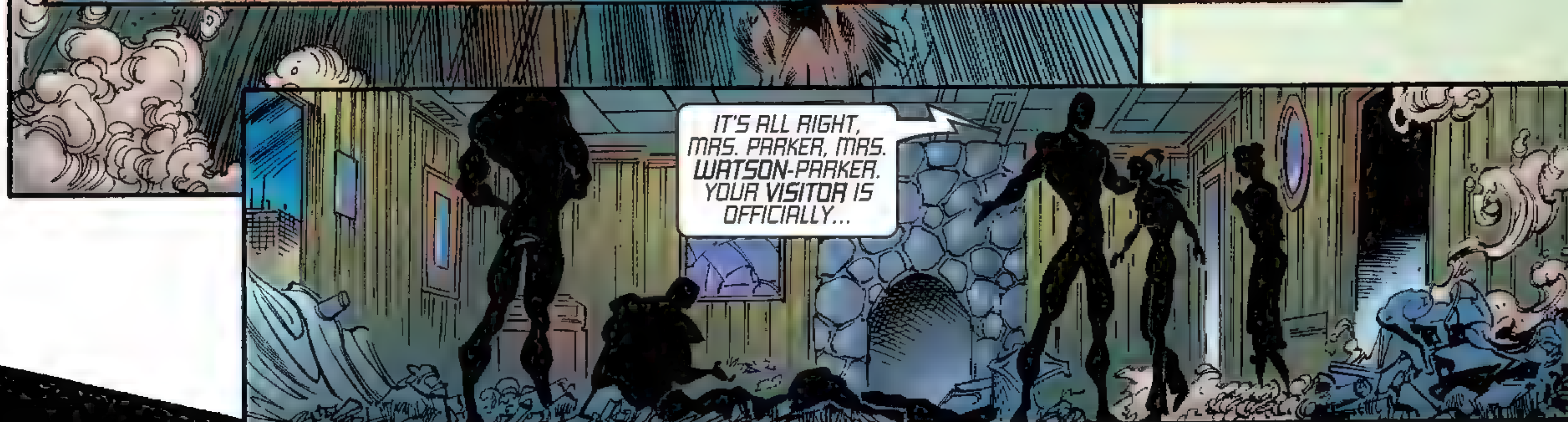
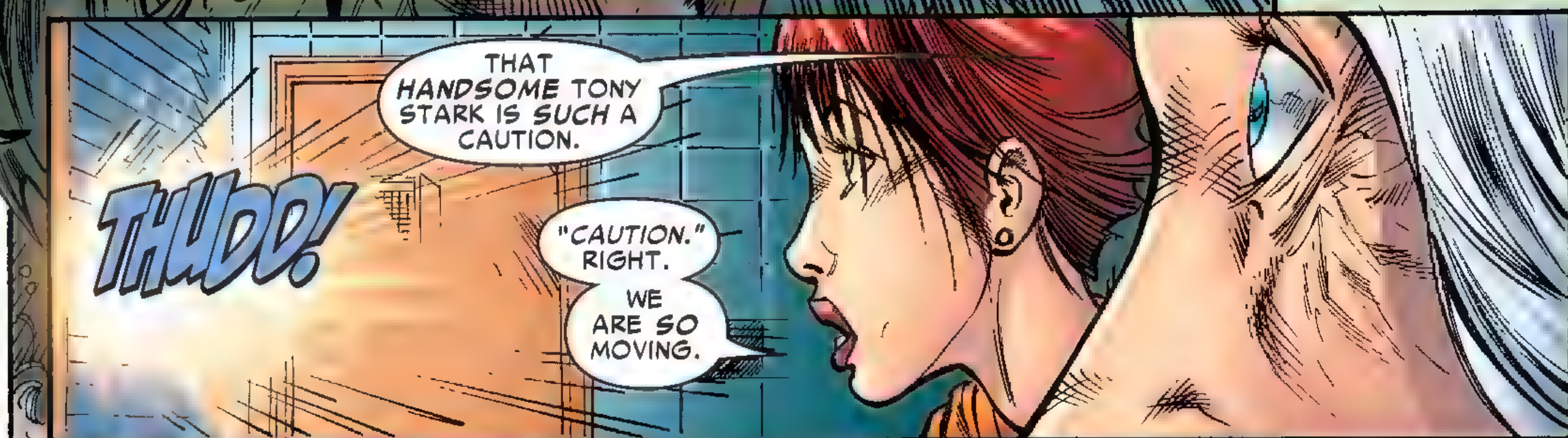


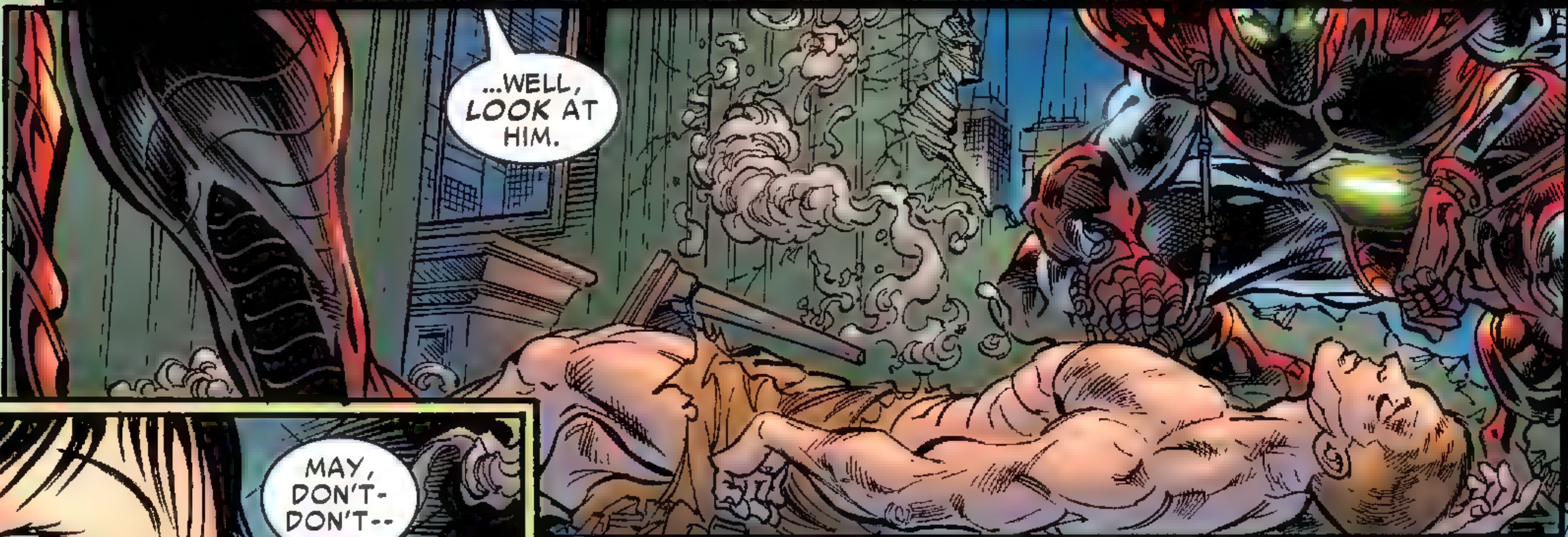


RARRGHH?

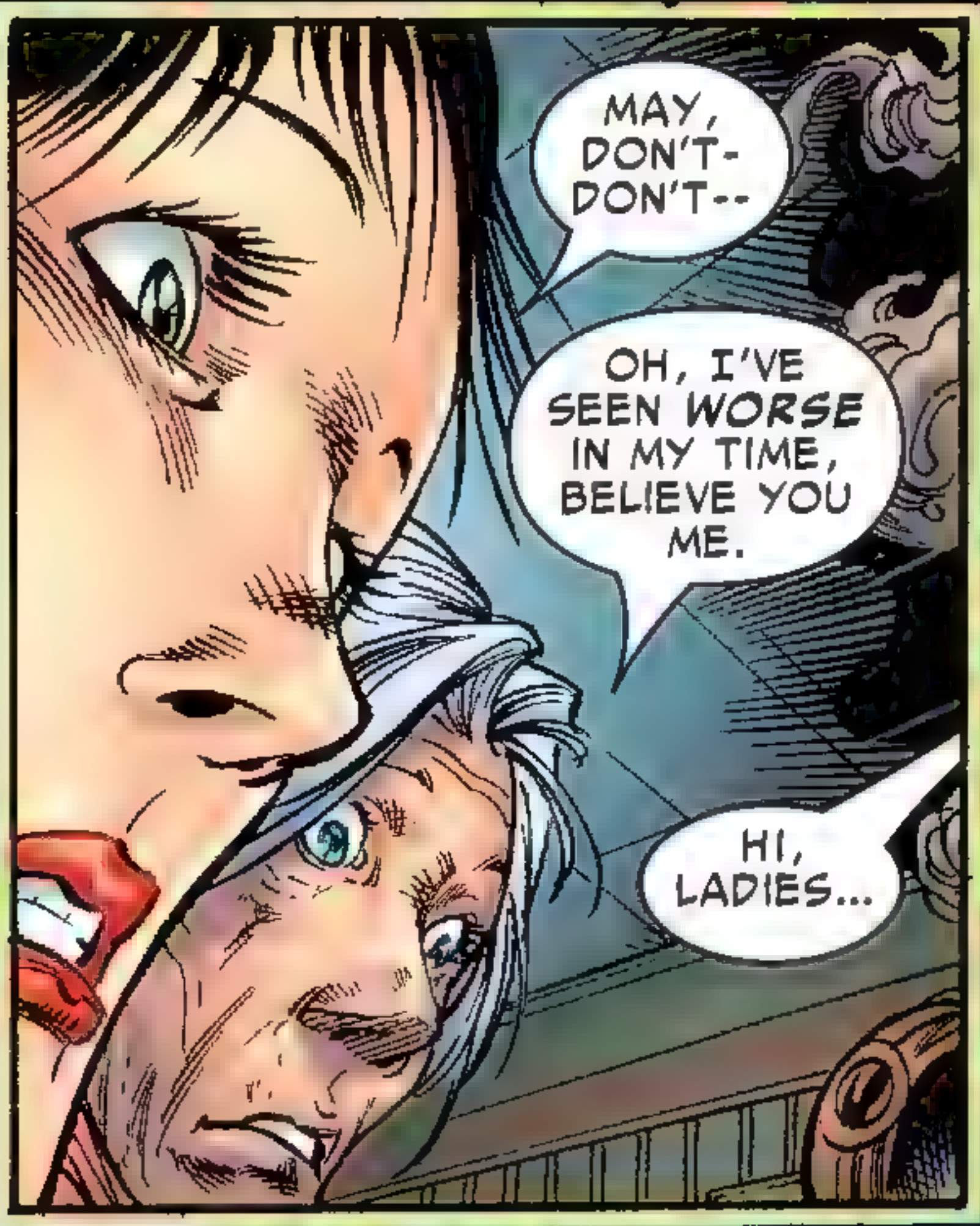
THESE
DARTS?

THEY MEAN
YOU'RE SEDATED.





...WELL,
LOOK AT
HIM.



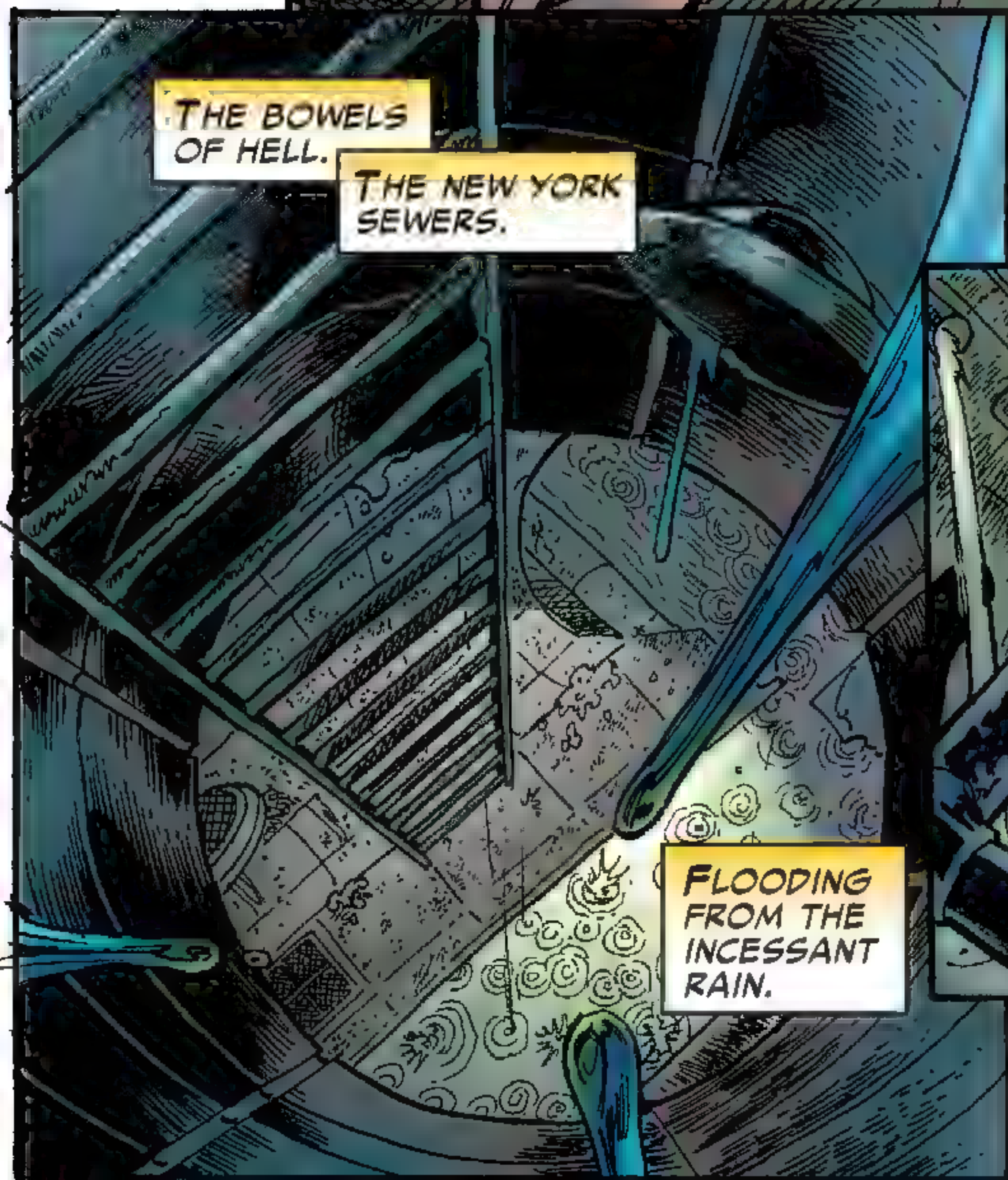
MAY,
DON'T-
DON'T--

OH, I'VE
SEEN WORSE
IN MY TIME,
BELIEVE YOU
ME.

HI,
LADIES...

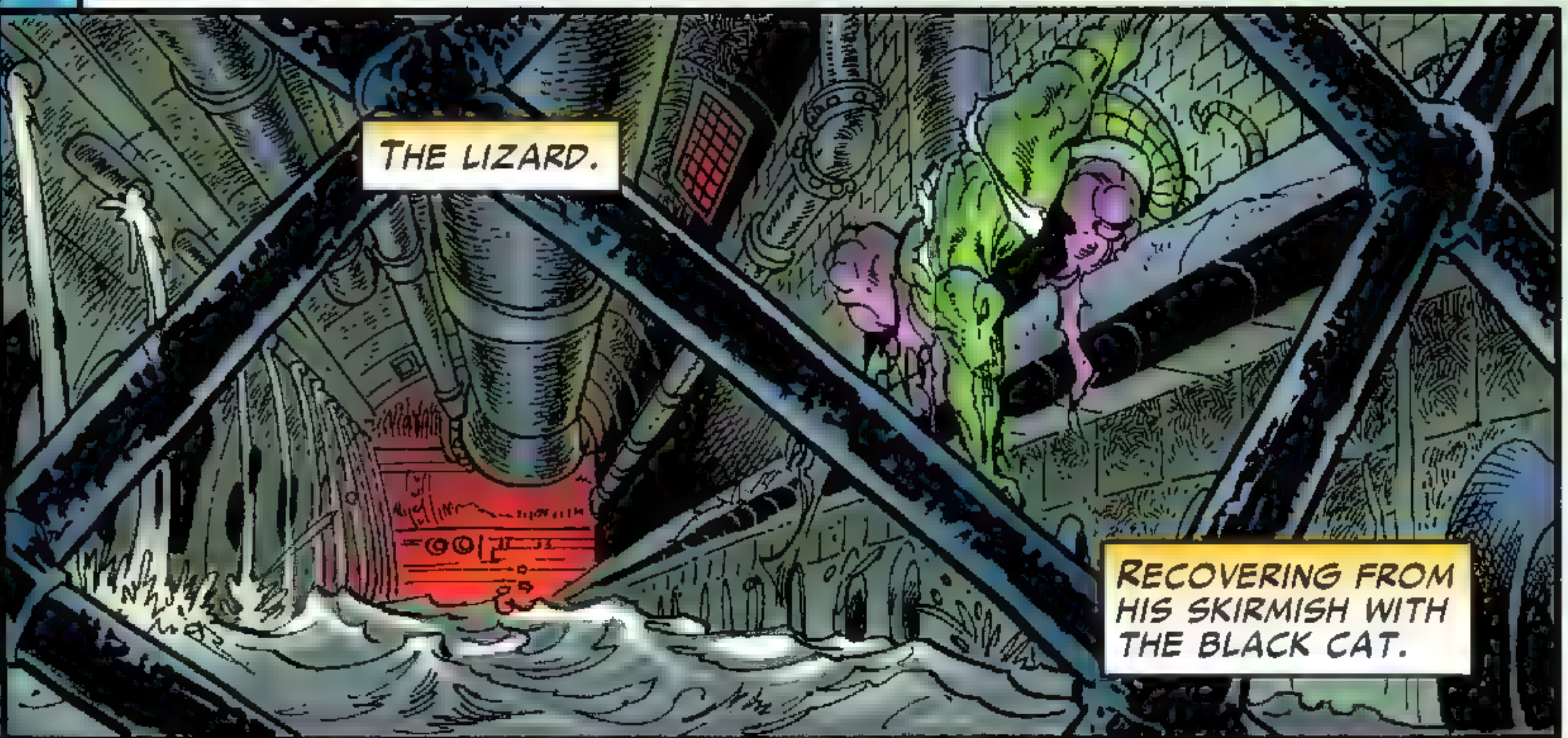


...SOMEONE WANNA
TELL ME WHERE THE
NAKED GUY CAME
FROM?



THE BOWELS
OF HELL.

THE NEW YORK
SEWERS.



THE LIZARD.

FLOODING
FROM THE
INCESSANT
RAIN.

RECOVERING FROM
HIS SKIRMISH WITH
THE BLACK CAT.

TORMENTED BY
MEMORIES OF--

DAD?
DADDY,
IS THAT
YOU?

...WRONG...ALL
WRONG...

WHAT
IS?

ALL THOSE
YEARS...TRYING
TO CURE
MYSELF...

WHEN I
SHOULD'VE
BEEN...

...REMAKING
YOU IN MY
IMAGE...

DA...DADDY,
WHAT ARE
YOU...?

...GOING
TO CURE YOU,
BILLY...

...THE ROCK...
THE ROCK TOLD
ME TO...

WH...
WHAT
ROCK?

CLOSE...
CLOSE YOUR
EYES, BILLY,
AND...

RRHHARRRR!

THE ROAR--

--ECHOING THROUGH
THE CATACOMBS--

--REACHING
THE EARS OF:

VERMIN.

FEASTING
ON OFFICER
TOM RUSSELL.

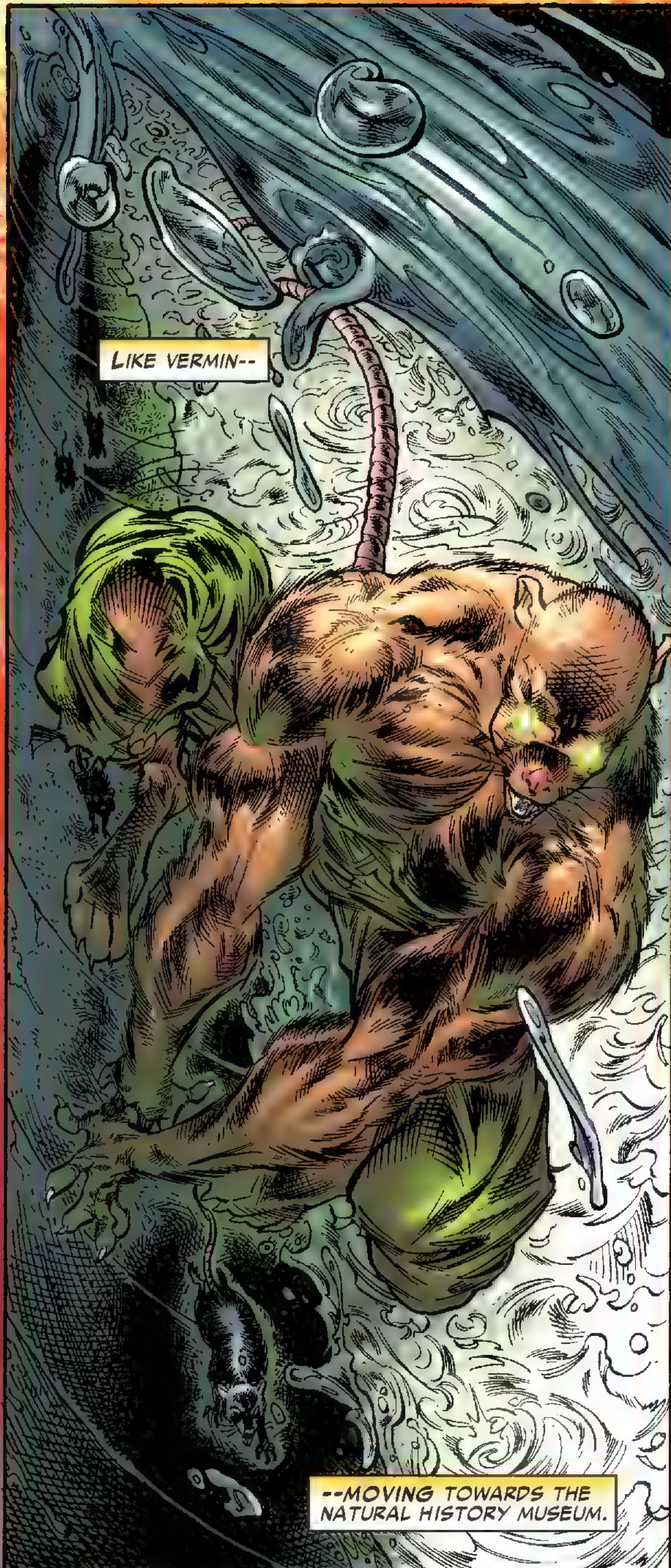
NOT LIKING
WHAT HE'S
TASTING.

WONDERING IF
THERE MIGHT NOT BE
SOMETHING BETTER--



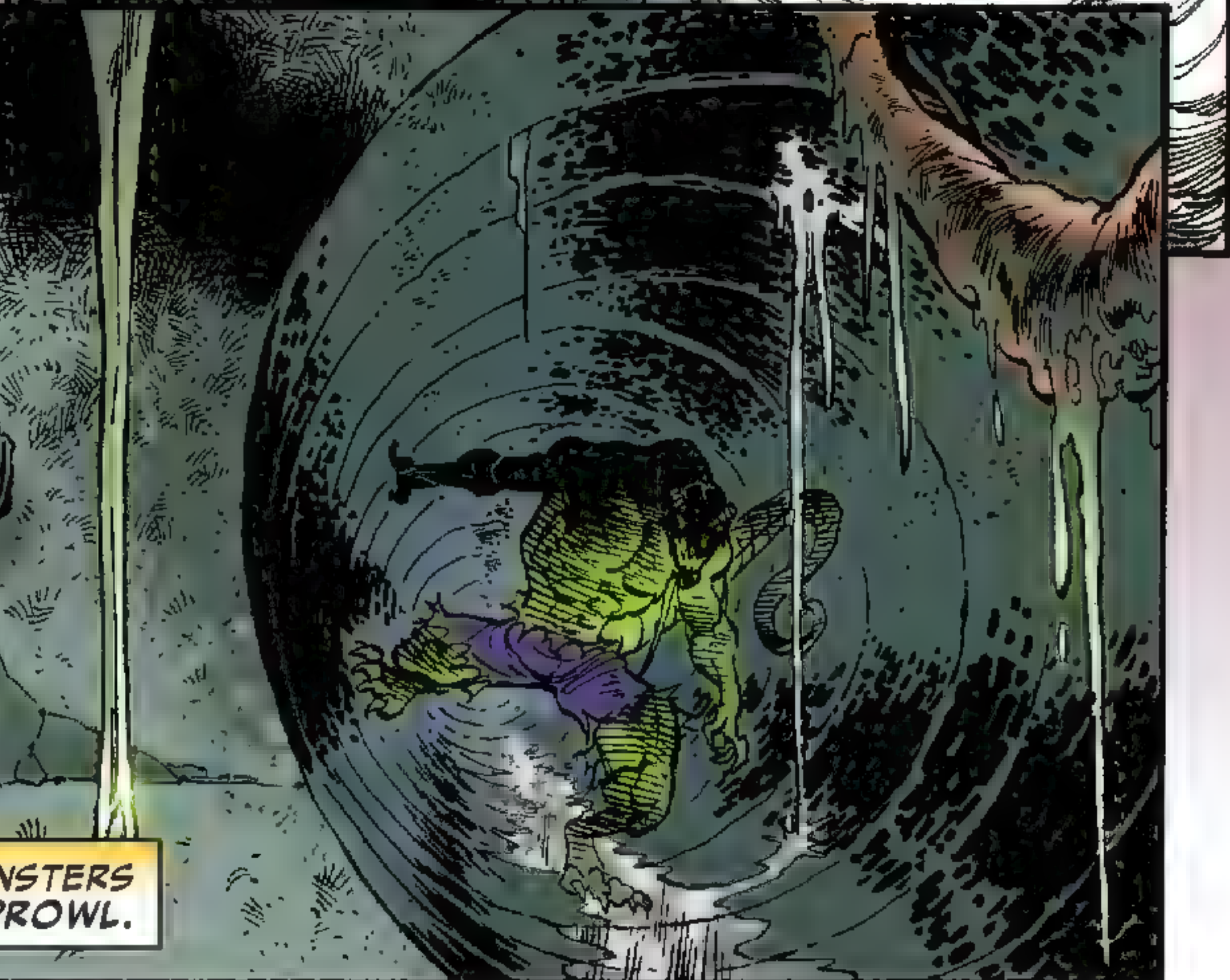
--ELSEWHERE.

SLOGGING HIS
WAY THROUGH
THE MUCK.



LIKE VERMIN--

--MOVING TOWARDS THE
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



TWO MONSTERS
ON THE PROWL.

KRA-KOW!

This is pathetic. Whatever's wrong with me, I should be out there with Peter--

--not WAITING for that creepy Dr. Richards to keep poking and prodding me.

KILOCK
KILOCK

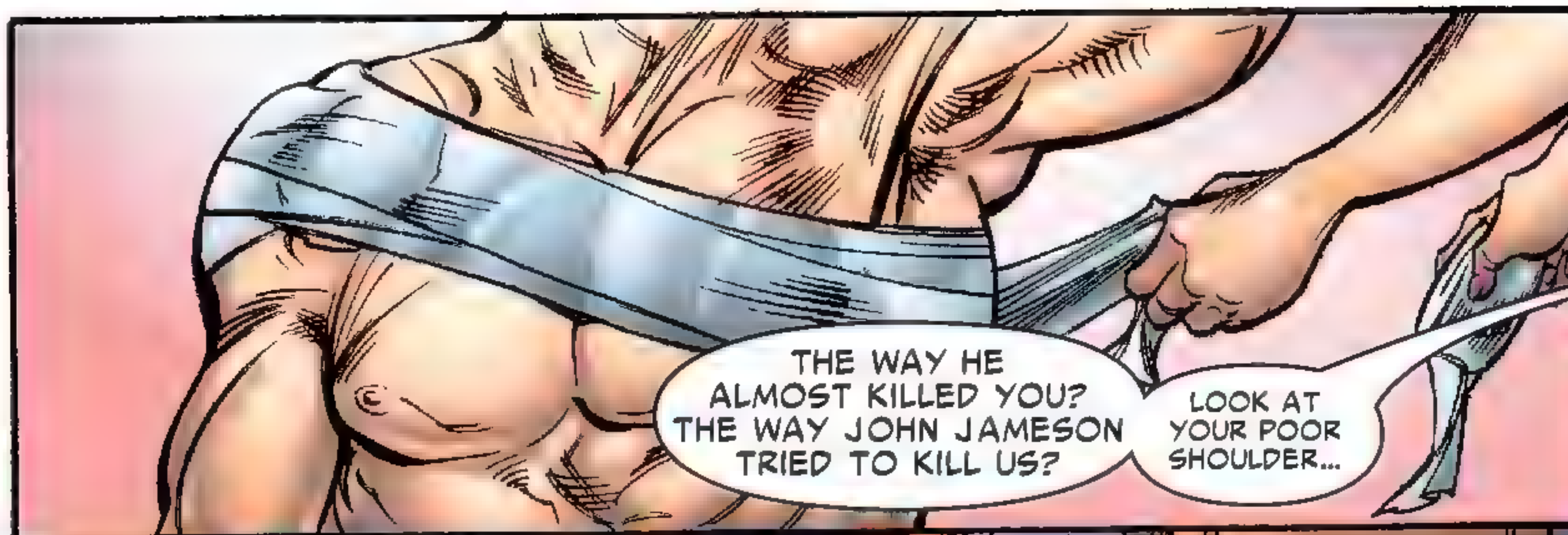
FELICIA?
MS. HARDY?

IF YOU'RE
READY...

Sorry, Mrs. Invisible,
but you and your
husband should know...

...CATS
don't like being
confined.

"...I'M NOT KIDDING,
MJ, FELICIA WOULD'VE
KILLED CURT."



THE WAY HE
ALMOST KILLED YOU?
THE WAY JOHN JAMESON
TRIED TO KILL US?

LOOK AT
YOUR POOR
SHOULDER...



IT'S
OKAY.

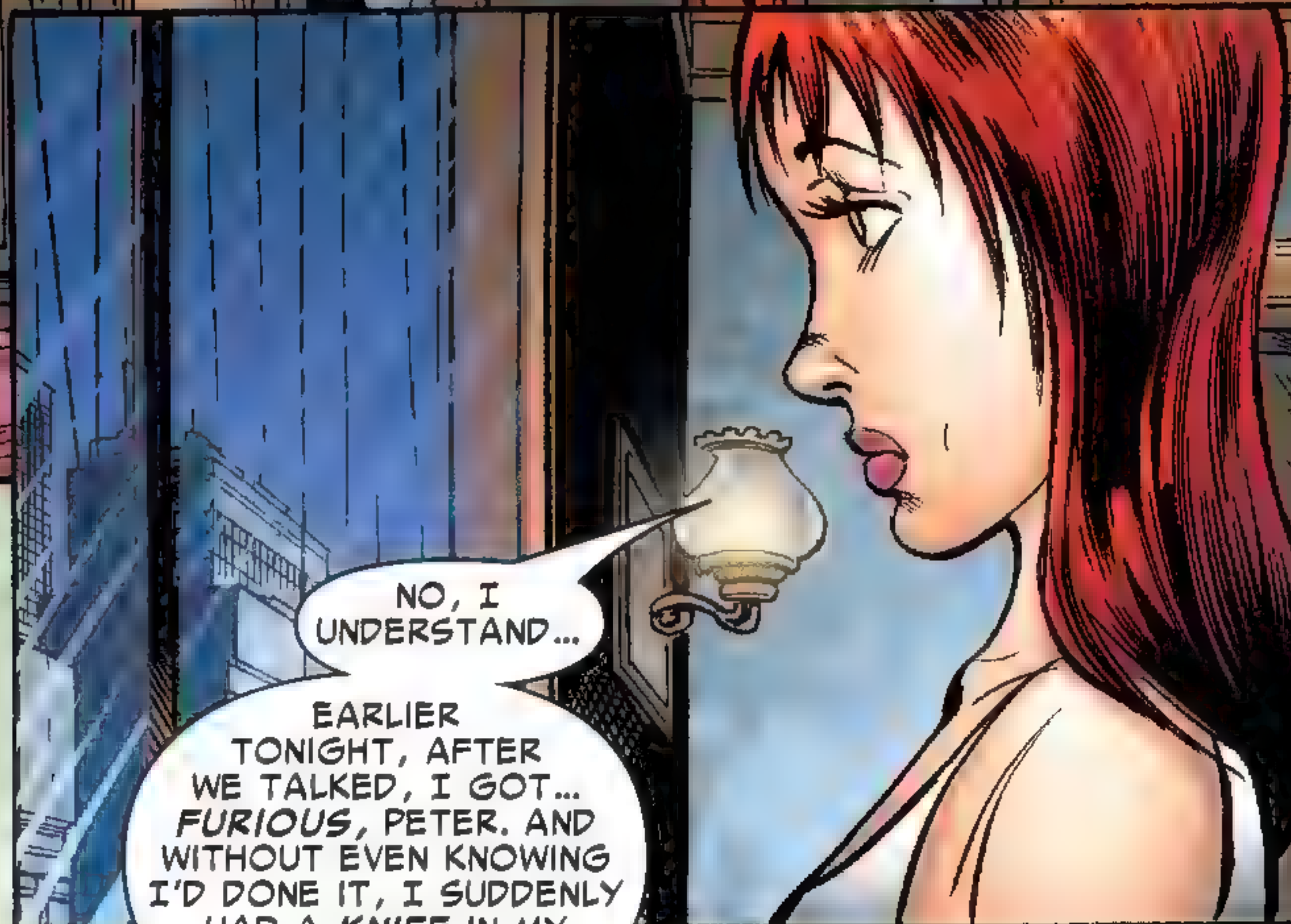
I'M
MORE WORRIED
ABOUT...

THE CITY?
THE RIOTING? ALL
THE VIOLENCE?



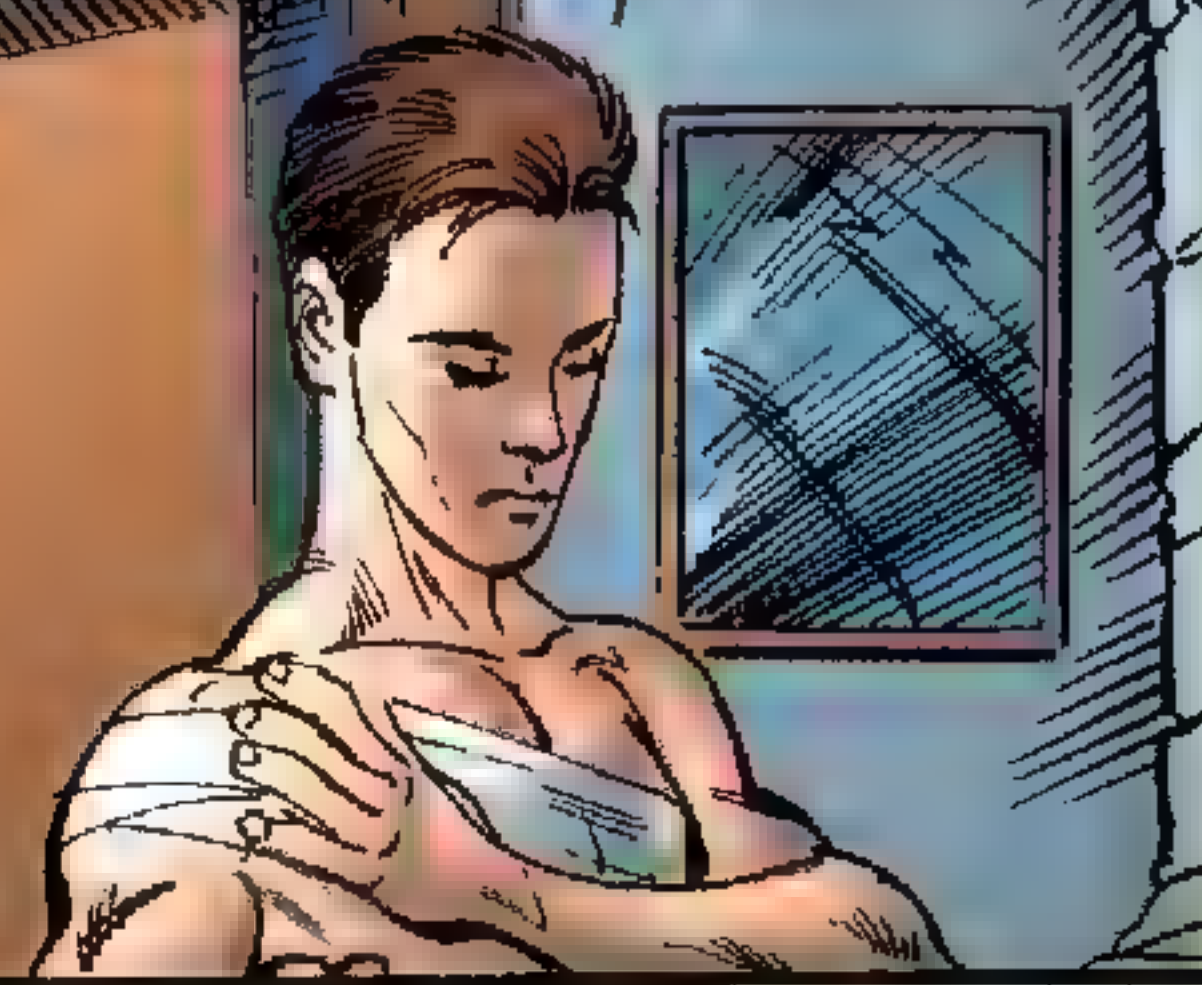
THAT,
TOO.

BUT ALSO...
ME. AFTER FELICIA
ALMOST KILLED THE
DOC, I WANTED TO
KILL HER. LIKE,
LITERALLY.



NO, I
UNDERSTAND...

EARLIER
TONIGHT, AFTER
WE TALKED, I GOT...
FURIOUS, PETER. AND
WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING
I'D DONE IT, I SUDDENLY
HAD A **KNIFE** IN MY
HANDS AND I WAS
THINKING...



WHAT,
MJ?

THEY WEREN'T
NICE THOUGHTS, I
CAN TELL YOU THAT
MUCH... AND I'VE
NEVER SEEN MAY FIGHT
THE WAY SHE DID
AGAINST JOHN.

I DON'T
KNOW, TIGER, IT'S
LIKE SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING TO ALL
OF US...



AND NOW,
IF HE THINKS
BILLY'S BEEN
HURT OR
KILLED...

I GOTTA
FIND HIM, MJ.
I GOTTA FIND HIM
AND FIGURE OUT
WHAT THE HELL'S
TAKING US
OVER...

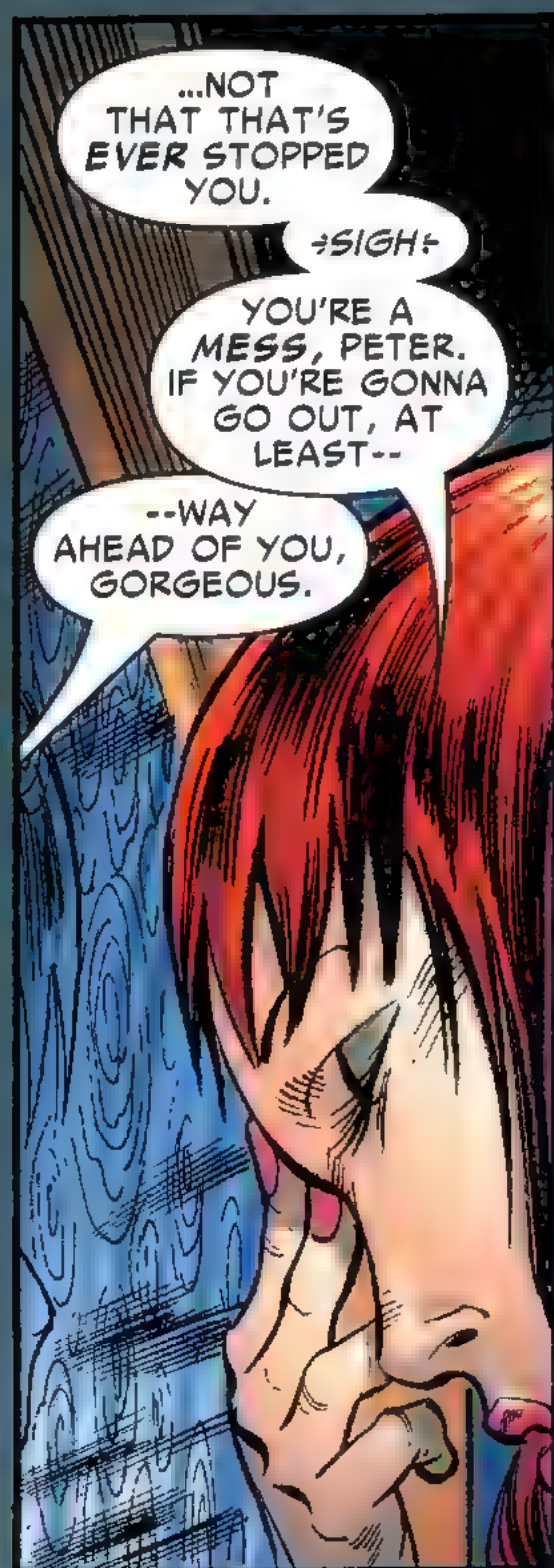
PETER,
YOU'RE
HURT...



AND POOR
DOC CONNORS IS
GETTING THE WORST
OF IT FOR WHATEVER
REASON...

I MEAN,
HE TURNED HIS SON
INTO A **MONSTER**, MJ.
WHAT WOULD MAKE A
MAN DO THAT?

I DON'T
KNOW...



...NOT THAT THAT'S EVER STOPPED YOU.

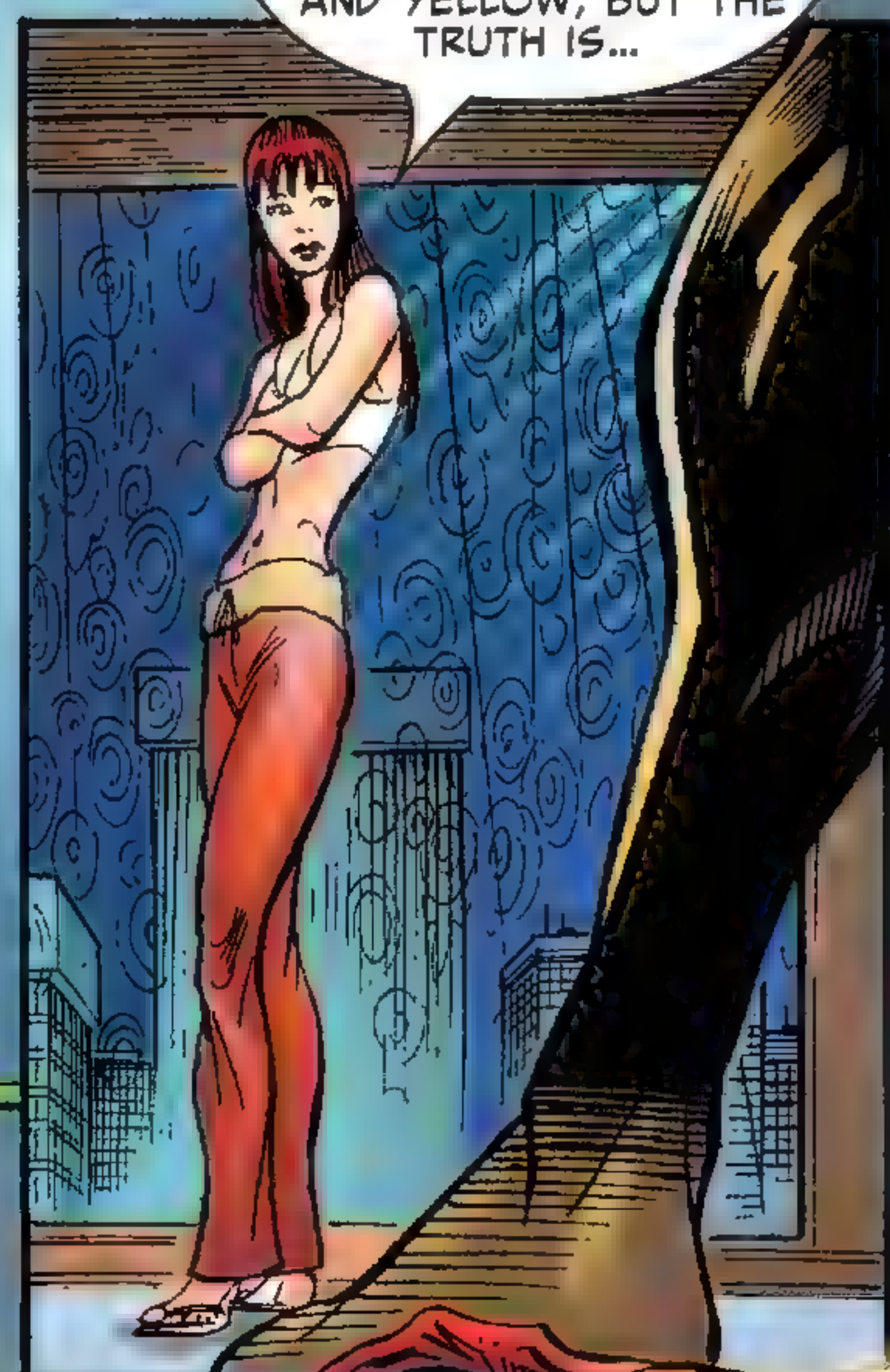
SIGH

YOU'RE A MESS, PETER. IF YOU'RE GONNA GO OUT, AT LEAST--

--WAY AHEAD OF YOU, GORGEOUS.



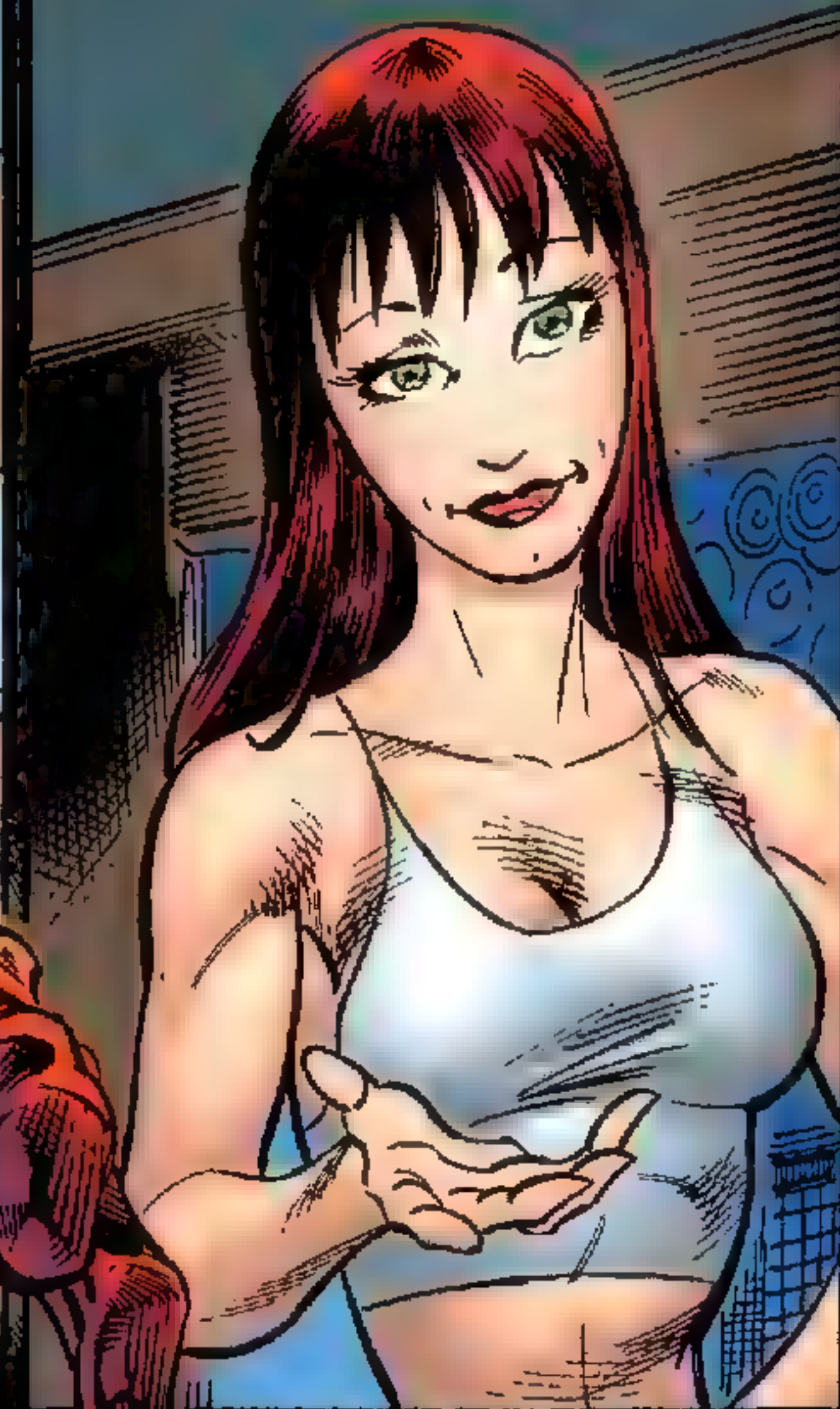
IF EVER THERE WAS AN OCCASION...



I'D MAKE SOME CRACK ABOUT TONY'S AESTHETICS, I'D SAY THAT THERE ARE OTHER COLORS IN THE RAINBOW BESIDES RED AND YELLOW, BUT THE TRUTH IS...

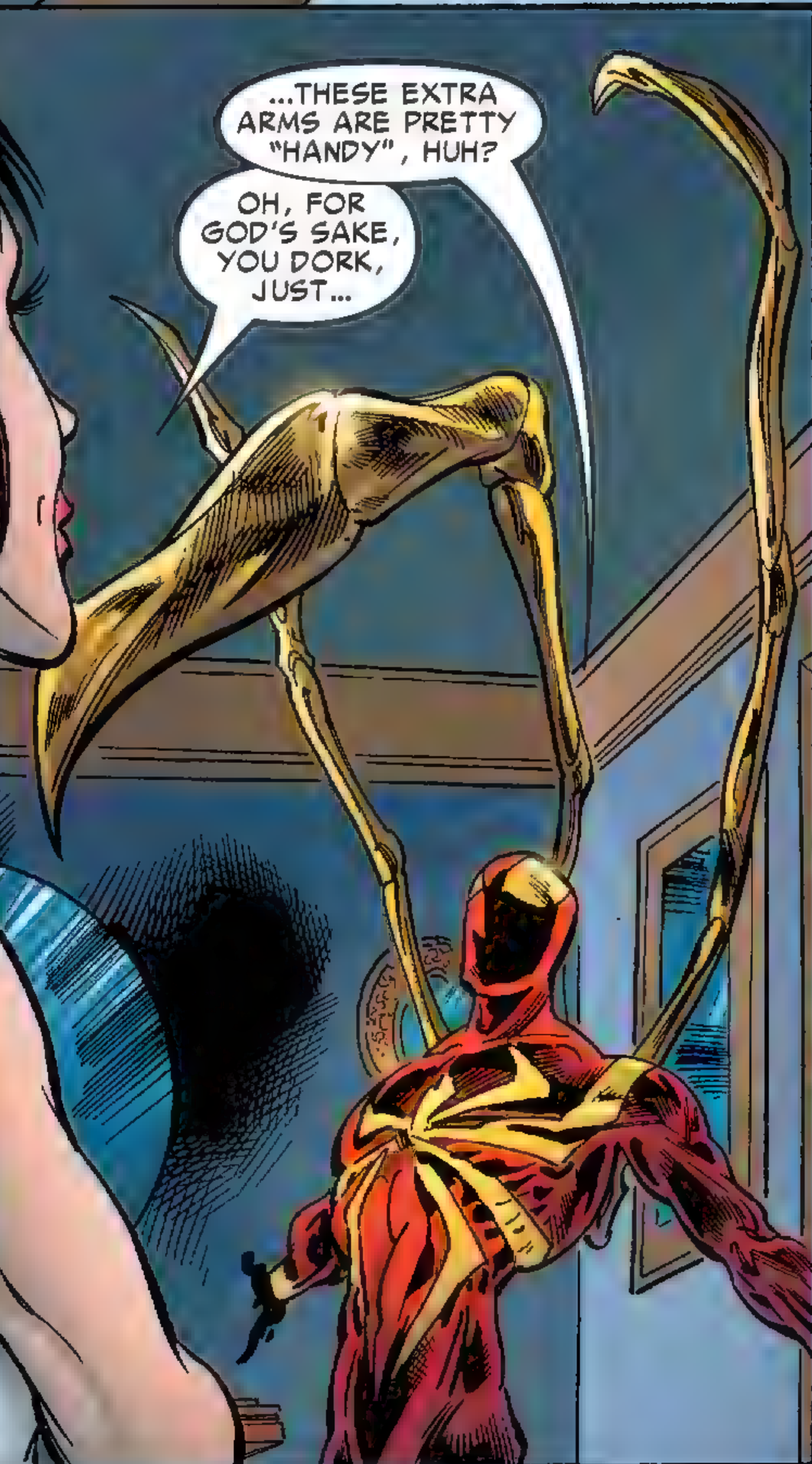
...IF YOU'RE GONNA INSIST ON GOING OUT AGAIN, I'D JUST AS SOON HAVE YOU MORE ARMORED THAN LESS.

PLUS...



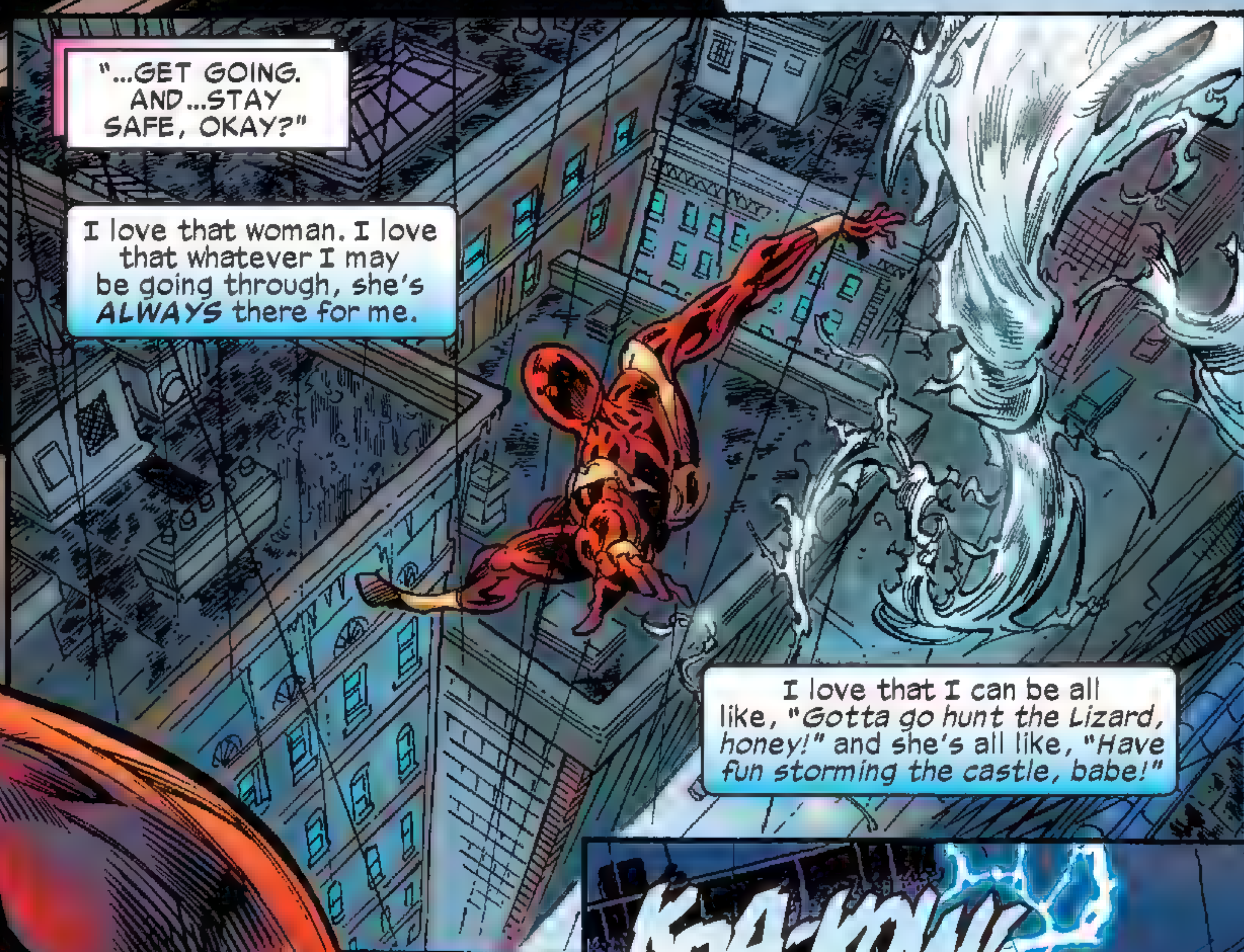
...THESE EXTRA ARMS ARE PRETTY "HANDY", HUH?

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, YOU DORK, JUST...



"...GET GOING. AND...STAY SAFE, OKAY?"

I love that woman. I love that whatever I may be going through, she's ALWAYS there for me.

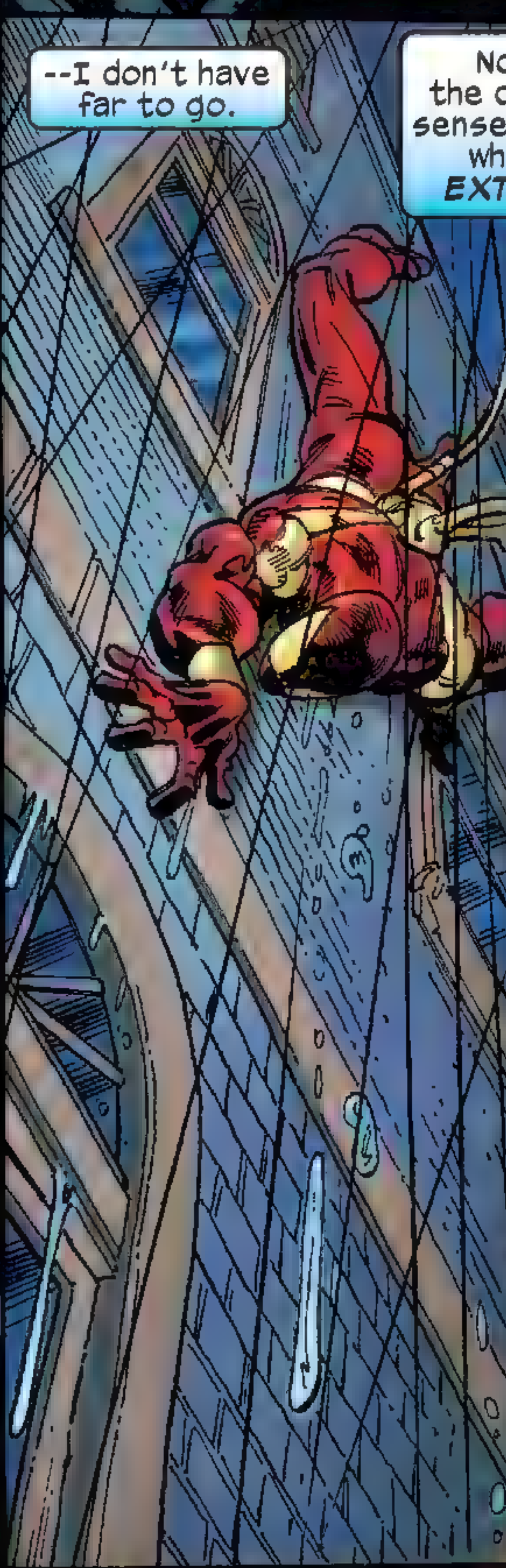


I love that I can be all like, "Gotta go hunt the Lizard, honey!" and she's all like, "Have fun storming the castle, babe!"



KRA-KOW!

Luckily, even though it's METAL, this new costume doesn't attract lightning. Luckily--



--I don't have
far to go.

Normally, I'd track
the doc using my spidey-
sense, but with that outta
whack...I need some
EXTRASENSORY help.

The last time I talked to the
X-MEN'S psychics, they told
me my Aunt May was dead,
so...thanks, but no thanks.

BESIDES, I heard
through the grapevine
that **SHE'D**
set up shop again...



SPIDER-MAN...
RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE.

...and **YEP**,
Madame Web
sure has.

NEXT: VERMIN VERSUS THE LIZARD VERSUS SPIDEY!!

The Sensational **SPIDER-MAN**

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CASSANDRA WEBB.

MADAME WEB.

CREEPY
CLAIRVOYANT.

I SAW YOU
DIE, SPIDER-
MAN...

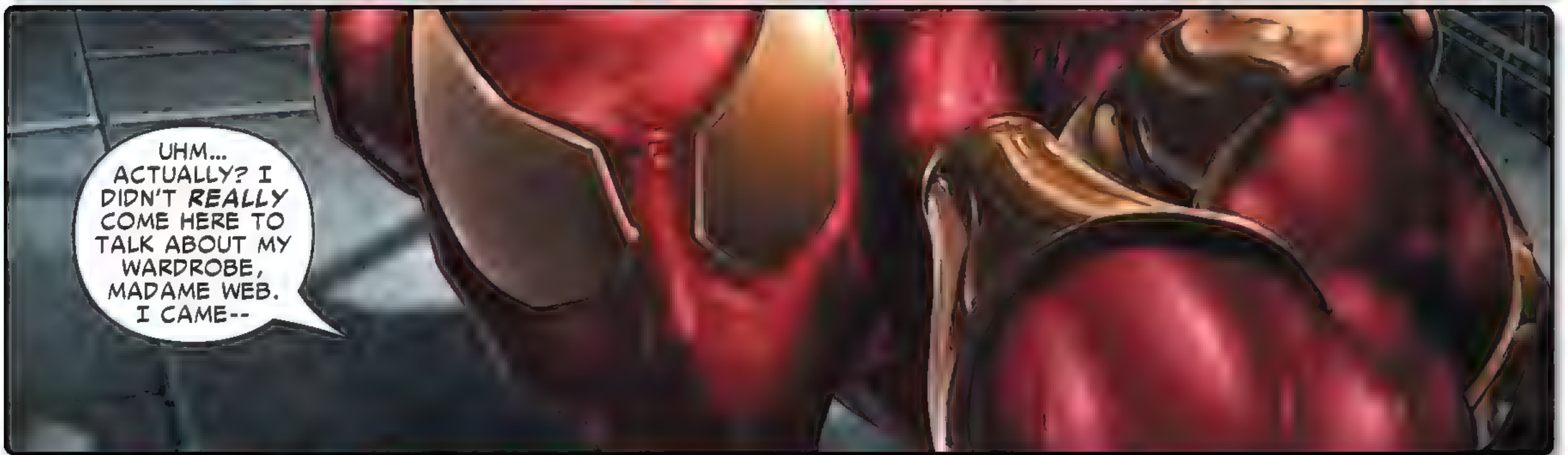
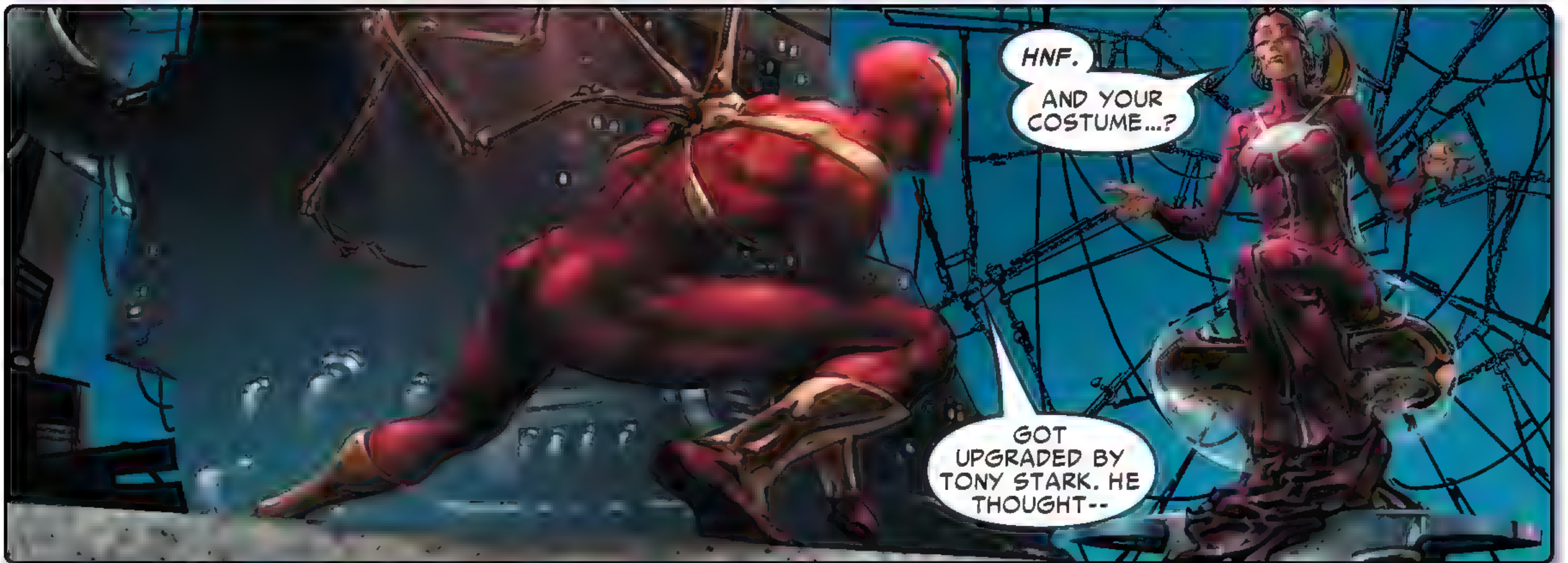
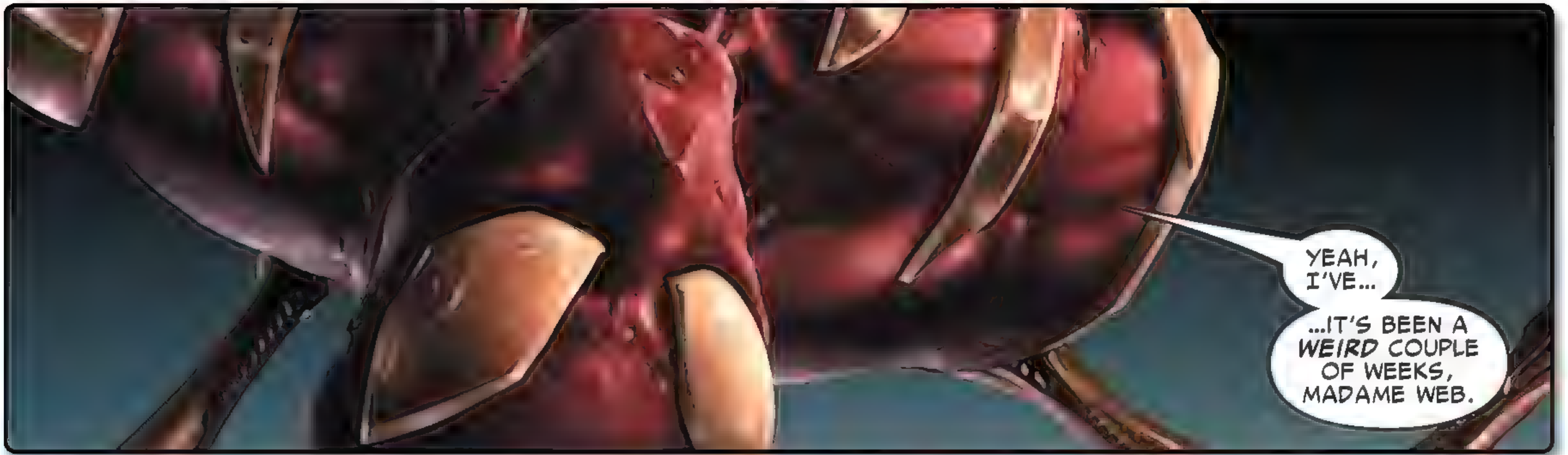
I SAW
YOU DIE AND BE...
REBORN.

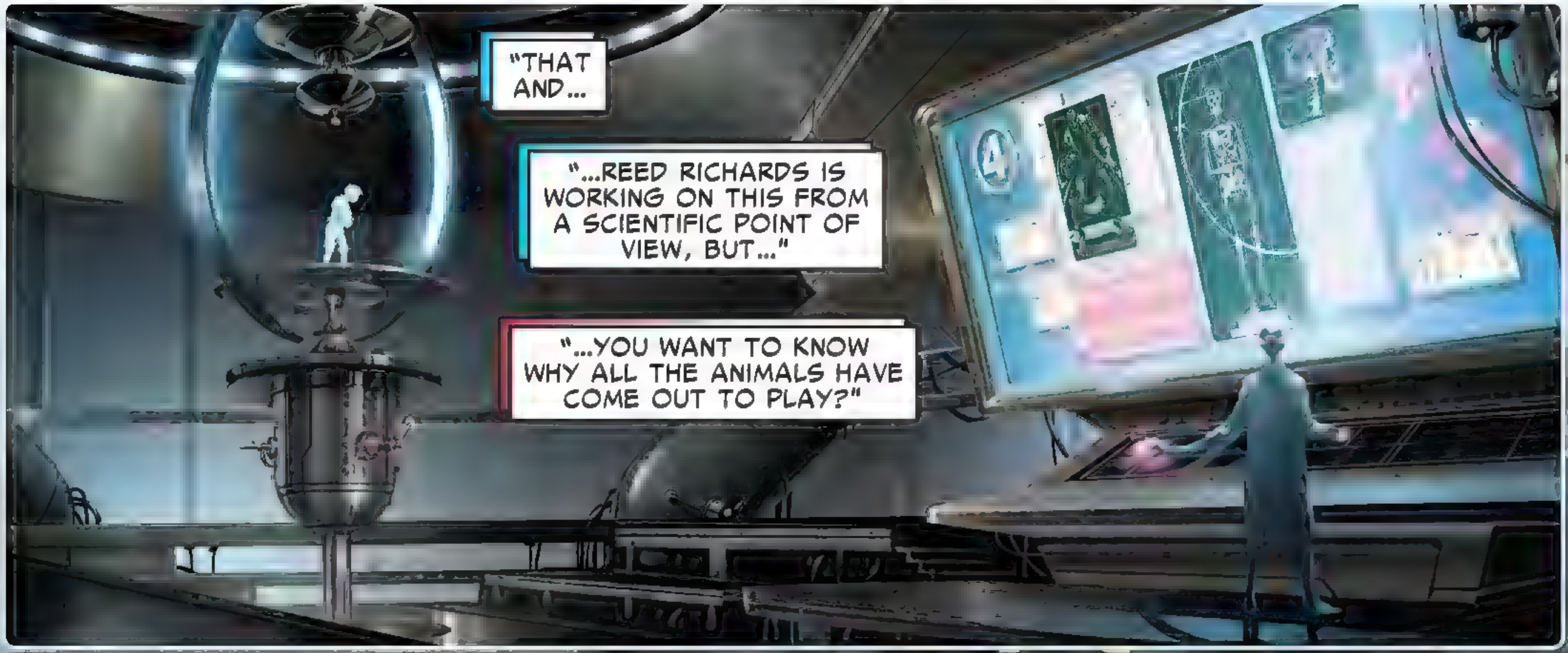
FERAL PART FOUR: The Beasts Within

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA WRITER	CLAYTON CRAIN PENCILER	CORY PETIT LETTERS	AXEL ALONSO CONSULTING EDITOR	WARREN SIMONS EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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"THAT
AND..."

"...REED RICHARDS IS
WORKING ON THIS FROM
A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF
VIEW, BUT..."

"...YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHY ALL THE ANIMALS HAVE
COME OUT TO PLAY?"



"THE
VULTURE..."

"THE
LIZARD..."

"L' HOMME-
LOUP..."

"MAN-WOLF,
YEAH..."



AND...HE'S
LIKE A RAT? A...
SHREW?

...VERMIN?
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT...?

...AND
YOU, WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
YOU, TOO.



"AND THE
BLACK CAT,
YEAH."

"ANY IDEAS?"



EVERYTHING
IS CONNECTED BY
A **WEB**, SPIDER-MAN...
YOU, MORE THAN ANY-
ONE, SHOULD UNDER-
STAND THAT...

INVISIBLE STRANDS
THAT **LINK** EVERY LIVING
THING TO EVERY **OTHER**
LIVING THING...

THAT **JOIN**
YOU TO ALL
YOUR **FOES**...



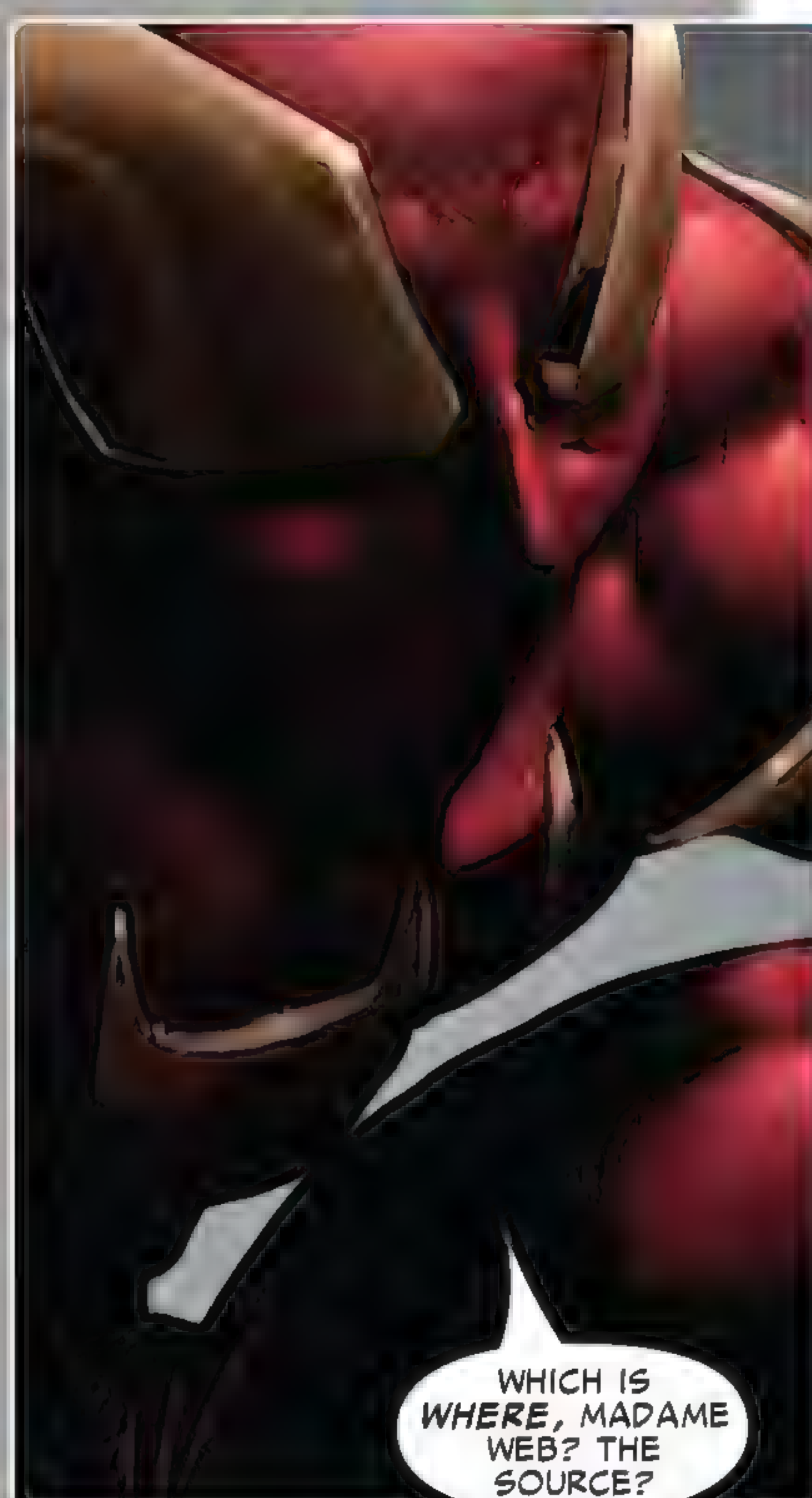
BUT...THE
TAPESTRY OF LIFE
HAS BECOME...**TAINED**,
SPIDER-MAN. **POLLUTED**.
AND YOU'RE ALL
BECOMING...

ANGRY?
ANGRIER?



FERAL,
SPIDER-MAN.
MORE...**ANIMALISTIC**.
YOU **LESS SO**
BECAUSE YOUR
CORE NATURE IS...
DECENT.

BUT
EVENTUALLY...
UNLESS YOU FIND
THE **SOURCE**...
YOU, AS WELL.



WHICH IS
WHERE, MADAME
WEB? THE
SOURCE?



...**NO**,
RIGHT NOW YOUR
PLACE IS CHASING
AFTER YOUR
FRIEND...

GO WHERE
NATURE'S **THICKEST**
AND FIND THE **LIZARD**,
SPIDER-MAN... AND
THEN FOLLOW **HIM** TO
THE **INFECTION'S**
SOURCE.

A large panel showing Iron Man in his red and gold suit, flying through a city. He is surrounded by a dense web of white spider webs that are catching him. The background shows tall city buildings under a grey sky.

Back in Midtown High, in mythology class, I learned that Cassandra was a blind prophetess who always spoke the truth.

Which means--for *ME*, in the *PRESENT*--that when Cassandra *WEBB* talks, *I* listen.

So I'm gliding towards *WHERE NATURE'S THICKEST*. Which, in New York City, has gotta be Central Park.

A close-up panel of Iron Man's face. He is looking forward with a slight smile. The background is blurred, showing more spider webs and city structures.

And...how *SWEET* is it that I can practically fly now?

(And not *THAT* weird since lots of spiders fly by *BALLOONING*. By spinning a thread that catches the wind and drags them up, up, up and away.)

Thank you, Tony Stark...



"...WHEREVER YOU ARE."

Couldn't stay in the Baxter Building with that **CREEPY** Reed Richards. Even though he **WAS** trying to help me. And even though it feels like--

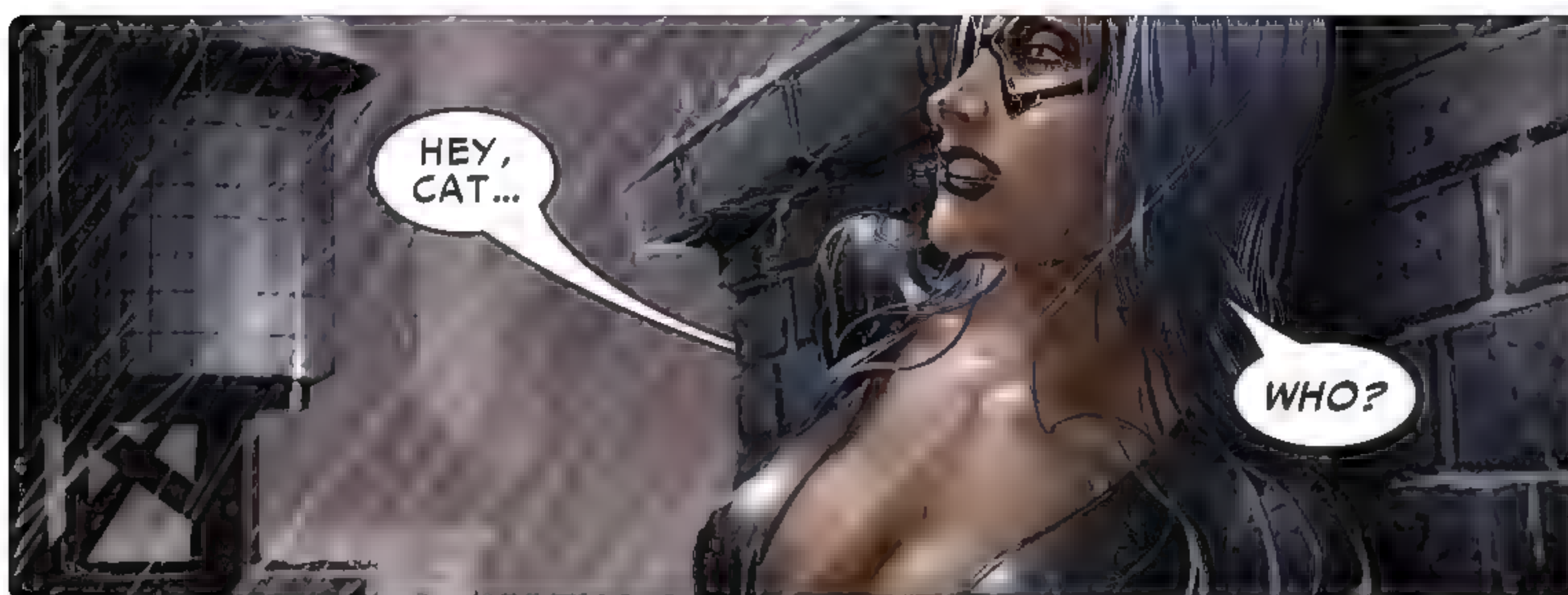
--like my **GUTS** are on fire.



Like if I don't **KILL AND EAT SOMETHING** soon--

OH, GOD--

--it's going to get very, **VERY** ugly.



HEY, CAT...

WHO?



...DON'T FIGHT IT. YOU'LL **LOSE**. TRUST ME AND... FIGHT ME.

P-PUMA?

YOU... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...



NO, I **DO**, CAT. THAT'S WHY I'M SAYING: FIGHT ME AND GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM.



WHERE...
WHERE'D YOU
COME FROM?

WH...
WHY?

I'VE BEEN
TRACKING YOU, CAT.
I *SMELLED* YOU AND I
STARTED TRACKING YOU...
THIRTEEN BLOCKS
AGO.

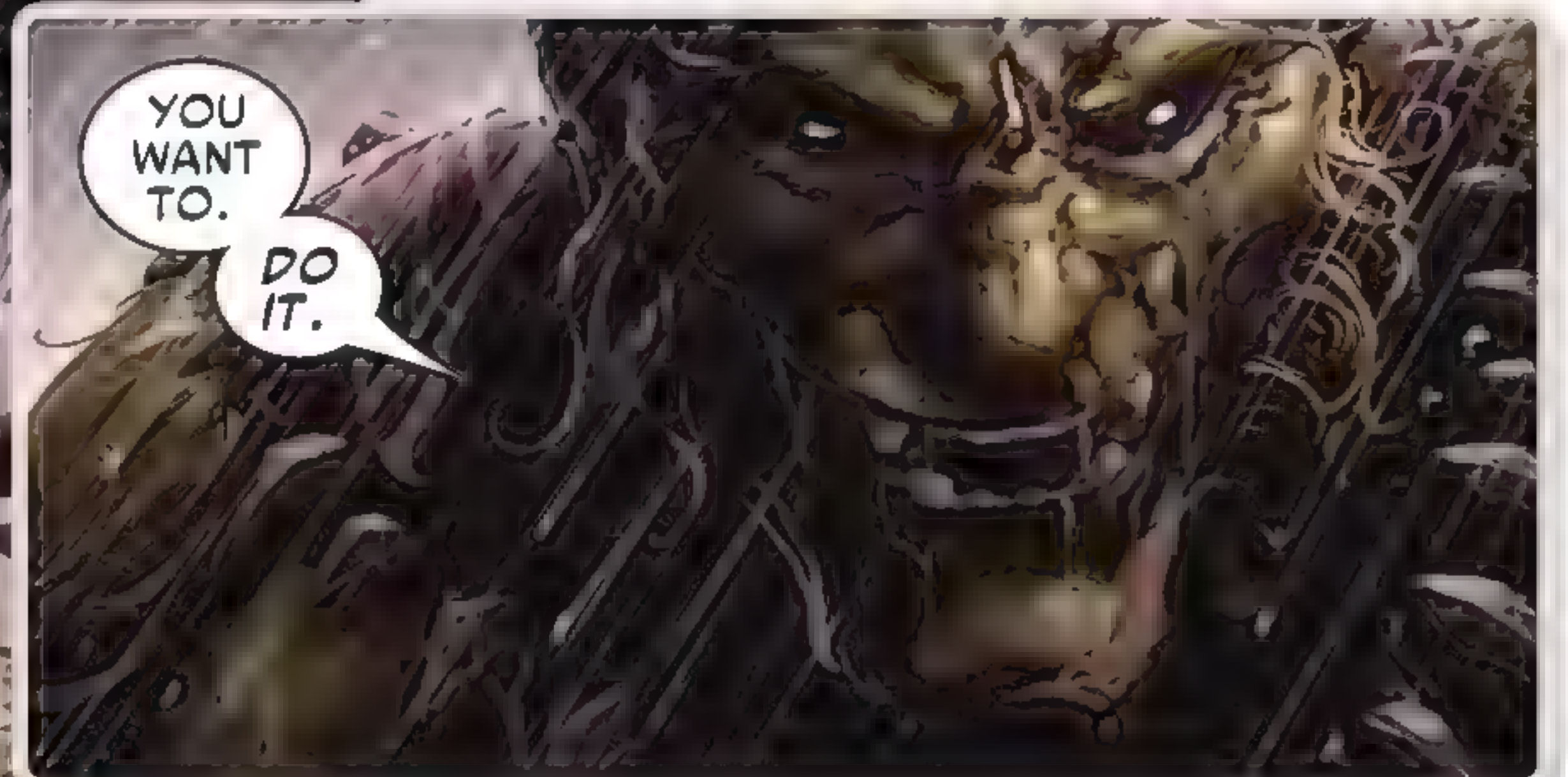


I PICKED
UP THE SCENT
OF YOUR FEAR...
YOUR ANGER...

RELEASE IT
BEFORE YOU
DO SOMETHING
TERRIBLE.



WHAT?
N...NO.



YOU
WANT
TO.

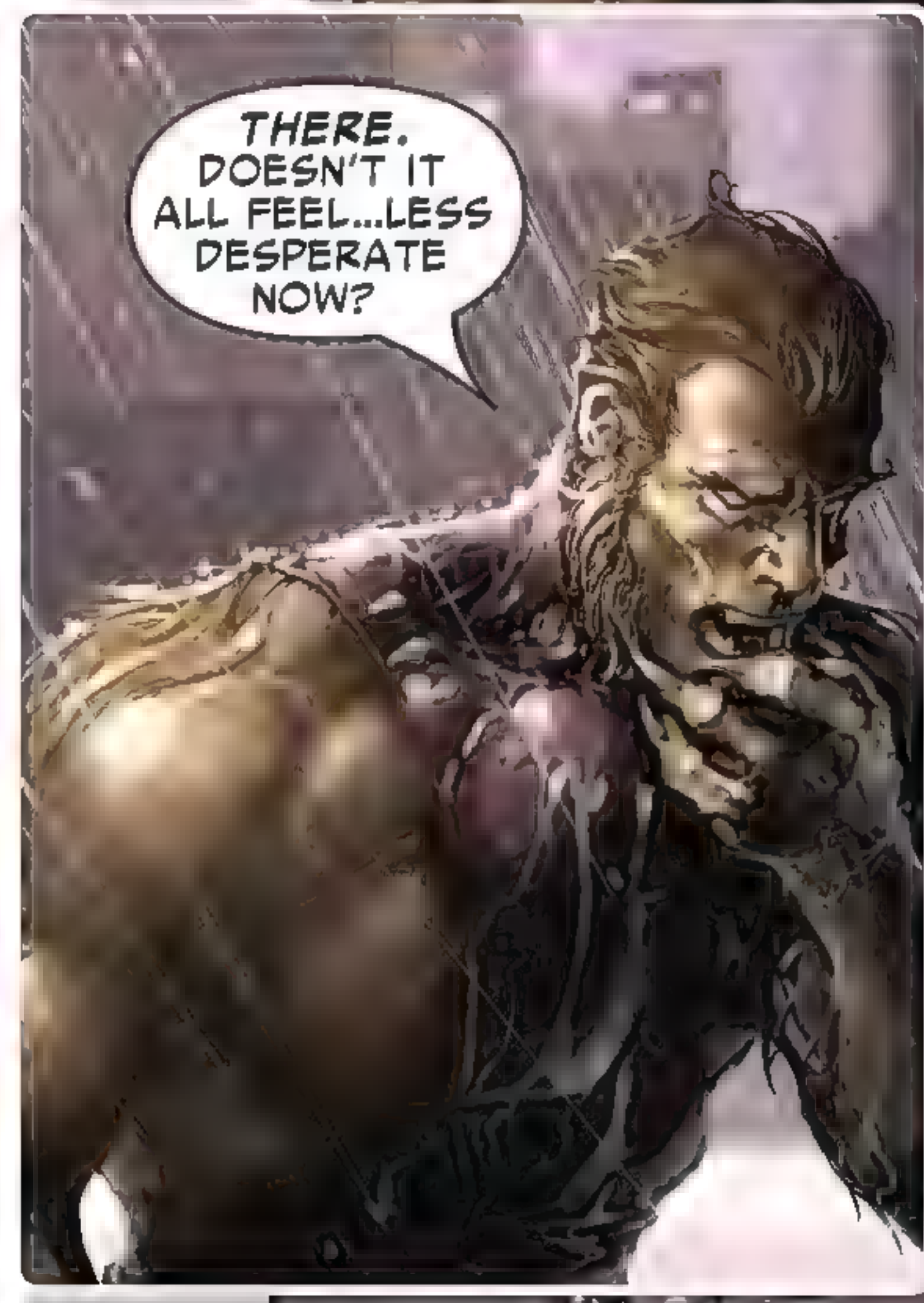
DO
IT.



NO.
I--



I'M
TELLING YOU.
JUST--



THERE.
DOESN'T IT
ALL FEEL...LESS
DESPERATE
NOW?

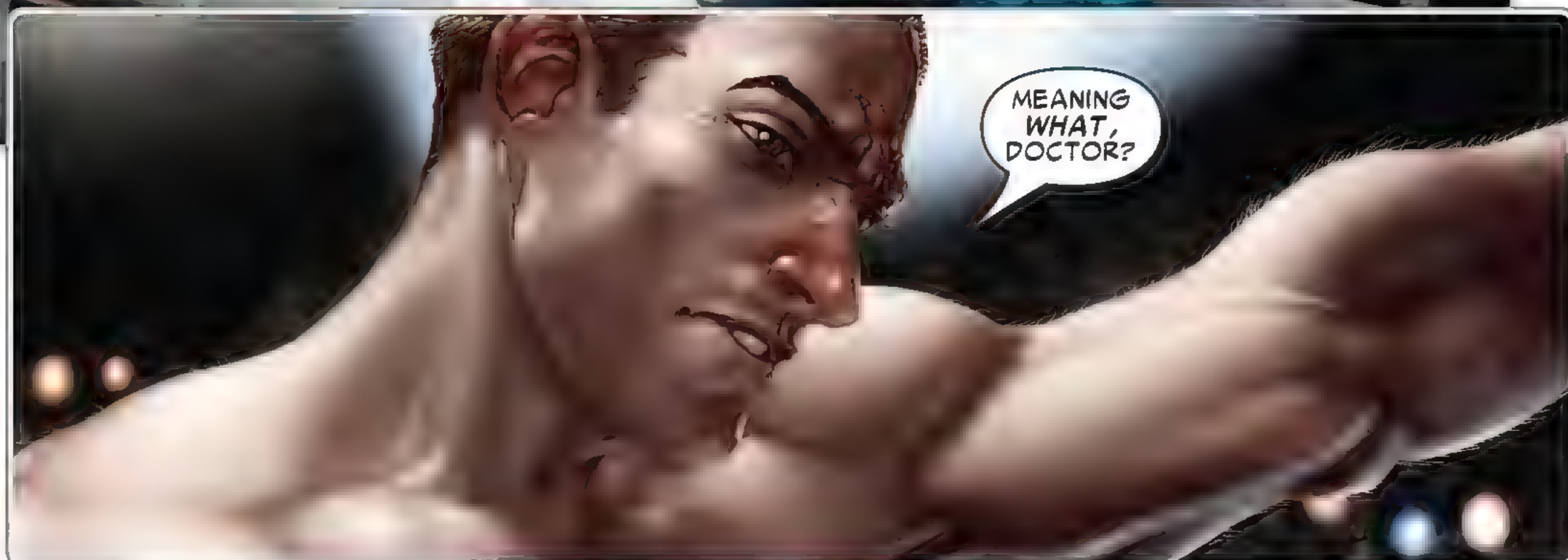


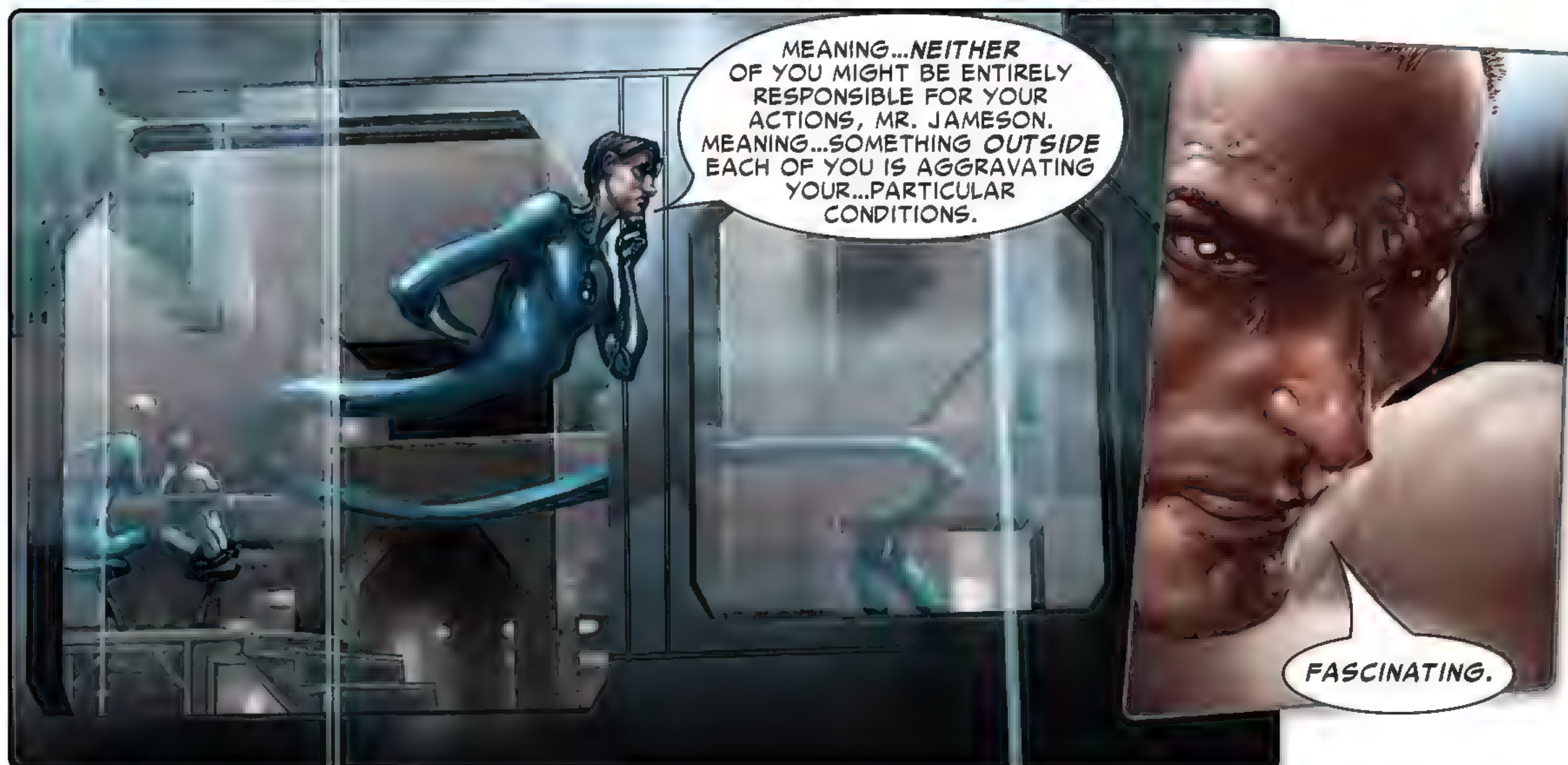
YE...
...YES.

THAT
CALM WILL LAST
FOR AWHILE, BUT
THEN...

WHATEVER'S
DOING THIS TO US,
CAT, IT **BUILDS UP**
IN OUR SYSTEMS...









"HIS WORDS WERE BECOMING
SCREAMS AND I COULD FEEL
MYSELF BECOMING..."

"LIKE I WANTED TO
LEAP ACROSS THE
TABLE AND...AND..."

"...AND THAT'S WHEN
I LOOKED DOWN AT
MY HANDS."

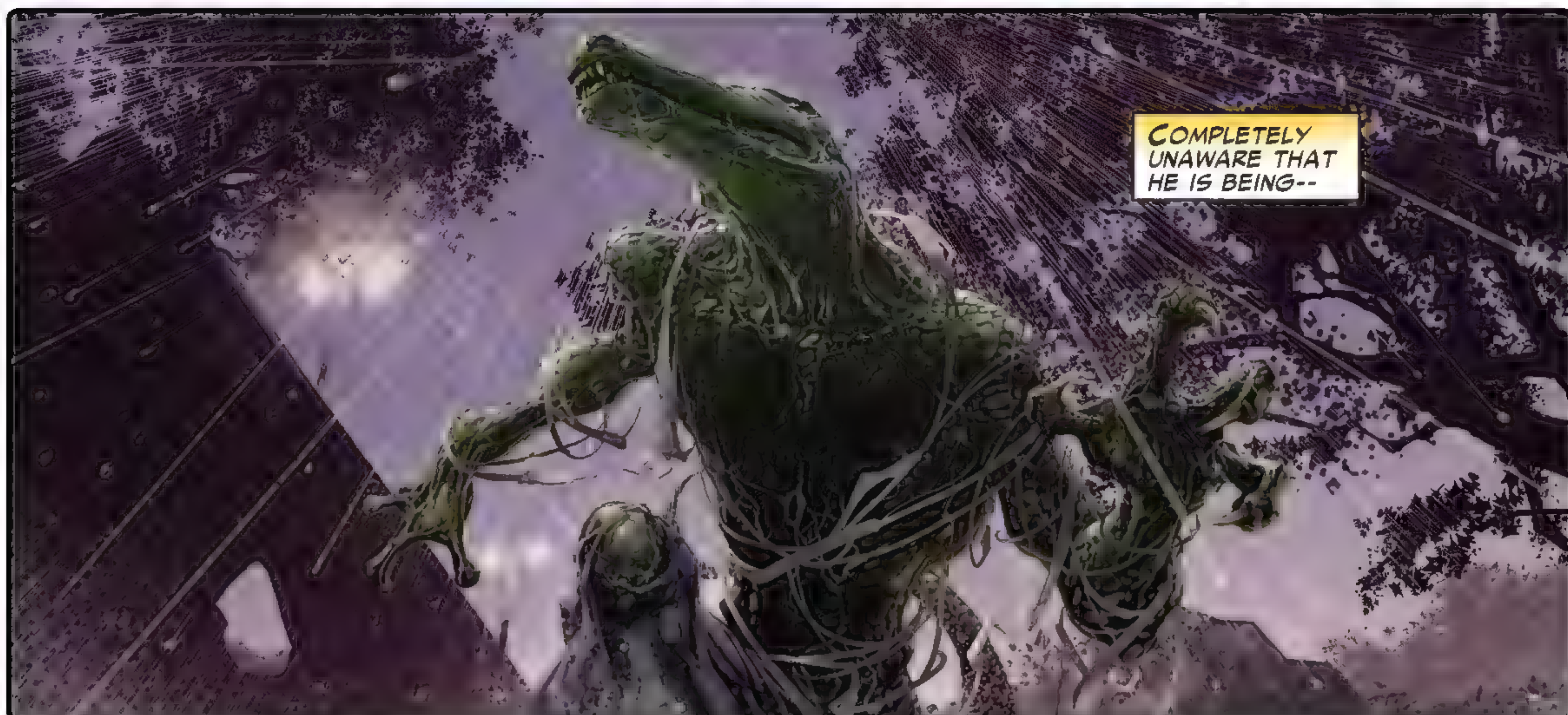
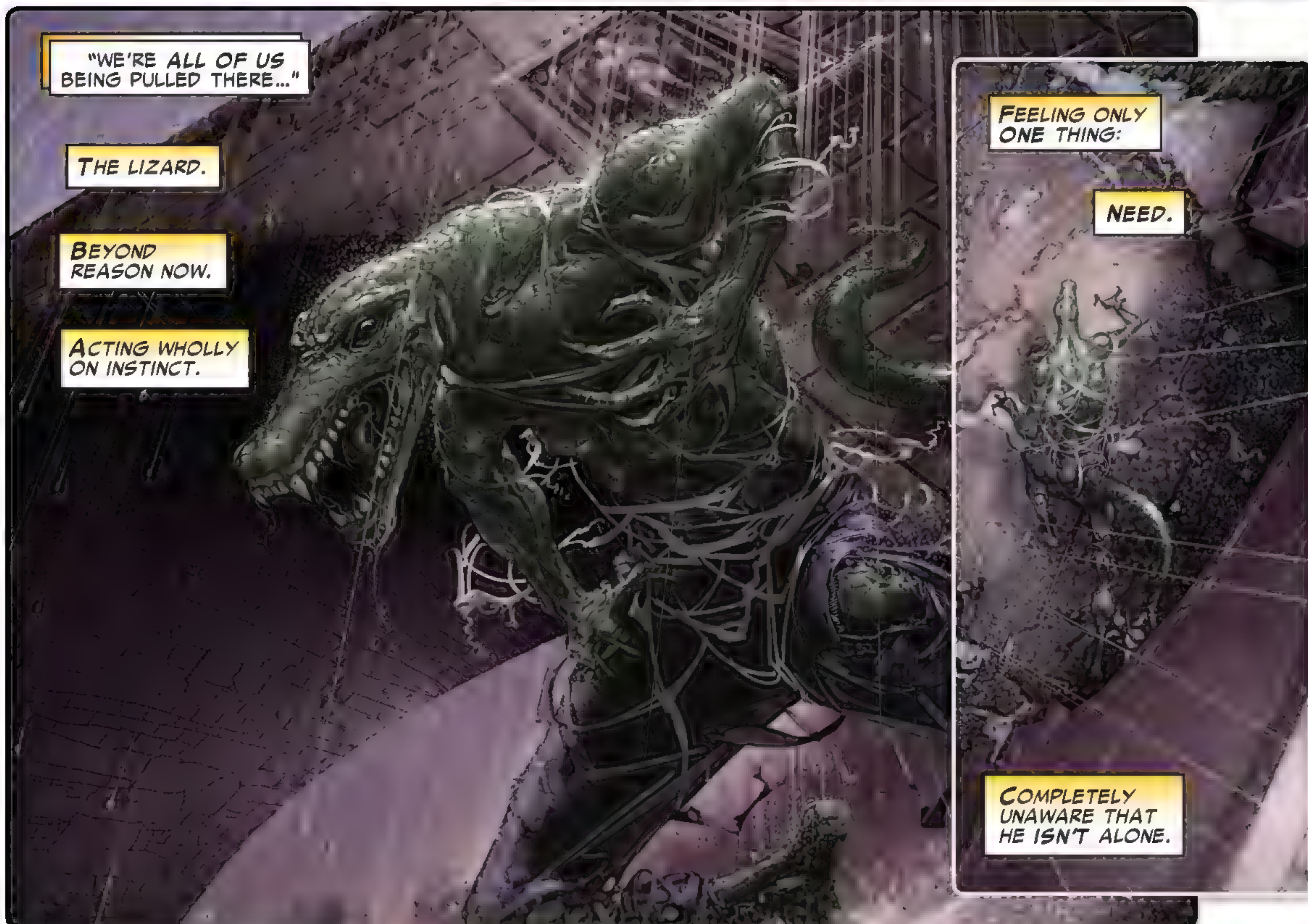
"I HAD
SECONDS,
A MINUTE..."

"IT HAD BEEN
SUCH A LONG TIME,
AND THE PAIN..."

"THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS
OF HAIRS BURSTING THROUGH MY
SKIN AT ONCE...BONES ELONGATING,
MUSCLES THICKENING..."

"AND THEN..."

"...THE
HUNGER..."





--STALKED.

BY VERMIN.

HALF-MAN,
HALF-RAT.

THE LOWEST
OF THE LOW.

YOU EVER SEE
A RAT FIGHT?

IT ISN'T
PRETTY.

ESPECIALLY WHEN
IT'S RABID.

ESPECIALLY WHEN
ALL IT FEELS IS--

HUNGRY.

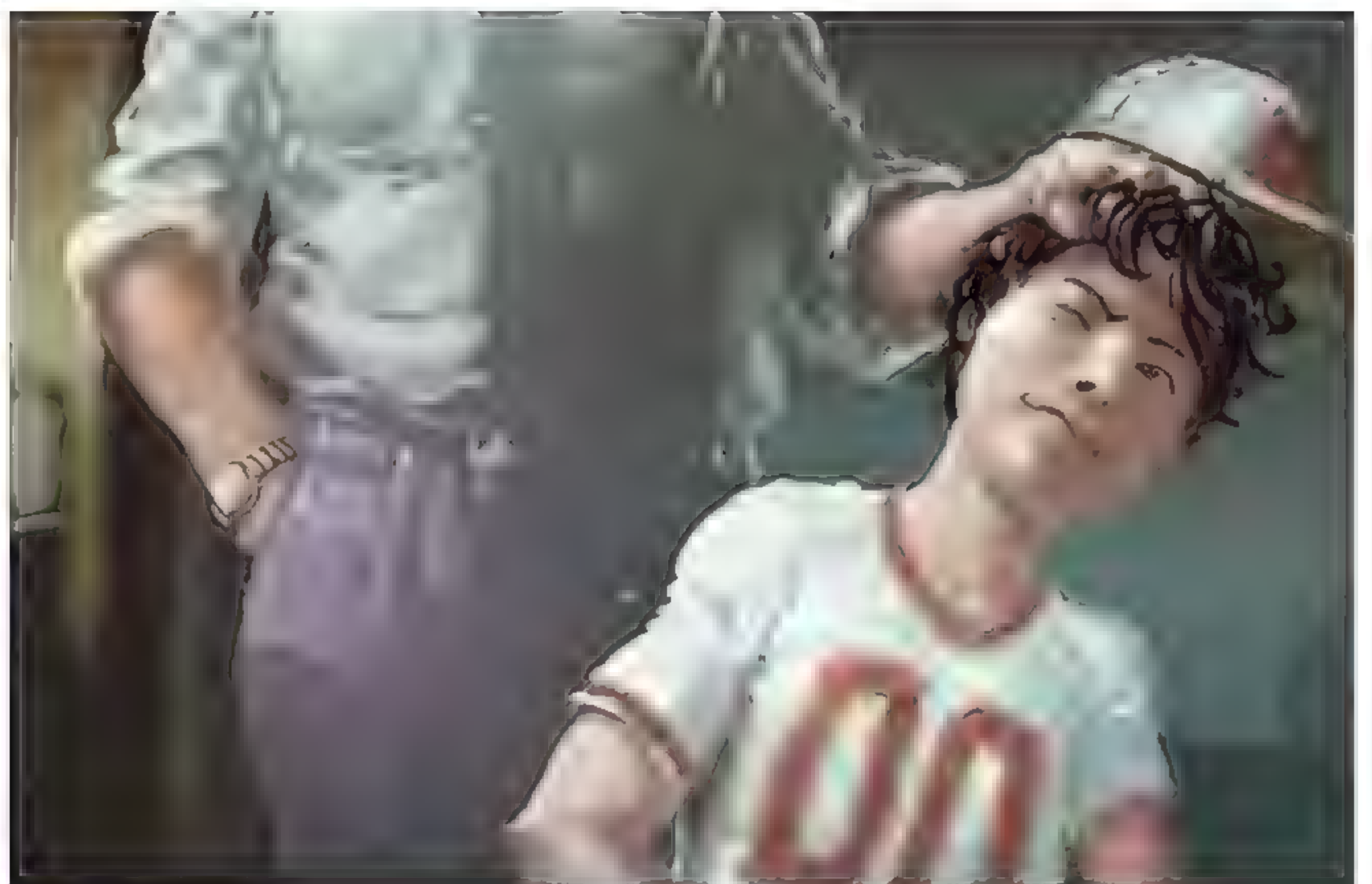
HUNGRYHUNGRY
HUNGRYHUNGRY.

ON THE ONE HAND,
SOME DARK, HIDDEN
PART OF THE LIZARD
THINKS:

"GIVE IN. LET
GO. GIVE UP."

(IT ISN'T EVEN AWARE
OF THESE THOUGHTS.)

ON THE OTHER
HAND, IT THINKS--
REMEMBERS--



AND ITS WILL
TO LIVE--TO
SURVIVE--

--SURGES
BACK.







See, this is
all part of my
master plan.

That I would
use the momentum
from Vermin's
"sneak attack"--

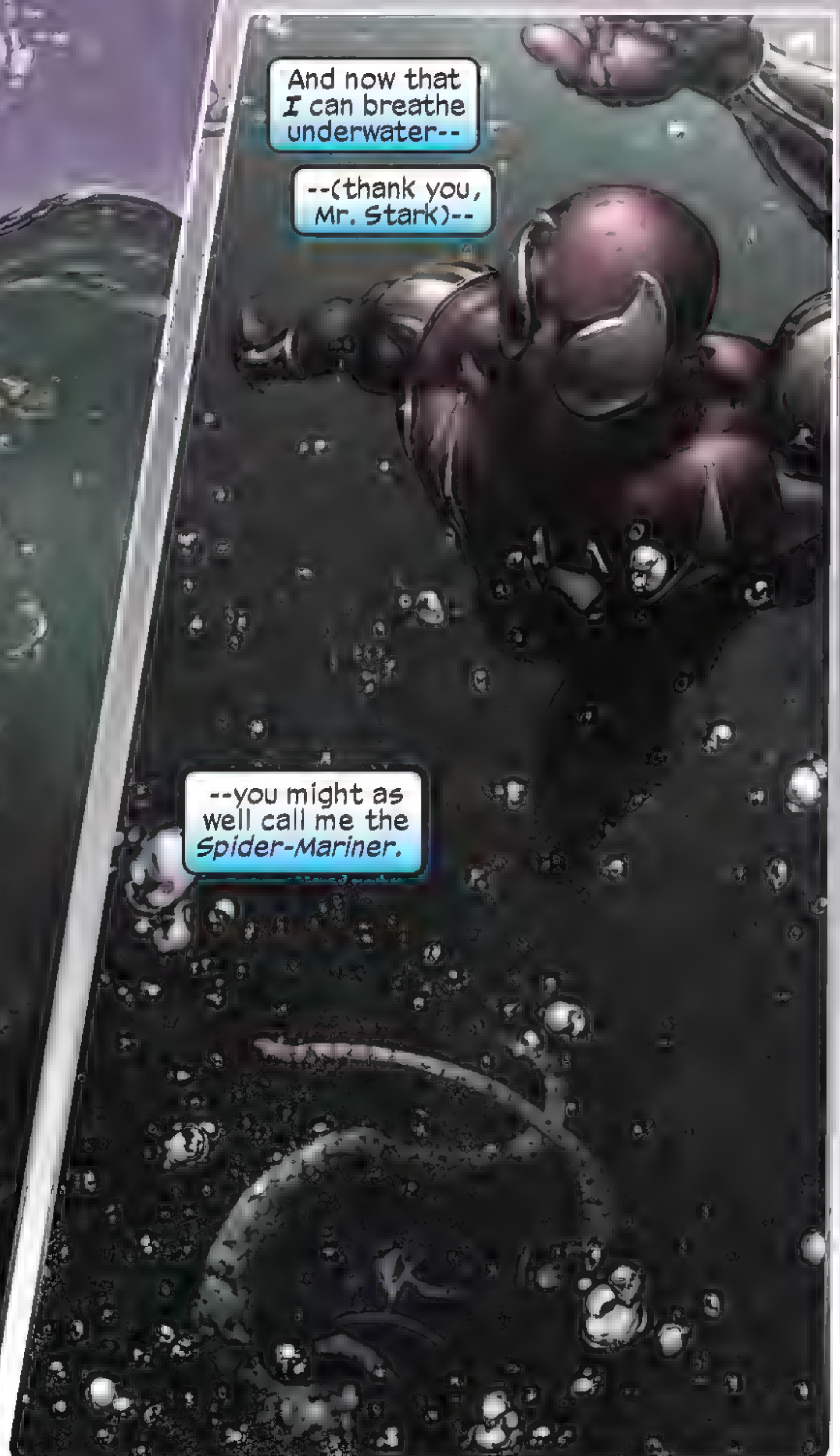


--and have it
carry us over--



--and **INTO**
the lake.

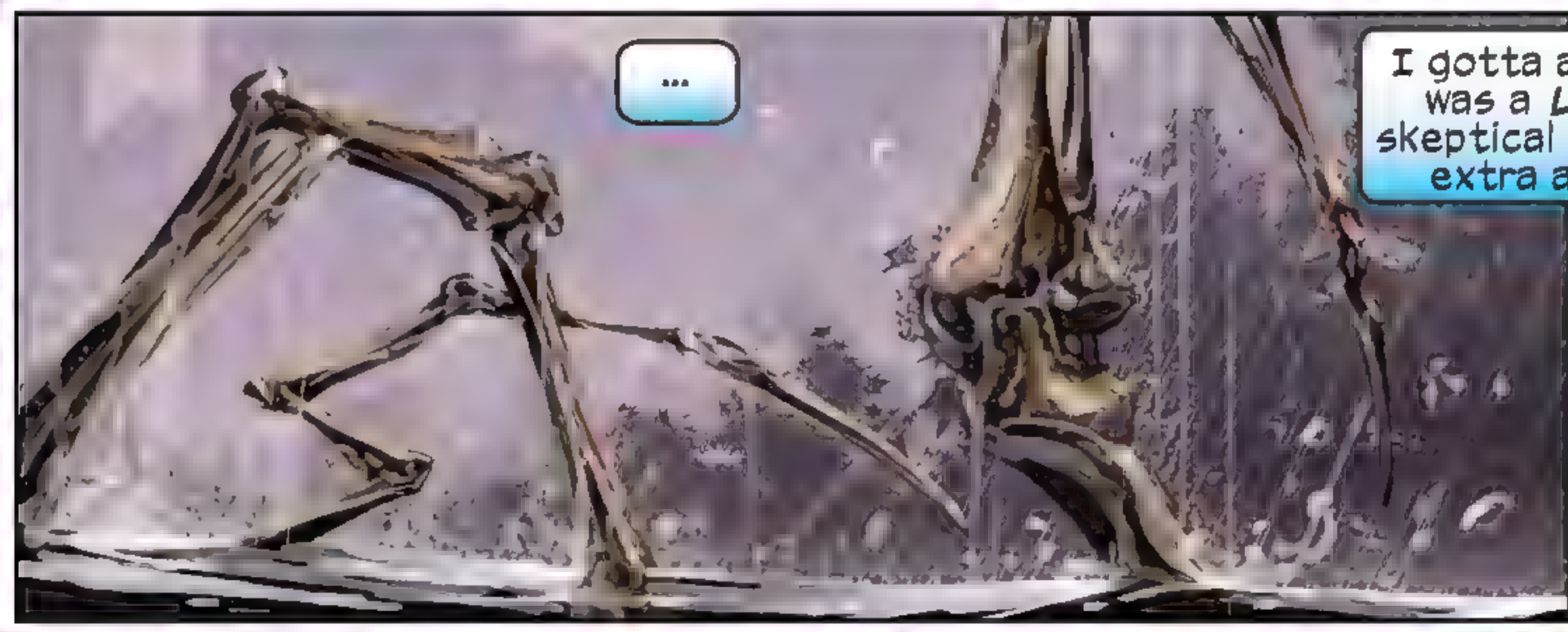
More than anything,
what these guys need
is a **COLD SHOWER.**



And now that
I can breathe
underwater--

--(thank you,
Mr. Stark)--

--you might as
well call me the
Spider-Mariner.



...

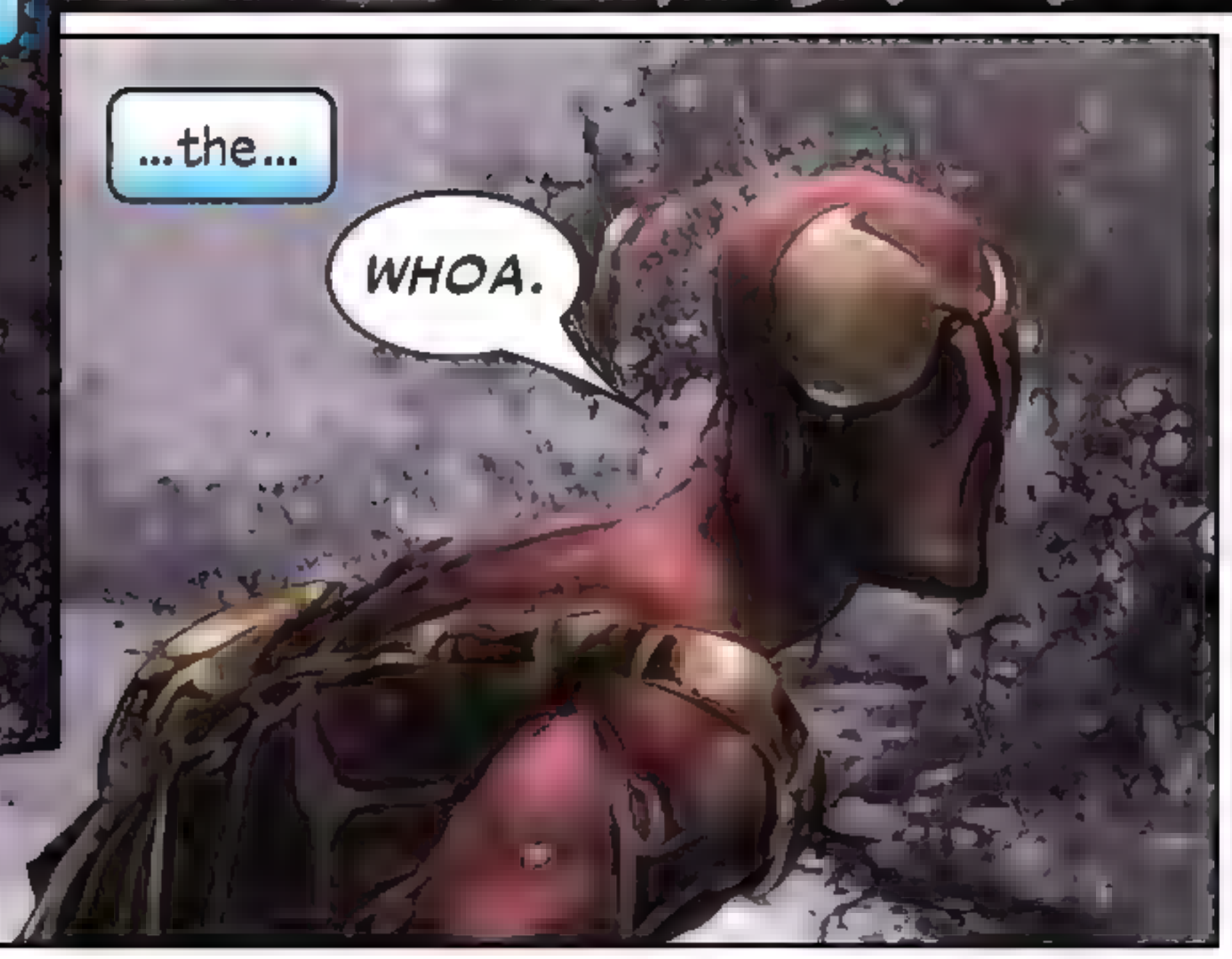
I gotta admit, I was a **LITTLE** skeptical of these extra arms--

--but they're certainly **CONVENIENT.**



Okay, now let's see if Madame Web's still got it.

Let's see if coming after the doc will, indeed, lead me to the...



...the...

WHOA.



If **THAT'S** not the "source of the infection"...

...I'm a
monkey's
uncle.

SSSSSSPIDER-
MAN, WELCOME TO
THE FUTURE...

DR. VINCENT
STEGRON?

TO BE CONCLUDED...

The Sensational SPIDER-MAN

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THE PAST.

THE ARCTIC
CIRCLE.

FROM THE
JOURNALS OF
DR. VINCENT
STEGRON:

*Do you believe
everything
happens for a
reason?*

*As a scientist,
I should
reject notions of
fate and pre-
destination, but...
experience teaches
me otherwise.*

*I left civilization
to escape the
world of men and
mammals...*

*After suffering
defeat at the
hands of Spider-
Man and his
warm-blooded
compatriots, I
exiled myself to
the edge of the
world...*

*...looking,
I think,
for death.*

*Instead,
I found...*

FERAL

PART
FIVE:

The

ROCK of LIFE

ROBERTO
AGUIRRE-SACASA
WRITER

ANGEL
MEDINA
PENCILER

SCOTT
HANNA
INKER

AVALON'S
DAN KEMP
COLORIST

CORY
PETIT
LETTERS

CLAYTON
CRAIN
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AXEL
ALONSO
CONSULTING EDITOR

WARREN
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EDITOR

JOE
GUESSADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

...the rock
of life.

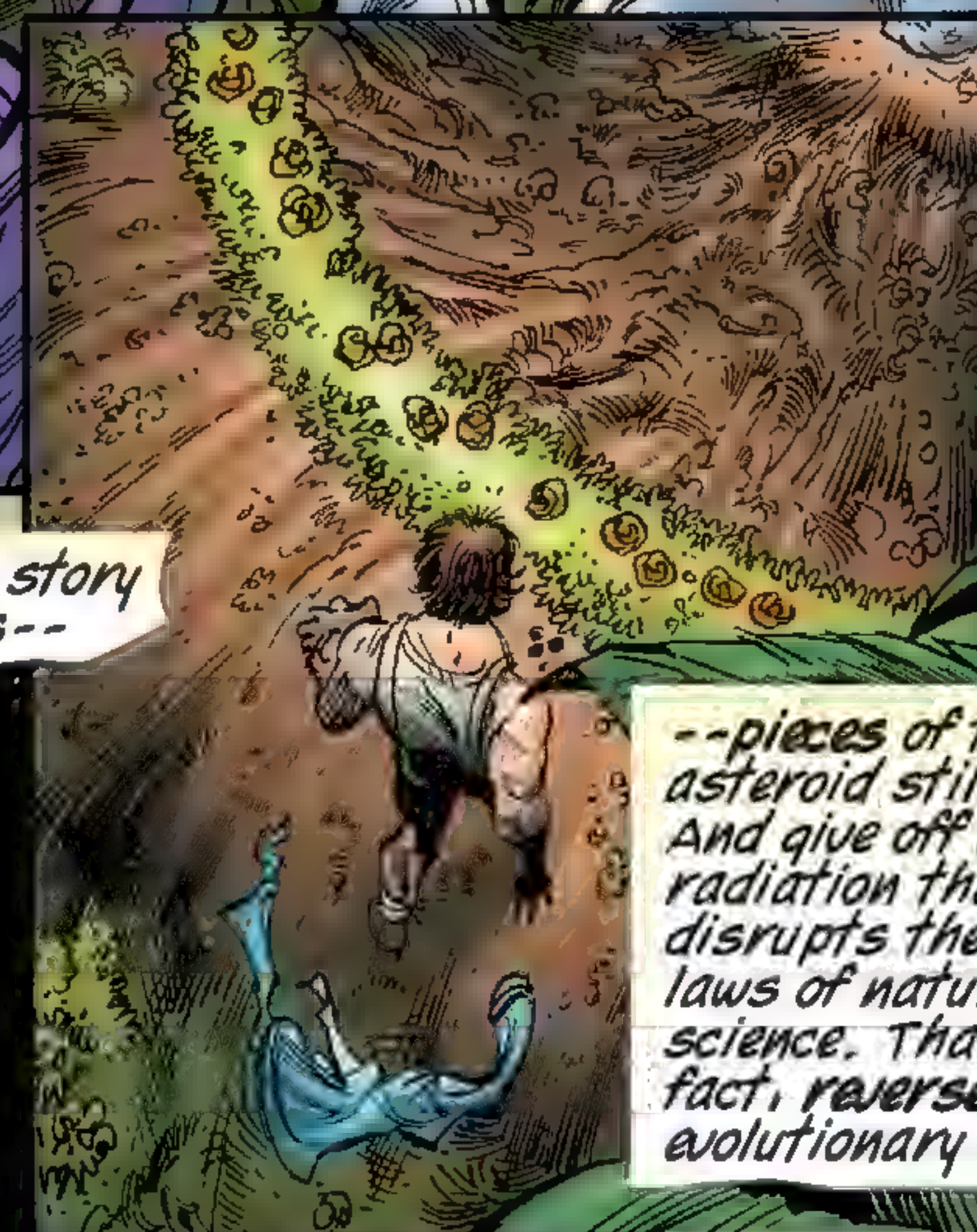


Have you ever heard about
the prime asteroid? From
which life first sprang?

whose physical
properties changed
over time, eventually
triggering the great
ice age?



The story
goes --



--pieces of that
asteroid still exist.
And give off a
radiation that
disrupts the very
laws of nature and
science. That can, in
fact, reverse the
evolutionary process.

I now
know...



...all the stories?
They're true.

The irony wasn't lost on me as I trudged across the ice:

That I, who had once dreamed of bringing the thunder lizards back to life...

...who dreamed of turning the modern world's most fetid, congested metropolis into a primordial, prehistoric utopia...

...I, Vincent Stegson, had literally stumbled across the answer to my every waking wish.

...
Everything happens for a reason...

...even to an also-ran like me.

The trip across the sea, back to New York, was quiet and uneventful.

(And short enough that I only ate three of my fellow travelers.)



I sent the rock
of life to my old
colleague, geologist
Richard Treyman.

No note,
no return
address.

A Trojan Horse,
hand-delivered
to the Museum
of Natural History.



HELLO,
CONNORS?
I WAS WONDERING
IF YOU MIGHT TAKE
A LOOK AT THIS
ASTEROID I HAVE
DOWN HERE.

...
YES, CURT,
I REALIZE YOU'RE
A BIOLOGIST, BUT
STILL...



I waited,
then.

waited
until...

...the rains came and
the asteroid's
radiation started to
seep out across
the city...



...and things began
to change...
devolve...

...and it was
time to claim
my kingdom.

STEGRON,
YOU NUT-JOB!!!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE TO US??

CRASHH!!

FIRSSST
THE ANIMALSSSS,
SPIDER-MAN...

The monkeys and
rhinos at the zoo that
killed themselves.

THEN THE
MONSTERSSSS...

Man-Wolf.
Vermin. The
Lizard.

THEN THE
MAMMALSSS
LIKE YOU...

UHHH!!

Me and
the Black
Cat, yeah.

(Man,
that hurt.)

THEN
EVERYONE
ELSSSSSE...

The whole
city, going
nuts.

And
none crazier
than--

IMAGINE
A WORLD OF
REPTILESSSS,
SSPIDER-
MAN...

DON'T NEED
TO, STEGGY, THAT'S
WHY GOD MADE ROGER
CORMAN MOVIES.

THWIP

THWIP

BUT WHAT
YOU SHOULD KNOW
IS? MAMMALS?

WE'RE
NEVER GOING
AWAY.

Uh, wait. Is
that a
RAPTOR?
Coming at me?
Is that a--?

R
E
E
E

SO.
AS I WAS
SAYING--

HEY,
where'd
Stegron
go???

OUTSIDE.

THE MUSEUM
OF NATURAL
HISTORY.

THE RAT AND
THE REPTILE.

VERMIN AND
THE LIZARD.

DUMB, STUPID
ANIMALS TRYING TO
KILL EACH OTHER.

THEY
WOULD,
TOO--

--IF NOT FOR
THE TWO OTHER
ANIMALS NEARBY.

ARR
RRGH!

WHICH DO
YOU WANT,
PUMA?

CLAWS
OR NO CLAWS,
I'M STILL A
GENTLEMAN,
CAT--



--YOU
TAKE YOUR
PICK.

SINCE DOC
CONNORS AND I
WERE INTERRUPTED
LAST TIME--

--AND
I HAVE A
THING AGAINST
RATS--

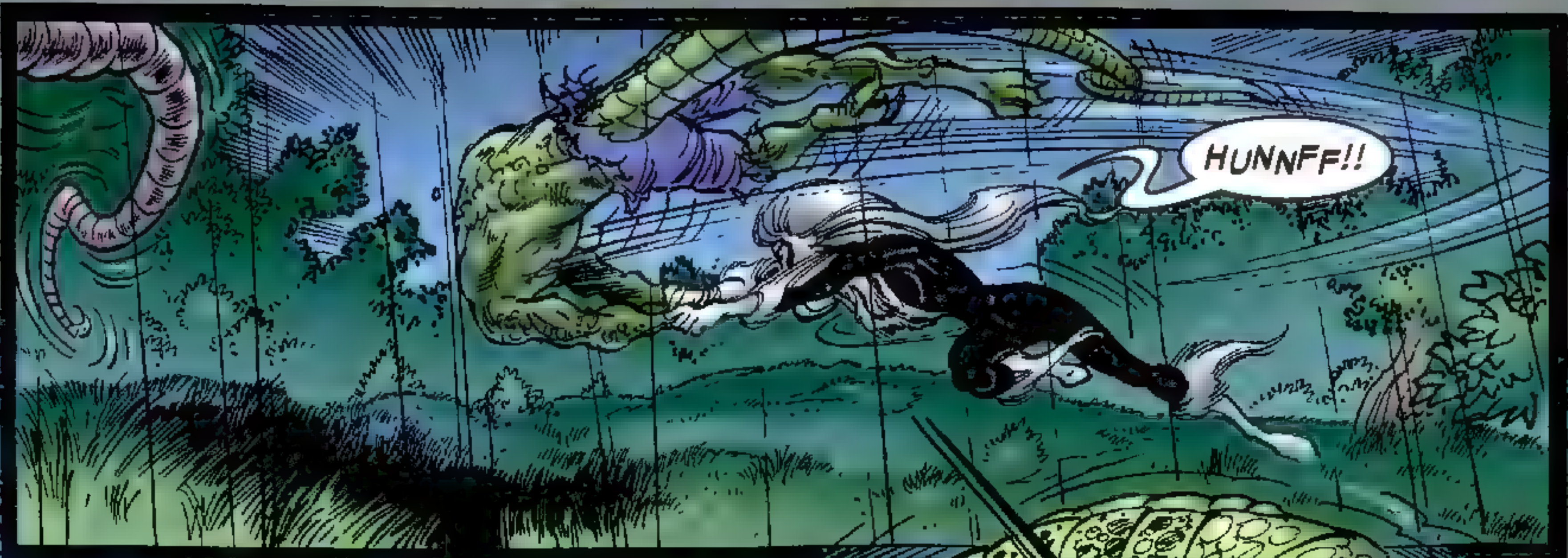
LOUD
AND CLEAR,
CAT.

WE ALMOST
KILLED EACH OTHER
LAST TIME, DOC, BUT THAT
DOESN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN
AGAIN. YOU'RE BASICALLY A
GOOD GUY. YOU CAN FIGHT
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO
US. YOU CAN--

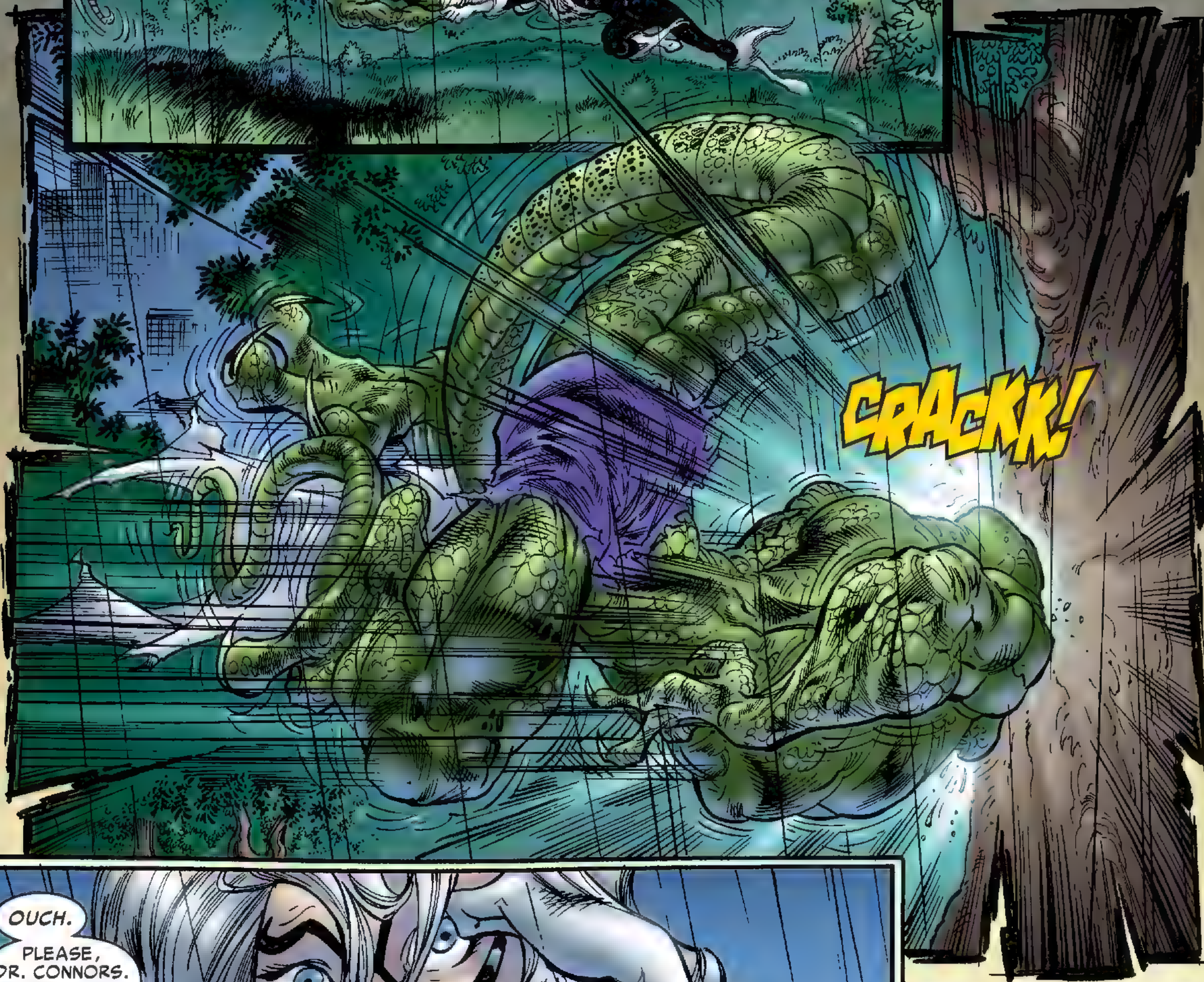
URRAHHGGHH!!!

??

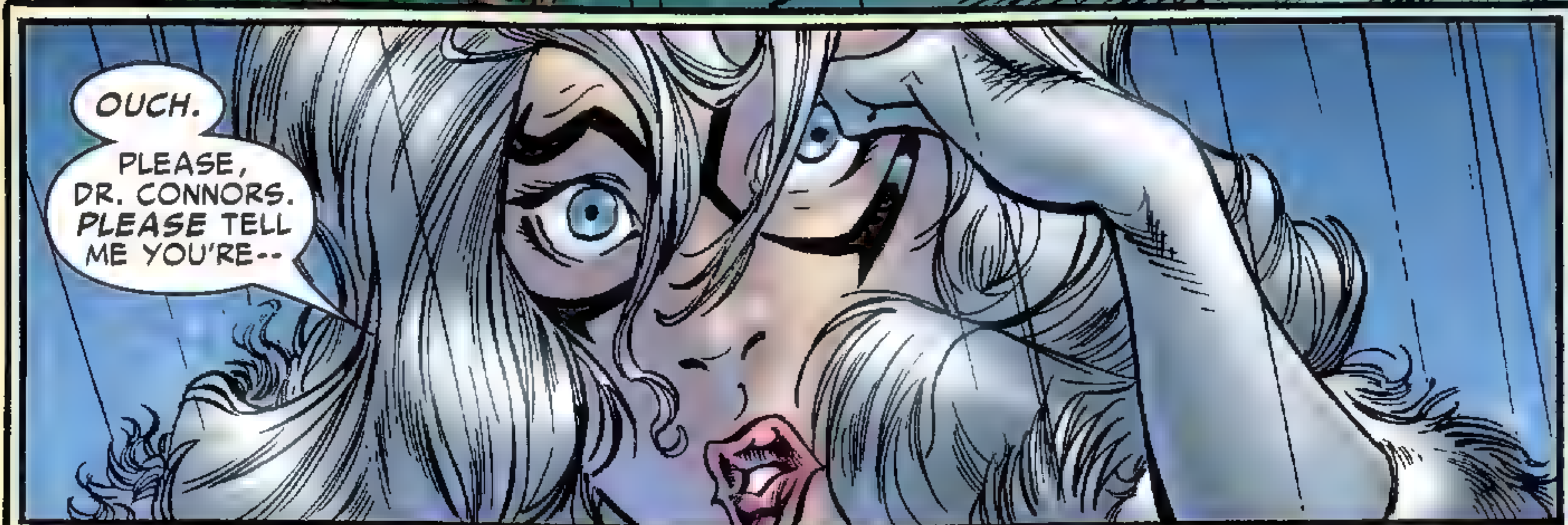
OR
NOT.



HUNNFF!!

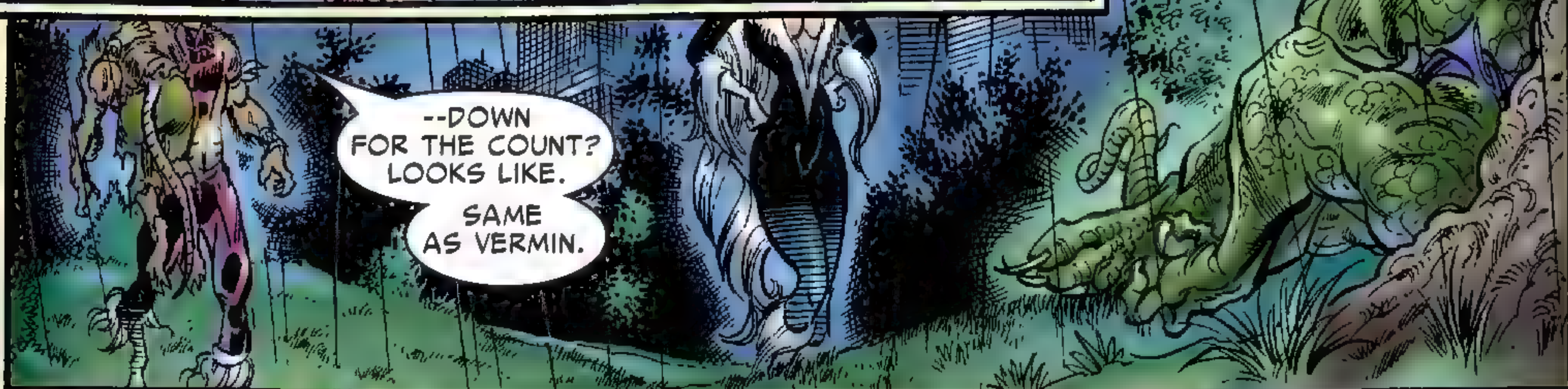


CRACKK!



OUCH.

PLEASE,
DR. CONNORS.
PLEASE TELL
ME YOU'RE--



--DOWN
FOR THE COUNT?
LOOKS LIKE.
SAME
AS VERMIN.



THAT WAS...
EFFICIENT.

THEY
WERE ALREADY
EXHAUSTED,
CAT...



"...AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY TIME TO WASTE."

Ironically, I'm in the **HALL OF INSECTS** now, playing...

...I mean, I'm actually **PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK** with a man who's half-dinosaur.



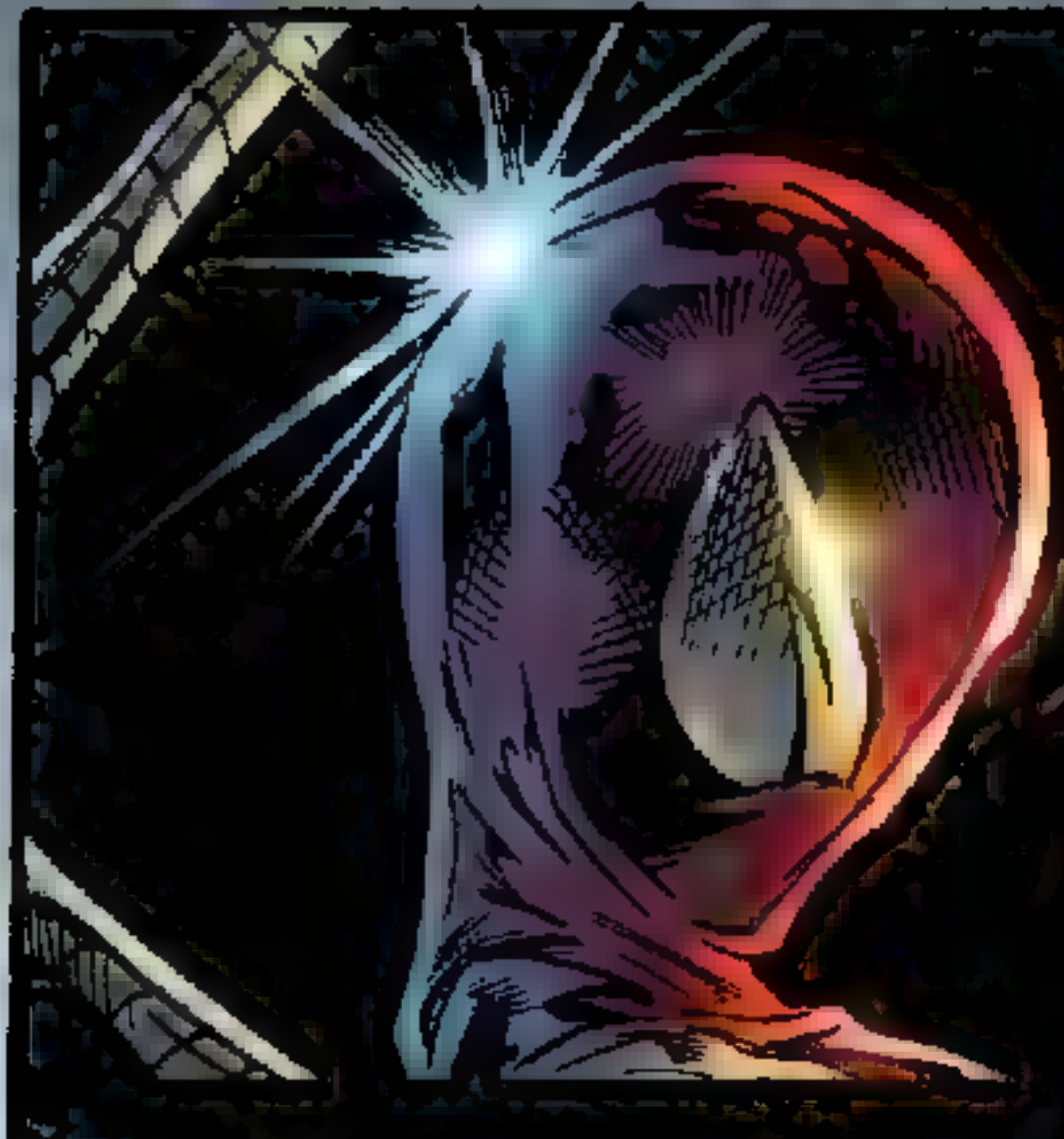
If I weren't such a **SCIENCE GEEK**, I'd be seriously--

--WAIT.

Something **SHUFFLING** over...

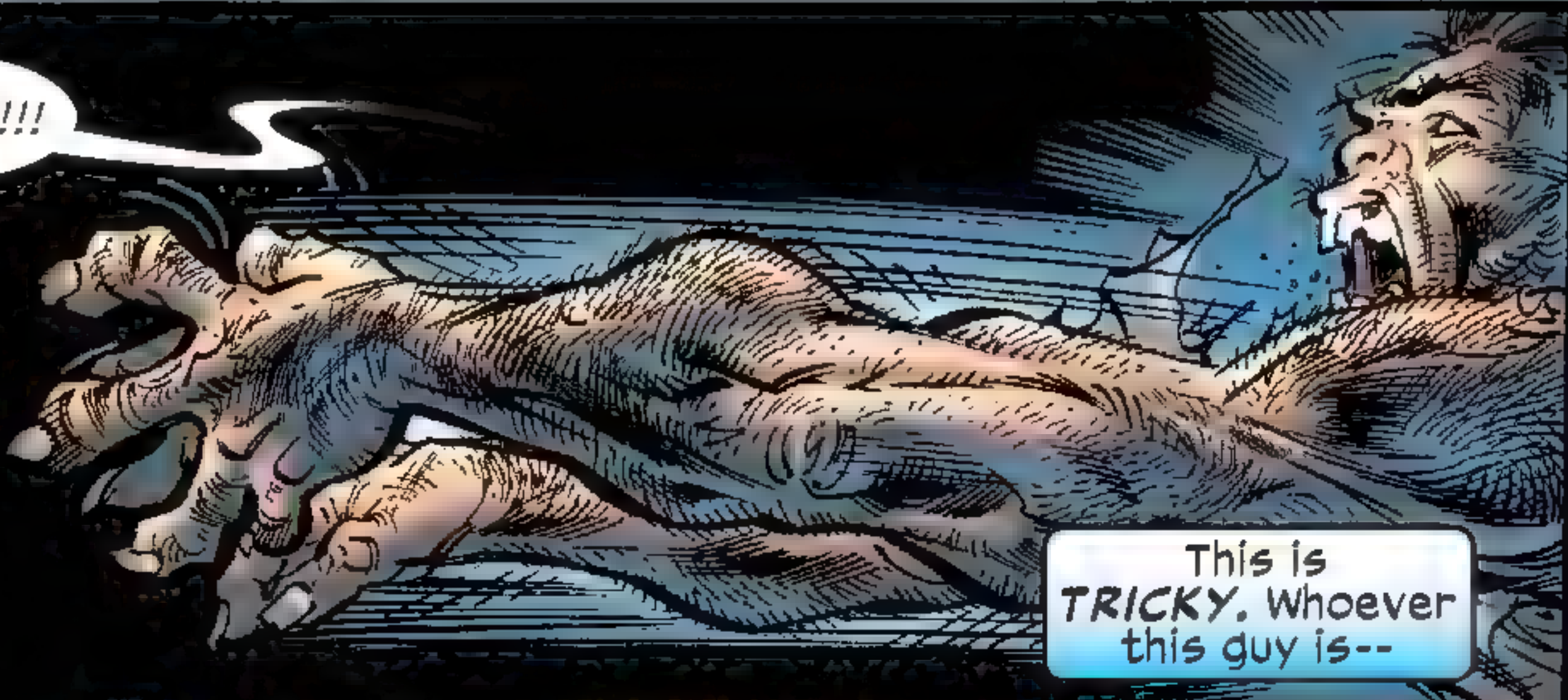
OH... MY...

HUHR?



HURAGHH!!!

WHOA.



This is
TRICKY. Whoever
this guy is--

--(probably
someone who works
at the museum)--

URARGHH??



--I **CAN'T**
hurt him.

I just have
to **CONTAIN**
him.

URRHHDD!

THUD!



And hope that his
transformation--

THWIP

THWIP



--(DEVOLUTION,
actually)--

--can be
REVERSED.



UHRGAHHH...



AND THAT
ISSS MEANT TO
BE THE DOMINANT
SSSPECIESSS?

STUPID. My
spider-sense
is still--

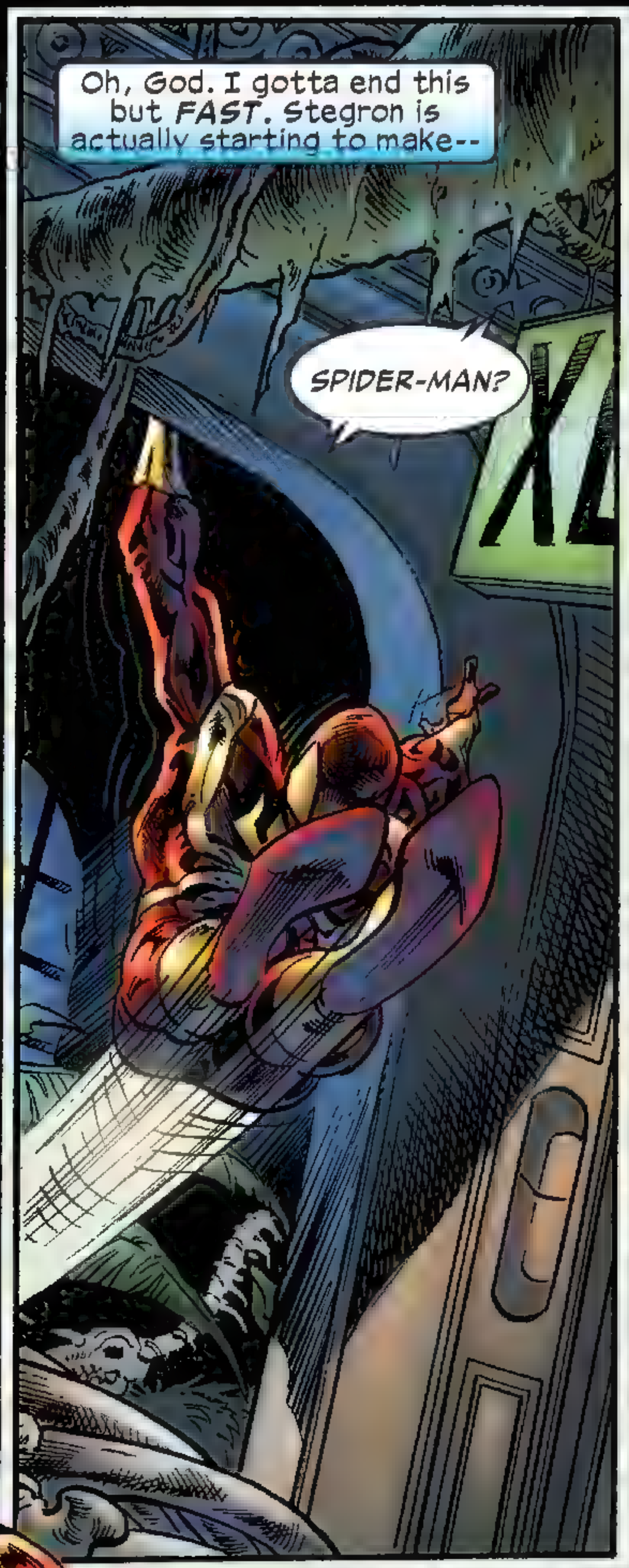
THWACK!

FOR THAT
DROOLING MESSSSS,
REPTILESSSS SSSHOULD
ROLL OVER AND PLAY
DEAD???

THE MORE
MAMMALSSS
DEVOLVE,
SSSPIDER-
MAN--
--THE
MORE PATHETIC
THEY GET.

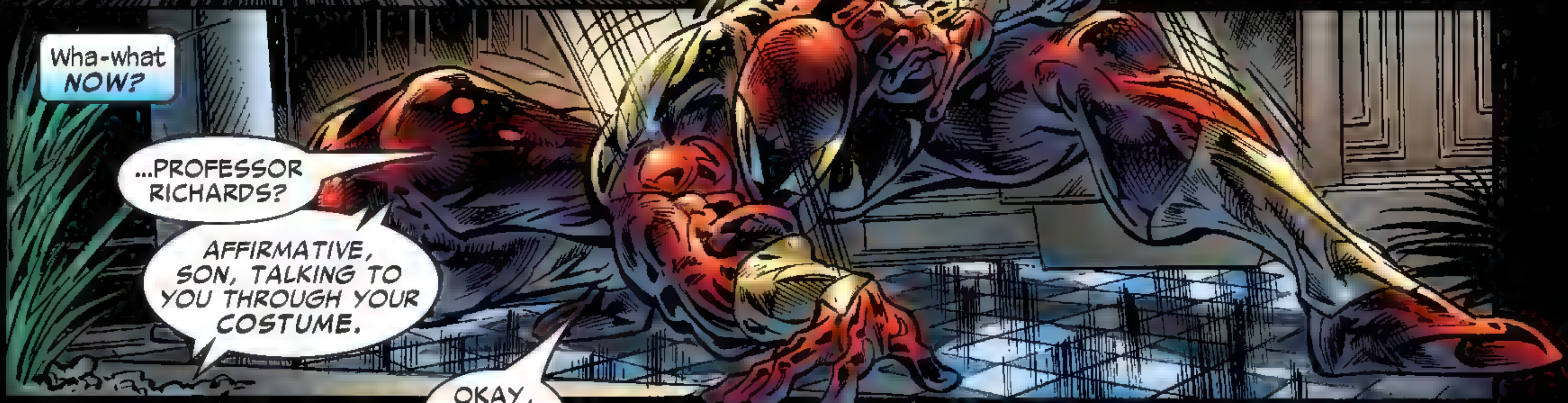


THE MORE
REPTILESS DEVOLVE,
THE SSSTRONGER--THE
MORE SSSUPERIOR--
WE GET.



Oh, God. I gotta end this
but **FAST**. Stegron is
actually starting to make--

SPIDER-MAN?



Wha-what
NOW?

...PROFESSOR
RICHARDS?

AFFIRMATIVE,
SON, TALKING TO
YOU THROUGH YOUR
COSTUME.

OKAY,
THAT'S...
COOL.

THAT'S
TONY STARK, BUT
LISTEN TO ME: TAPPING
INTO YOUR SUIT'S
SYSTEMS, I CAN "SEE"
YOU FIGHTING STEGRON.
BUT HE'S NOT THE
PROBLEM; HE'S A
SYMPTOM OF THE
PROBLEM.

HATE TO
DISAGREE WITH
YOU, PROF, BUT
STEGGY IS VERY
MUCH--



KER-
RASHHHH!!!

--A
PROBLEM!!!

NEVERTHELESS,
WITH THESE FISTICUFFS,
ALL YOU'RE DOING IS
ENABLING. FORGET VINCENT
STEGRON FOR THE
MOMENT--

BE
THRILLED TO,
BUT--

NO BUTS.
YOUR NEW SUIT
HAS CAMOUFLAGE
CAPABILITIES.
USE THEM.

Right. Like
I can just--

--oh, wow, I
actually **CAN**
just think it
and it happens.

SSSSSSPIDER-
MAN. COME OUT, COME
OUT, COME OUT, SSSSO
I CAN EAT YOU...

Luckily, dinosaurs
have--had--(whatever)--
notoriously bad senses
of smell, so...

...I guess not
EVERYTHING has
to be about beating
each other silly.



GOOD WORK.
NOW I NEED YOU TO
GO THREE FLOORS
DOWN, EXACTLY FROM
WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT
THIS SECOND.

HOW
COME,
DOC?

THESE
LONER SUPER
HEROES...ALL
THEY DO IS ASK
QUESTIONS.

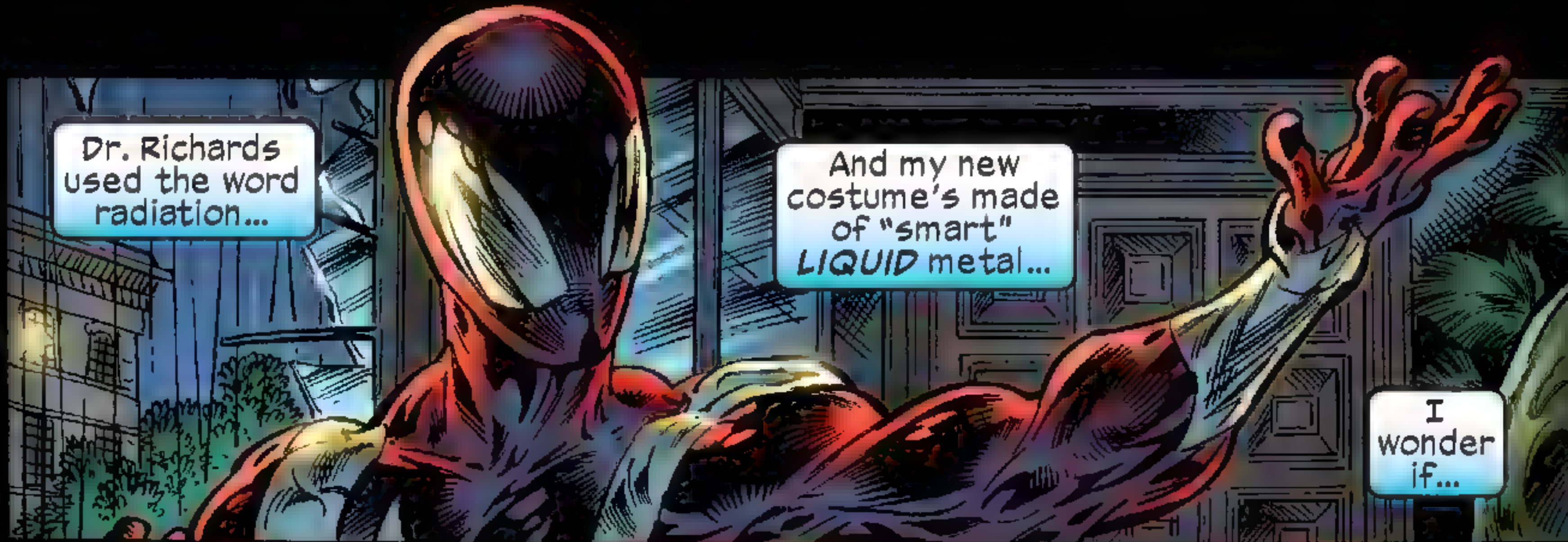
BECAUSE,
SPIDER-MAN, THIS
THING THAT'S THROWING
NEW YORK'S BIO- AND
ECOSYSTEMS INTO CHAOS?
THE *SOURCE* OF THE
RADIATION? MY READINGS
INDICATE...

"...YOU'RE RIGHT
ON TOP OF IT."

I don't
know what I was
expecting, but...

This close to the
"source," shouldn't
I be going *INSANE*
with rage? Shouldn't
I be *COMPLETELY*
feral?

Unless...



Dr. Richards used the word radiation...

And my new costume's made of "smart" LIQUID metal...

I wonder if...



WHOA.

Yet again, this new suit reacts at the speed of **THOUGHT**.



That's it, baby.

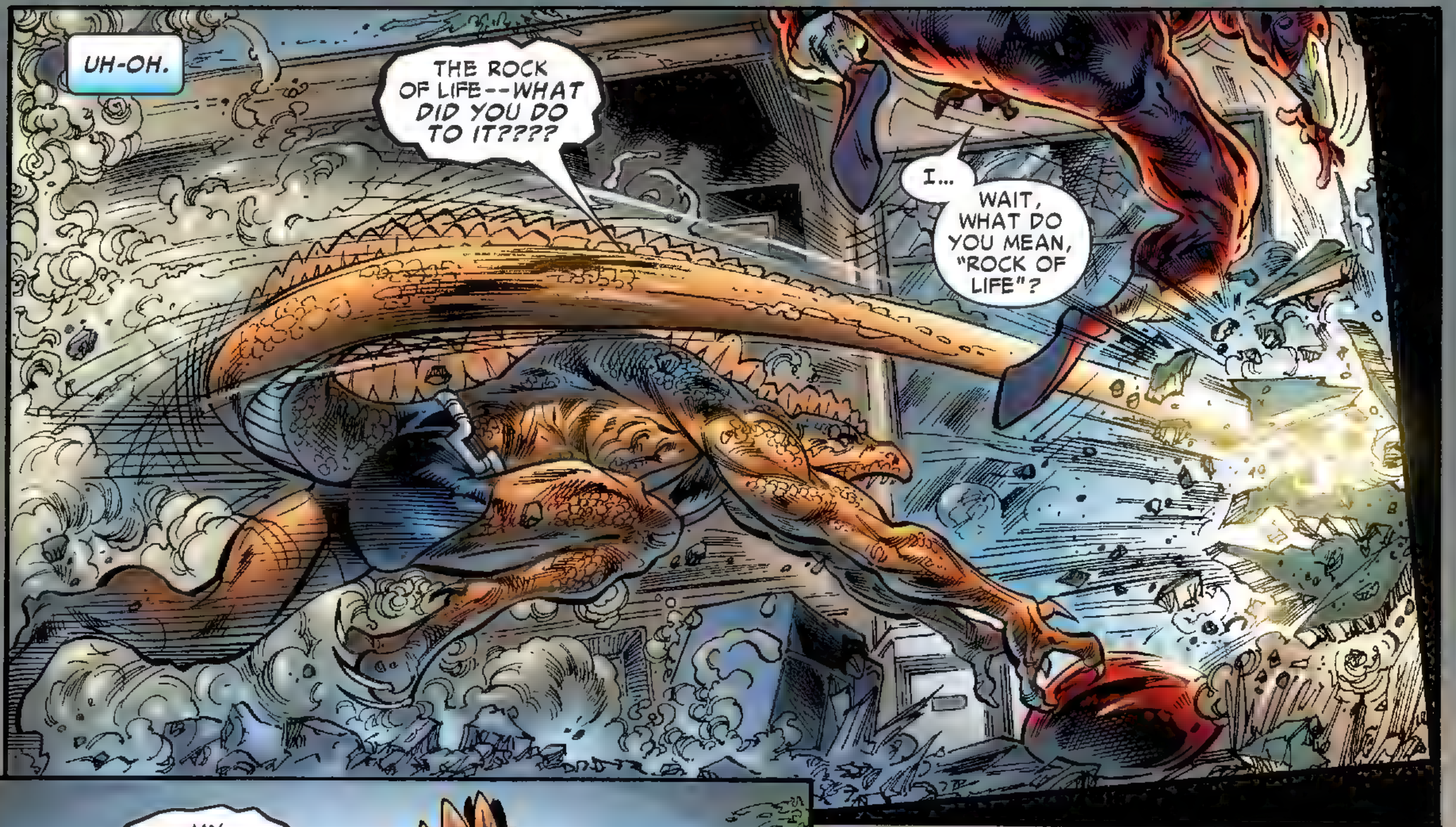
Wrap around the meteorite nice and **TIGHT**. Insulate the hell out of it.



HEY, DR. RICHARDS, YOU THERE? I THINK I FOUND WHAT WAS GIVING OFF THE RADIATION YOU WERE--



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE???



UH-OH.

THE ROCK OF LIFE--WHAT DID YOU DO TO IT????

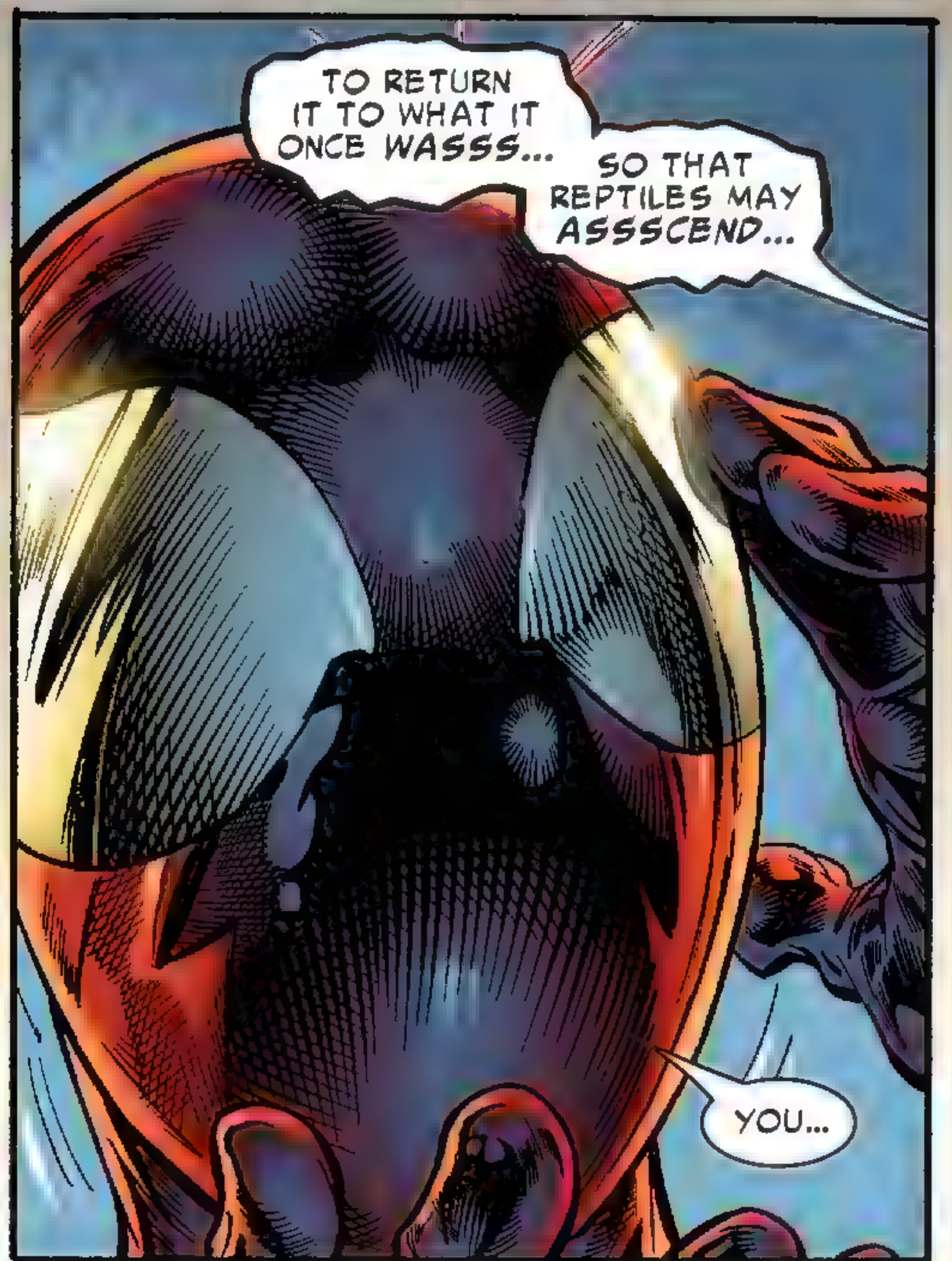
I...
WAIT, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "ROCK OF LIFE"?



MY GIFT TO THE WORLD--

"YOUR" ...?

HOLD UP. YOU BROUGHT THAT ROCK TO NEW YORK?



TO RETURN IT TO WHAT IT ONCE WASSS...

SO THAT REPTILES MAY ASSCEND...

YOU...



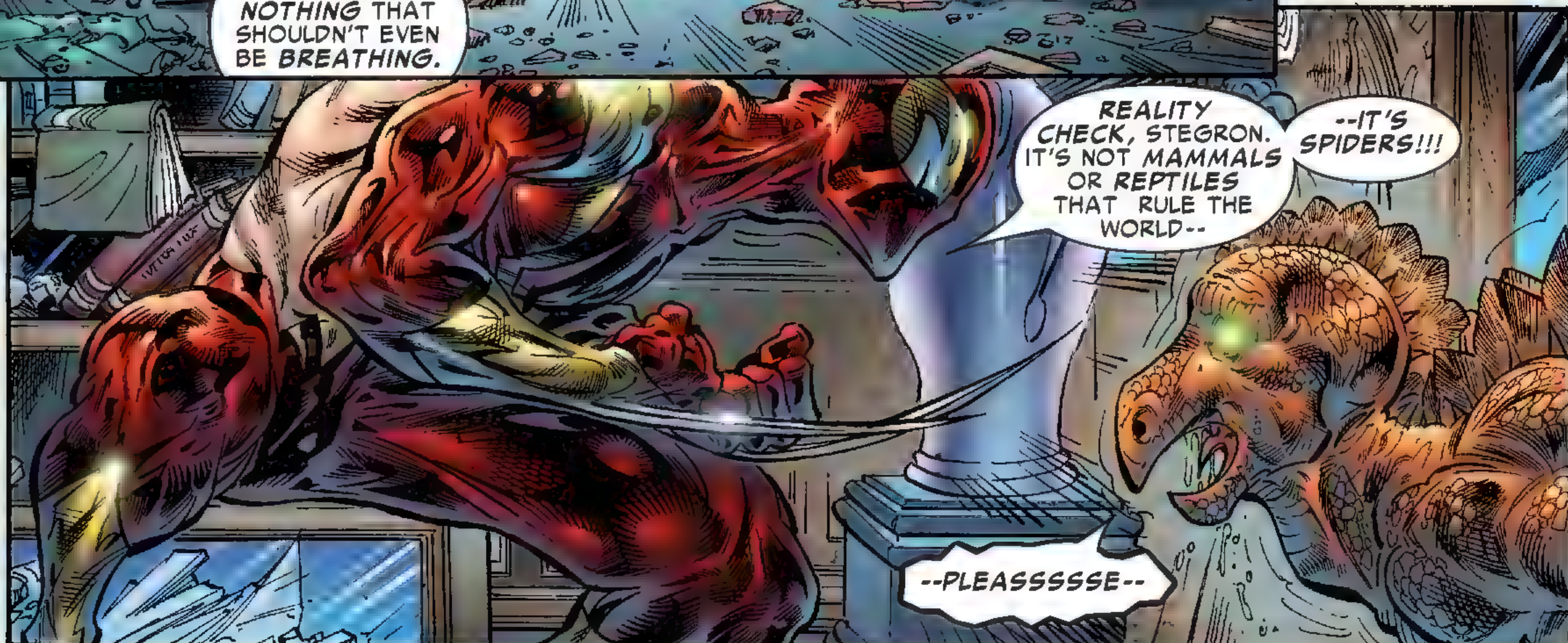
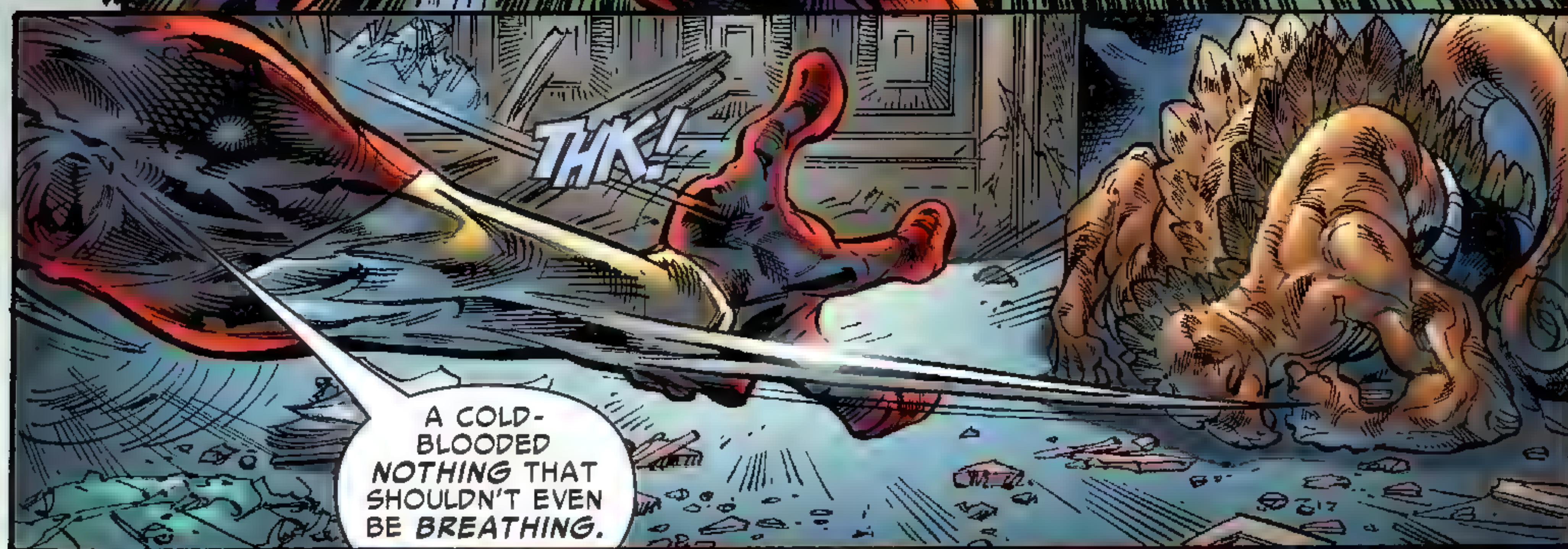
OH, GOD, DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY LIVES YOU'VE RUINED?

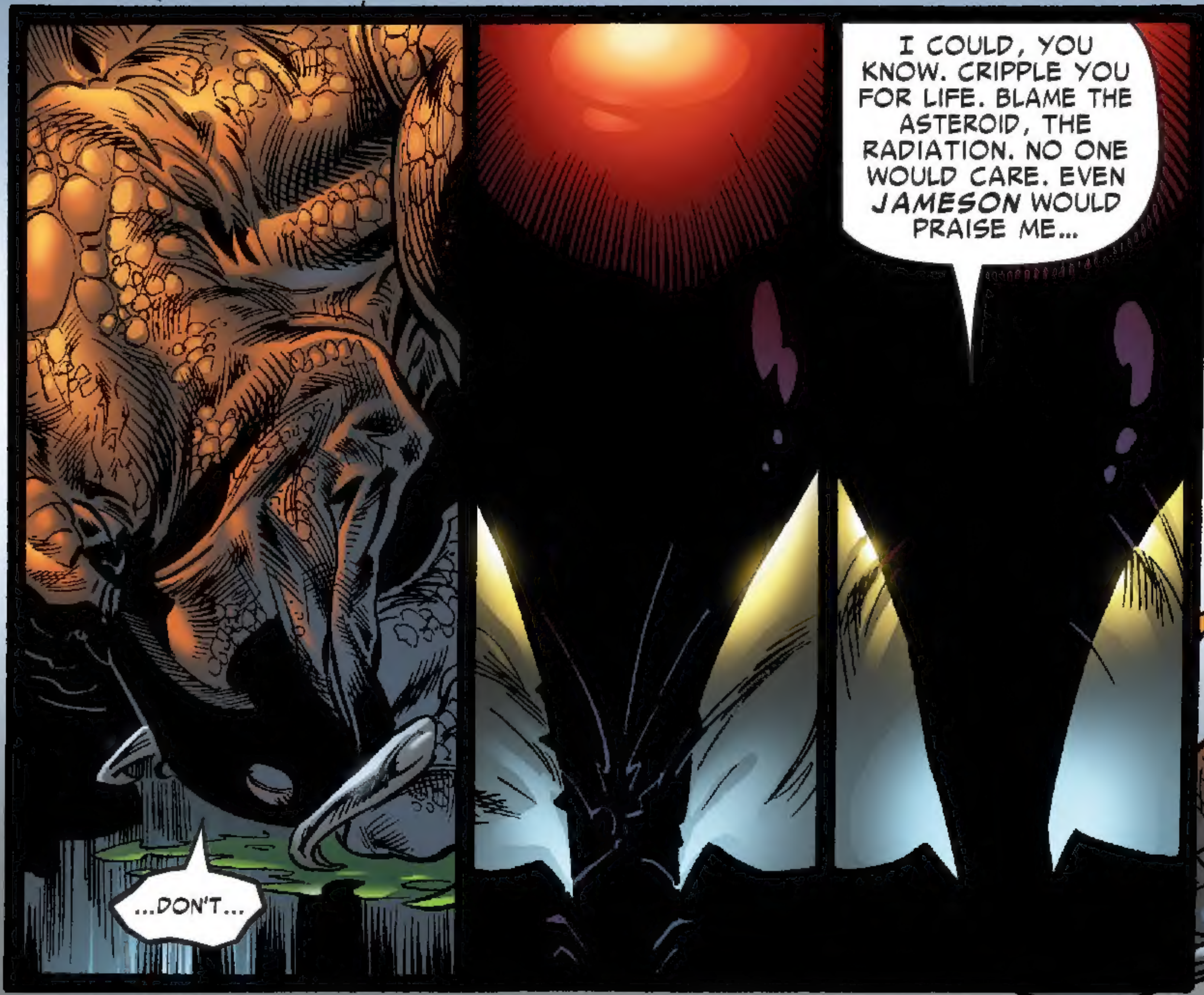
HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF THIS THING?

...ALL MY DREAMSSSS...

RICHARDS WAS WRONG; YOU'RE NOT A SYMPTOM, YOU'RE--

--YOU'RE INSANE!!





I COULD, YOU KNOW. CRIPPLE YOU FOR LIFE. BLAME THE ASTEROID, THE RADIATION. NO ONE WOULD CARE. EVEN JAMESON WOULD PRAISE ME...

...DON'T...



...BUT IT'S NOT IN MY NATURE.

I'M NOT AN ANIMAL.

SPIDER-MAN...



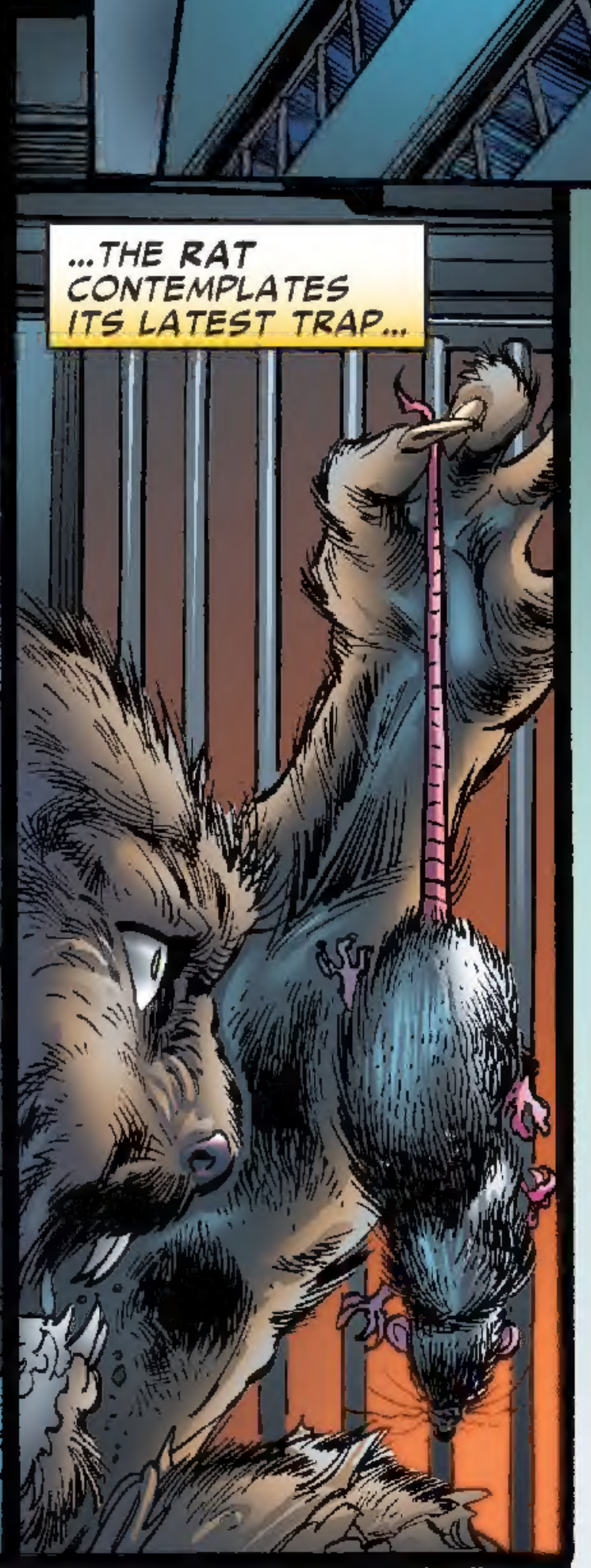
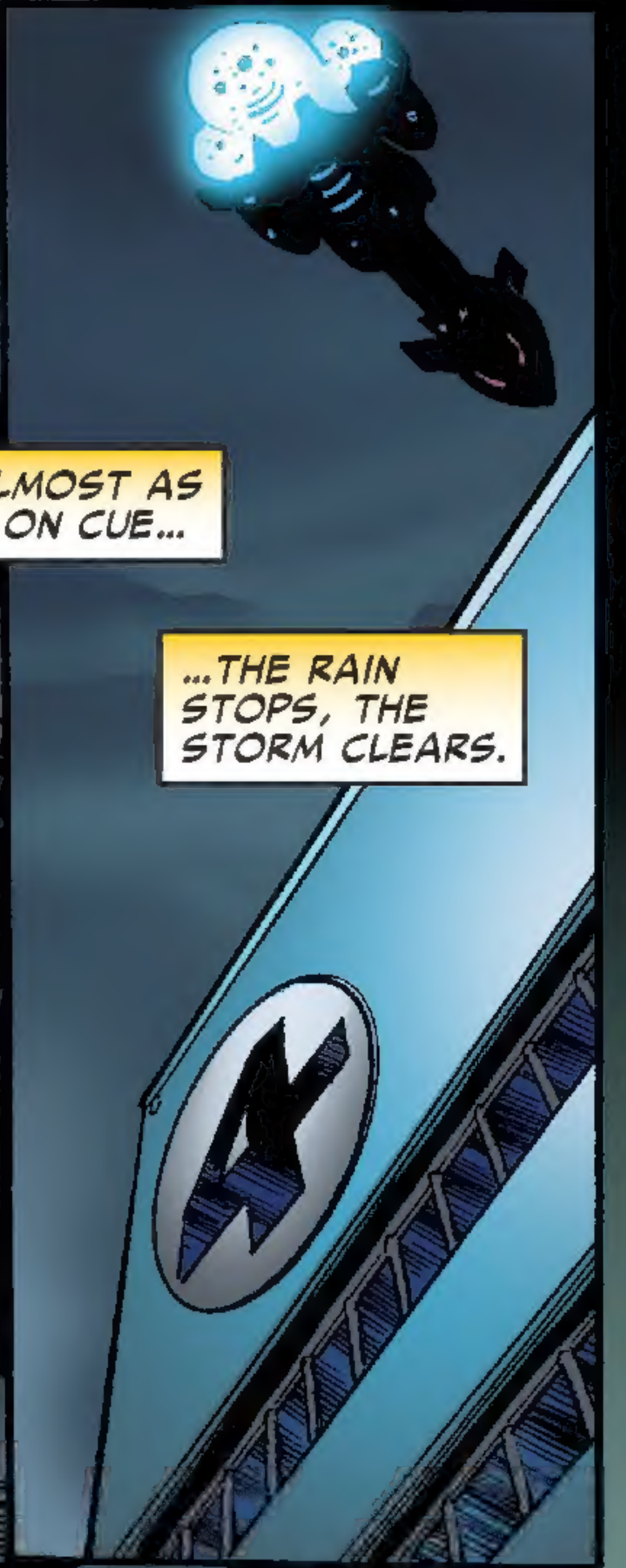
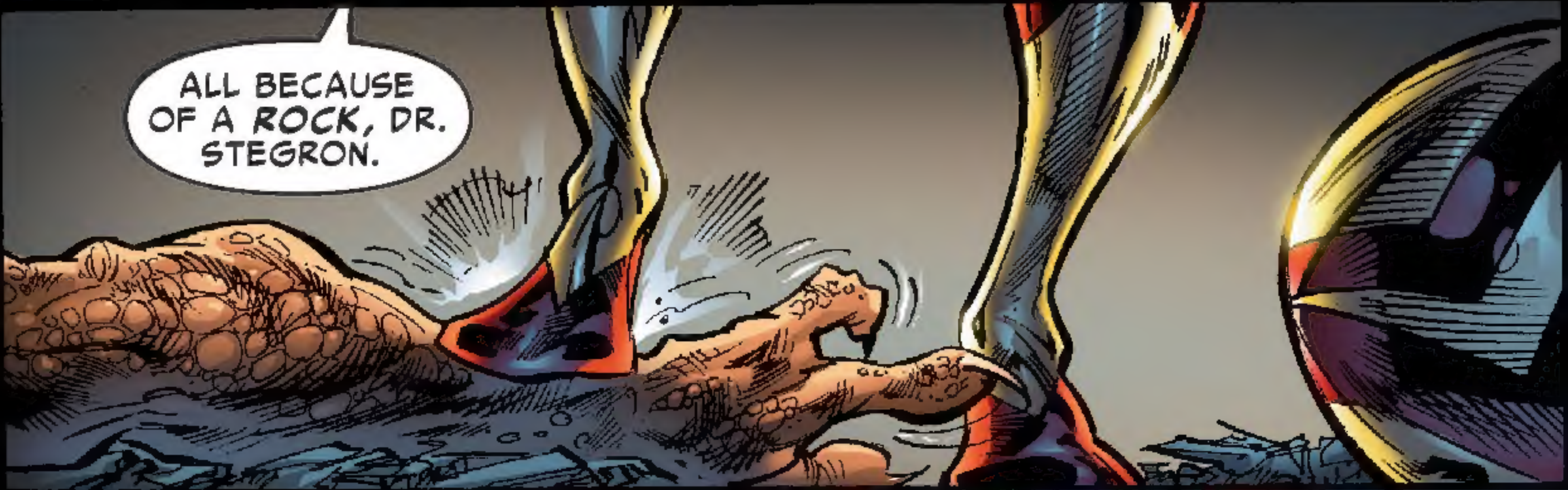
...WHATEVER YOU DID, LOVERBOY, IT'S OVER.

THINGS ARE CHANGING BACK TO WHAT THEY WERE, AND WE'RE...

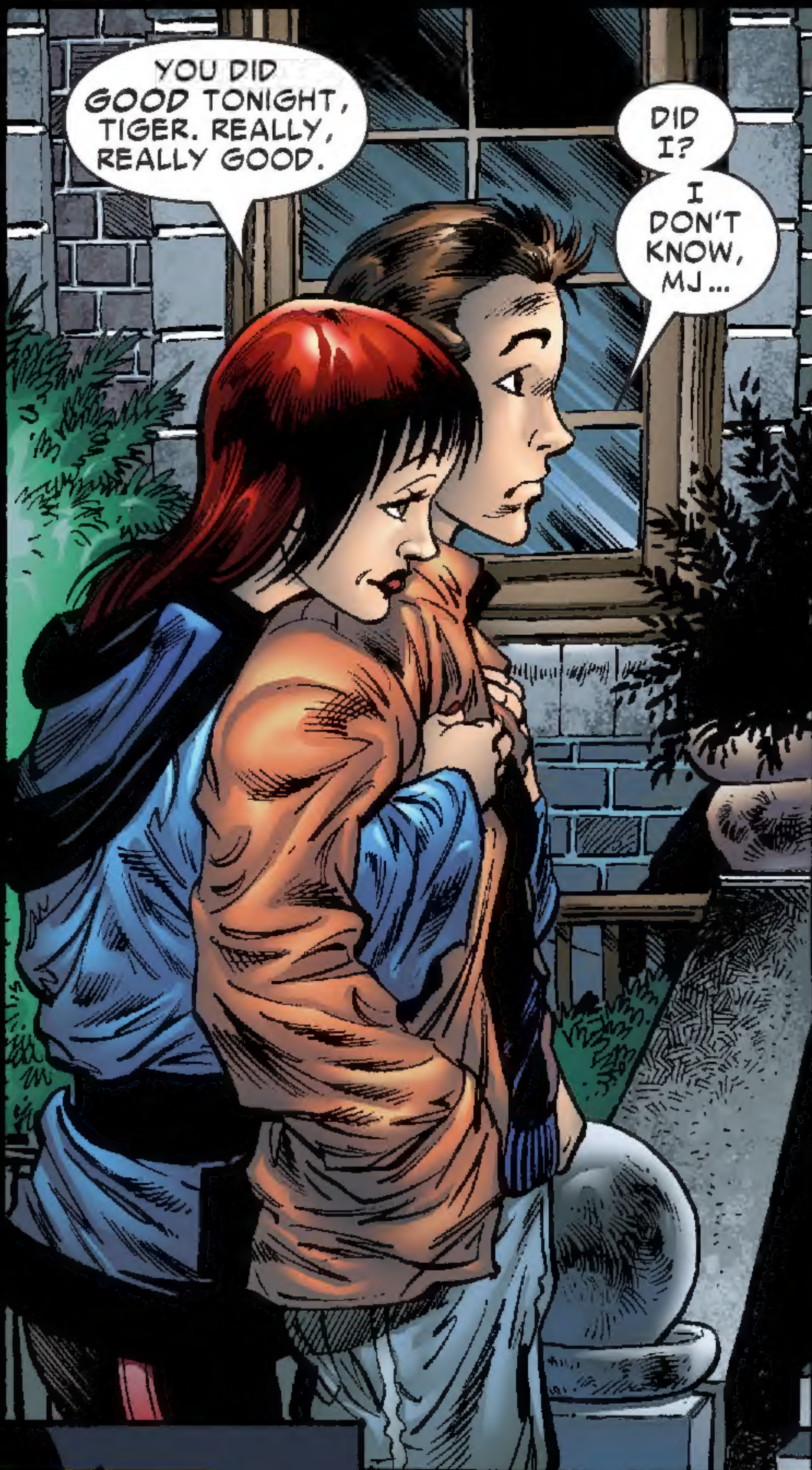
...THE ANGER INSIDE US IS GONE.



...MY BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL WORLD...



CODA:



YOU DID GOOD TONIGHT, TIGER. REALLY, REALLY GOOD.

DID I?
I DON'T KNOW, MJ...



...THINGS STILL FEEL VERY, VERY WRONG IN THE WORLD.

"AS WELL THEY SHOULD, SPIDER-MAN..."

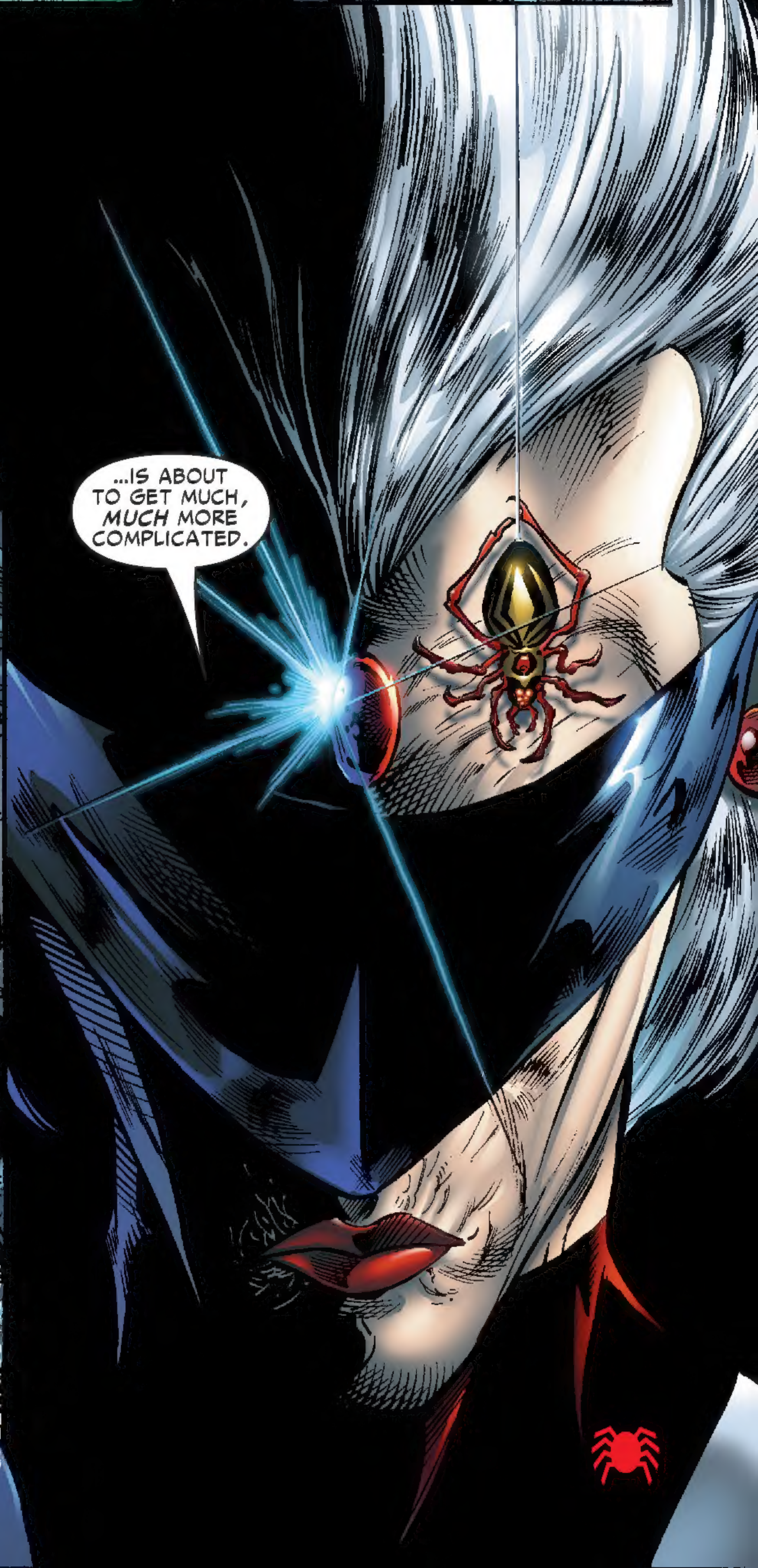
CASSANDRA WEBB'S APARTMENT.

THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.



...YOUR LIFE, SUCH AS IT IS...

...IS ABOUT TO GET MUCH, MUCH MORE COMPLICATED.



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